THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

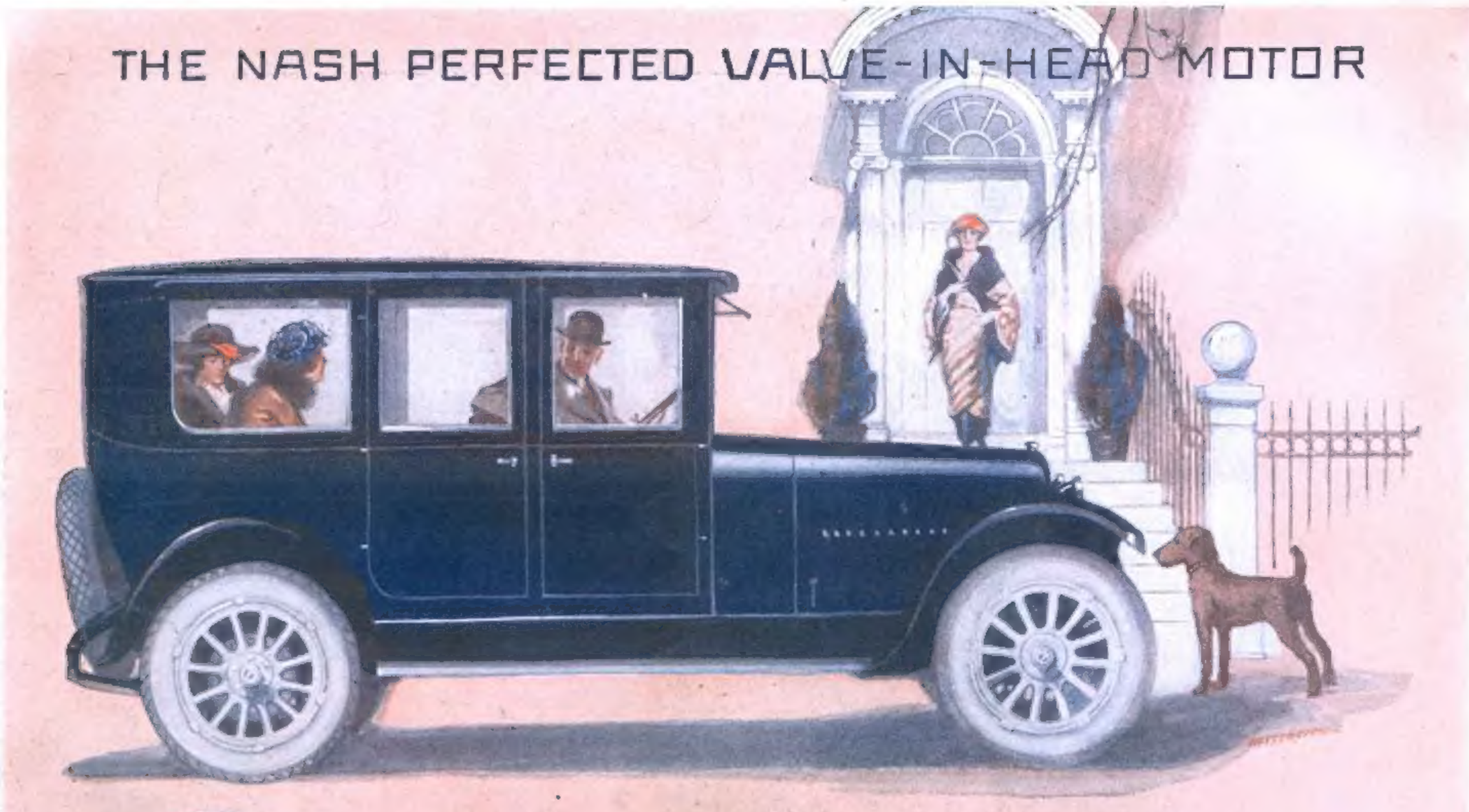
Vol. 193, No. 26. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An [illegible]ated Weekly
Founde[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 25, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Hugh MacNair Kahler – Kennett Harris – Nina Wilcox Putnam
Will Irwin – Hugh Wiley – Corinne Lowe – F. Britten Austin



THE NASH SIX

ALL models of the Nash Six, both open and closed, have cord tires as standard equipment and are distinguished by rare beauty of design, finish and appointment.

ONLY a value sufficiently above the average to be really notable can account for the marked preference motor car buyers show for the Nash Six Sedan.

Compare it with other sedans; compare the power of its perfected valve-in-head motor, its roominess and comfort, and the really exceptional beauty of its design and finish.

And then compare its cost.

PASSENGER CAR PRICES

5-passenger touring car, with cord tires	$1695
2-passenger roadster, with cord tires	$1695
4-passenger sport model, with cord tires	$1850
7-passenger touring car, with cord tires	$1875
4-passenger coupé, with cord tires	$2650
7-passenger sedan, with cord tires	$2895

Prices f. o. b. Kenosha

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, including the famous Nash Quad

Nash Motor Sales, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

© A. D. & C., 1920

It ease—confident that the style of his clothes is faultless, the workmanship unexcelled, and that the all-wool fabrics are of unquestionable integrity. Such is the privilege enjoyed by wearers of SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, for young men and men who stay young.

WITH THE VARIED GRADES OF CLOTHING FLOODING THE MARKET, LOOK FOR THE LABEL AS YOUR GUIDE

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers, Chicago, New York In Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited, Montreal

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

why have fried food taste of the cooking fat?

Crisco is sold the right way, by *net weight*, in sanitary dust-proof containers. *Never sold in bulk.* One pound and larger sizes, at all good dealers'.

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.

Which requires hotter frying fat, doughnuts or croquettes—and how should you test it?

Learn all about easy Crisco frying in the practical cookbook, "Recipes for Everyday," prepared by the famous cook, Janet McKenzie Hill, for users of Crisco. The founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of *American Cookery* also gives many delicious recipes suitable for everyday family use. Well bound; illustrated in color. One copy mailed, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-12, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—when Crisco fries perfectly without adding the slightest flavor of its own.

Until you try it, you can't imagine how much this delicate, tasteless frying fat betters fried food—how it lets you enjoy every shading of natural flavor in fruity fritters, spicy doughnuts and toothsome croquettes.

It is better from the health standpoint, too, because it is a strictly vegetable product. Perfectly digestible itself, foods fried in it are digestible.

It is economical, because it quickly forms a crisp crust on the food and does not soak in, and because you can use what is left again and again. It does not carry the taste of one food, even fish or onions, to the next thing fried.

Use Crisco for tender, flaky pastry, delicious biscuits and butterlike cakes. It's always pure, white, fresh—gives you the utmost quality and richness for every cooking purpose.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henriette Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 25, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 26

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

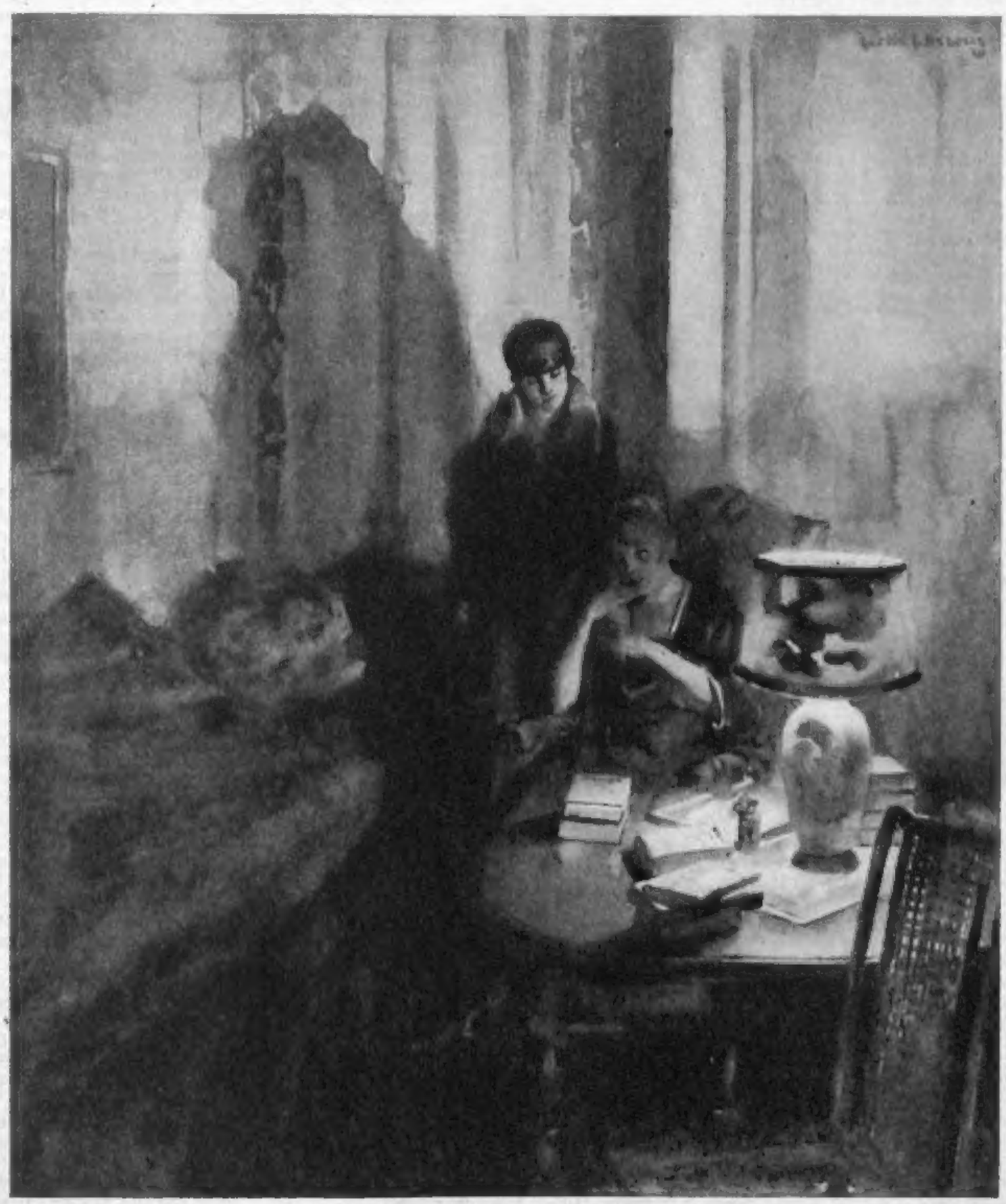
SOPHIE ADAMS couldn't have done what she did that night if she hadn't been an uncommonly nice girl; and perhaps she wouldn't have done it if she had known more about people—if her knowledge of the world had been more a matter of actual experience and less a matter of reading.

She had read a great deal. It was her business to read. She had been valedictorian of her class in the Belleville High School, and after that she had been assistant in the Belleville Public Library; and then by a concatenation of events so unusual that Sophie could hardly believe it she had gone to New York to take charge of the book department at Millman's.

Sophie Adams was one of the three salesmen on Manhattan Island who really knew books, and as a book salesman she habitually made quick and accurate estimates of people's tastes. Perhaps that is the secret. Perhaps she was able, in that brief scene on the sidewalk, to learn more about Sands than another and more worldly-wise woman could have learned, so that she acted not merely out of her kindness but on sound knowledge. Perhaps Sophie Adams knew what she was doing.

Sophie Adams could tell at a first glance whether a young man was likely to be interested in Henry James' Letters or Thompson on Scientific Management; and, if by chance the young man was the literary sort, she knew almost on the instant whether to show him James Joyce's latest and most obscure novel or Scott Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise; and of course it was no effort for her to decide at sight which of two smartly dressed young women would like a new novel by Kathleen Norris and which was looking for more psychoanalysis.

Indeed Sophie Adams knew so well the mazes of readers' prejudices that she made a first-rate success of the standing-order system. Most good bookstores have a few customers to whom they send one good book a week, or every new book that's interesting, or the really worth-while books. But no bookstore in New York has so many such customers—or so few returns—as Millman's book department had under Sophie Adams' management. And yet she didn't—she couldn't—have known anything about men. She had no experience of love except in her imagination. She had literally never been kissed. That is not the same as saying that no man had ever wanted to kiss her. Sophie being what she was and the world being what it is, the probabilities are that a good many men had wanted to kiss her. Only Sophie had that air of detachment which is so much more discouraging to young men than any want of good looks can possibly be. It wasn't that they didn't like to look at her: it was that she didn't care to look at them.



"Thinking of Looking Him Up in Who's Who?" She Asked. "No," Sophie Said. "I Shouldn't Expect Him to be in Who's Who—Yet"

On the night that she saw Rodney Sands for the first time Sophie was walking home from the Empire Theater. It had rained earlier in the evening, and Sophie was carrying an umbrella that had been her father's. The umbrella is important. It was an exceptionally strong, well-made umbrella, with a straight handle of some hard black wood and a heavy silver cap. Sophie rolled it up as she walked across to Fifth Avenue. The asphalt was all wet and glistening, but the stars had come out, so Sophie rolled the umbrella tightly and fastened the cover with its little strap that went round, and walked along carrying it not as a man carries a stick, but as a woman carries an umbrella—by the middle.

Sophie walked down the Avenue by preference. It was a block out of her way, but she loved the Avenue at night after a rain, especially in the spring. It helped to keep the mood in which Ethel Barrymore had left her. If she had gone down in the Subway, noisy and jerky and full of people, she would inevitably have realized that the play she had seen was a feeble substitute for romance. Walking down the empty Avenue, she could remain under the spell of a voice that somehow made impossibly lovely things seem possible, in spite of the poor words it had spoken.

She turned at Thirteenth Street and walked west toward her flat. She wasn't in the least afraid. She wasn't conscious, unless pleasantly, that it was nearly midnight 'dly enough, she would have been a little nervous if she had been walking from the opera . in Belleville. Half past eleven is so much later in Belleville than it is in New York.

Sophie crossed Sixth Avenue. She was scarcely half a block from home. She saw ahead a young man walking slowly and uncertainly toward Seventh Avenue. She passed

him with a feeling in which a slight disgust was modified by pity—he was drunk. Sophie paused in the shadow of her own doorway to look back.

The drunken young man had stopped to fumble in his pockets. He stood with his feet wide apart, swaying slightly, as if the cement walk were a deck and Thirteenth Street were a seaway. He looked through all his pockets twice. Sophie watched him with a growing interest. She knew nothing of drunkenness. But she remembered now a sentence she had read recently from some psychologist of the emotions: "Drunkenness is not the result of a specific craving for alcohol; it is the result of unhappiness." The young man now steadied himself deliberately and proceeded cautiously forward. His gait indicated plainly that he did not know where he was going, but that he was patiently determined to go somewhere. Sophie wondered what unhappiness this young man had been endeavoring to escape, and she felt a sudden rush of sympathy for him. Sophie was not entirely happy herself. She held herself very still in the shadow as the young man approached, and then she saw that two other men were coming up rapidly behind him. They separated as by some prearranged plan when they came even with him, and one seized his left arm and the other his right. Sophie realized that they were going to rob him. But evidently the young man realized it also.

He stopped short not ten feet from where Sophie stood, and shook himself free and launched a clumsy blow at one of the thieves. The next instant they had him down and one of them was bumping his head against the sidewalk while the other knelt to go through his clothes.

Sophie's right hand gripped her father's umbrella. It was possibly that—the feel of a weapon in her hand—that gave her the impulse on which she acted. She did not know why she acted. She never did know the why of the next ten seconds.

The man who was kneeling looked up just as the umbrella descended in a full sweep. The silver knob caught him above his right eye and over he went. Sophie faced the other chap. He threw up his arm to ward off the blow. But Sophie did not strike. Instead she held the umbrella in both hands and thrust with all her might. He was in the act of rising to his feet, so that the point which Sophie aimed so fiercely at his face struck him in the throat at the Adam's apple. He rolled over with a gurgle and a gasp that made Sophie pause. She wondered if it was the death rattle. Apparently it wasn't. The man rolled over and over, and scrambled to his feet and ran. Sophie whirled to face the other, the umbrella poised for a backhand stroke. But the other was running also. The young man sat up and raised both hands high above his head.

"I surrender," he said distinctly.

"You had better get up and go home—where you belong," Sophie told him.

The young man lowered his hands. Presently he began to rub the back of his head as if the pain of its violent contact with the sidewalk had only now penetrated to his consciousness. Sophie bent and took his arm.

"Get up!" she ordered.

The young man went limp, like a child that does not wish to move.

"Please," he begged—"please stand perfectly still for a moment."

Sophie straightened up.

"You see," he explained, "everything is like a merry-go-round, and I'm in the middle of it. If you will just stand still and let me focus my eyes on you perhaps everything will slow down a bit. It's most unpleasant."

"I wonder that you didn't think of that before——" Sophie began, and hesitated. She felt it not quite polite to finish the sentence.

The young man continued to stare at her fixedly while he rummaged in his pockets.

"Before I got drunk?" he asked.

"Yes," said Sophie.

The young man managed, without dropping his eyes, to extract a cigarette from a box he had found in his pocket. He continued to rummage for matches.

"The trouble with women," he said, and paused. He had found the matches. He now endeavored to strike one without looking at the box. He broke three matches.

"Would you mind lighting it for me?"

Sophie took the box of matches and lit his cigarette.

"Ah," he said as he blew out the smoke, "that helps." He took another deep puff.

"The trouble with women," he said gravely, "is that they don't understand art."

"What?" Sophie cried.

"It's true," he continued sadly. "They have no talent for it themselves, and hence no appreciation of it in others."

"I should think you could get up now," Sophie told him.

"In due time," said the young man calmly.

"You can talk well enough; I am sure you can walk."

"That," he observed, "is a *non sequitur*."

"Indeed!" Sophie said.

"Yes," the young man continued. "I never talk well unless I am drunk, and when I am drunk I can't walk well." He sighed profoundly. "Life," he continued—"life is like that."

Sophie seized his arm firmly.

"Get up!" she said.

The young man struggled to find his legs. Once on his feet, he swayed slightly, but he seemed able to stand. He began to fumble in his pockets.

"They got my money," he said.

"They did?"

"All of it."

"Was it a lot?"

"It was twenty-five cents," the young man explained. "I saved it for car fare."

"Where do you live?"

"In Brooklyn."

"I'll lend you car fare," Sophie assured him. "Come on."

"But ——"

"Come on," Sophie urged. She was by now a little exasperated. She intended to see that he got safely aboard a Subway train, but there her responsibility ended.

"Will you really lend me a quarter?" he asked.

Sophie tugged at his arm.

"Of course I will."

"Let's see it," he suggested.

"I'll give you the money when I get you to the station, and not before," Sophie said. "Come on!"

"Really," said the young man, "I don't know if I will."

"I know if you will," Sophie said through shut teeth, and placing both hands against the small of his back she began to push him toward Seventh Avenue. He proceeded forward with reluctance, talking as he went.

"Ought I to Telephone for a Doctor?" Sophie Asked. "Naw," Said the Policeman

"You know," he said, "it's true I did live in Brooklyn. But I don't any more."

Sophie stopped pushing.

"Look here," she said, "I'm serious! Won't you be serious for one moment?"

"I was never more serious in my life," he replied. "But ——"

"Then where do you intend to go?"

The young man shook his head sadly.

"I don't know," he said. "Do you?"

Sophie seized his arm and shook him.

"Where is your home?" she asked.

"It was in Brooklyn," he assured her patiently. "I had a studio in Brooklyn. I had a perfectly good studio in Brooklyn. Most reasonable too. But ——"

His voice trailed off into nothing. His head drooped. His eyes closed. Sophie gave him another shake.

"But what?" she asked earnestly.

He revived slightly.

"What was I saying?" he asked.

"You were saying you had a studio in Brooklyn."

"Oh, yes. And she said, 'Mr. Sands'—my name is Sands, you see, Rodney Sands—she said, 'Mr. Sands ——.'"

Again his voice trailed off and his eyes closed.

"What did she say?" Sophie insisted.

"She said I'd have to pay up or get out, so I got out—yesterday."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Didn't sleep," he drawled slowly. "Didn't sleep a wink. Isn't it awful how sleepy you get? Must go to sleep now. Speech is silver, but sleep is—golden."

His eyes closed. His breathing deepened. He would have fallen but for Sophie's grasp on his arm. He was going to sleep standing up. Sophie braced herself to support his weight while she considered what to do next. She thought of a hotel, but she did not know whether a hotel would take him in. She had only a dollar bill and some small change in her purse. She had no men friends on whom to shift the burden, and yet she didn't like to abandon him—he was so helpless. A policeman settled the issue. He was crossing the street when Sophie saw him. He halted and observed them silently for a full minute.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm just taking him home," Sophie said hurriedly.

Rodney Sands opened his eyes and stared at the policeman.

"I don't like policemen," he said.

"You're drunk," said the policeman.

Rodney Sands turned to Sophie and indicated the policeman with a jerk of his thumb.

"Sherlock Holmes himself," he said.

The policeman laid his hand heavily on Sands' shoulder.

"Just for that," he said, "I'll take you to the station."

"Oh," cried Sophie, "please don't!"

The policeman hesitated.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

Sophie pointed to her door.

"Right there."

The policeman looked at her sharply. Sophie wondered if he was going to ask what right she had to the young man. But apparently he was satisfied. He looked at Sophie and took it for granted that her interest was a legitimate one.

"All right," he said, "I'll help you get him in."

Sophie unlocked the front door of the flat building with her latchkey. The policeman pushed Rodney Sands up two flights of stairs and into her living room and dropped him on the couch. The young man relaxed instantly, like a tired child. Sophie put a pillow under his head. He was pale, his forehead beaded, with blue shadows under his eyes.

"Ought I to telephone for a doctor?" Sophie asked.

"Naw," said the policeman. He smiled at Sophie's concern. "He'll be all right in the morning. Just let him sleep it off."

Sophie looked down at the young man. He was tall, but very thin, almost gaunt. He looked as if he hadn't had enough to eat; only he wasn't a tramp. His clothes were wrinkled as if he had slept in them, but they were of the quietly expensive sort.

"First time he's got drunk?" the policeman asked.

Sophie nodded.

"Don't you worry," the policeman urged. "His head'll hurt him in the morning when he wakes up, and he'll be sore on the world. But just you wait—before night he'll be asking you to forgive him."

"Thank you so much," Sophie said.

The policeman backed out of the flat.

"That's all right, ma'am," he told her. "I'd rather help 'em home any time than run 'em in."

Sophie loosened the young man's collar and laid a rug over him and opened both the windows. There was nothing else to do for him. There was nothing else to do but go to bed and to sleep. It was past midnight and she was due at Millman's at half past eight in the morning. Sophie did not want to go to bed. She wanted to talk to somebody. But she could not see Gertrude until morning. Gertrude Fuller was a kind of efficiency expert who had created a job for herself at Millman's. She was Sophie's most intimate friend.

Sophie went into her bedroom. She heard Sands mutter in his sleep. She had an absurd impulse to lock her

(Continued on Page 102)

UNBOWED

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

"On'y White Man I Evuh See 'At Ack Like He Glad to Git Intuh Trubble"

FIFTEEN seconds before his alarm clock burst into its stuttering hymn to the dawn Elmer Bailey emerged from sleep. The circumstance provided him with an agreeable reassurance, vindicating his faith in the purely mental alarm system which the clock was meant to support as a secondary, reserve defense. To wake precisely on the dot of the predetermined instant, before even the prefatory click and whir with which the clock cleared its throat, demonstrated that his subconscious self was attentively obedient to the power of the will.

The day therefore began under kindly auspices for Elmer Bailey. He approached the window and performed a succession of complicated deep breathings, his eyes closed, his lips compressed, his nostrils distended. This proceeding, according to Elmer's profound conviction, contributed toward the development of latent forces, helped to attune his spirit with the infinite.

Thus stimulated, he faced his mirror, obscuring the lower reaches of a resolute, lean visage below a creaming lather, through which, to an accompaniment of rhythmic scrapings, he intoned the measures of his diurnal boast and challenge:

In the fell clutch [scra-ape] *of circumstance*
[*Scra-ape, scra-ape*]
I have not winced [scra-ape] *nor cried aloud.*
[*Scra-ape, scra-ape*]
Under the bludge [scra-ape] *onings of chance*
[*Scra-ape, scra-ape*]
My head is blood [scra-ape] *y, but unbowed.*

As always, the words inspired a warming shiver between his shoulder blades. They made him feel as if shaved to the stately thutter of a pipe organ. The roll and beat of them endowed the tonsorial processes with the solemnity of a rich liturgic rite. He had learned to synchronize accurately, so that he might pronounce the final couplet without distractions, confronted by the naked pink of a countenance which knew no doubts.

I yam the master of my fate:
I yam the captain of my soul.

He surrendered himself intentionally to the luxurious reaction of the lines. It stiffened a fellow's soul stuff to contemplate destiny as some vast, brutish enemy, implacable, mighty, but oaf-witted, to stand forth like David before Goliath, unafraid, serenely confident of triumph through intelligence and resolution. Day by day, since his eyes had opened, he had felt the steady growth of courage and power in himself, a mounting contempt for the impotent malignancy of fate.

With two hours still intervening between appetite and breakfast, he plunged into Lesson XXIV of his correspondence course in salesmanship, his brows drawn together, his mind concentrated intently on the Science of Securing the Signature. He always memorized these passages, so that he could repeat them silently in spare moments. It was slow work, to be sure; but Elmer's philosophy held that nothing should be admitted to the mind which was not meant for continuous and worthy service there. Whatever Elmer learned he learned forever. The system, moreover, provided admirable practice in the application of the copyrighted memory system he had studied last winter—fifteen lessons, only fifteen dollars, and your money back if you weren't satisfied.

Lesson XXIV engaged one of his two hours. Then, forsaking theory, Elmer gave himself to the practical. He spread before him the persuasive literature issued by the King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation, and with a sterner resolution set himself to applying the principles of scientific salesmanship to the particular business of selling shares in this enterprise. At eight o'clock he felt that his morning had been well invested. He stood before his glass surveying his image purposefully.

"I'm going to sell five prospects to-day!" he declared aloud. "I can do it—nothing can stop me except my own fears and weakness, and they shan't!"

He paused a moment.

"I'm going to succeed!" he announced more definitely. "My future is my own, to make or mar as I elect. No man can stop me, and destiny shall stand aside before the power of my will."

The quotation fell agreeably on his ears. He drew in his breath, tightened his fists at his sides.

"I'm going to have a million when I'm fifty," he informed his reflection, and the figure in the glass nodded grimly back at him.

He straightened his tie and went downstairs to breakfast. The long table revealed unmistakable evidences of earlier breakfasts. The aroma of the morning coffee, indeed, struggled unsuccessfully with the memories of last night's boiled cabbage. Elmer scowled faintly. His lips moved.

"A million before I'm fifty," he whispered as he slid into his chair. "Oatmeal, Maggie, and a glass of milk."

He relaxed the sternness of his expression presently, as Clara Penfold took her place beside him. This concession was not wholly in response to the effect of Clara's amiable smile. There was self-approval at the base of it. He had been awake two hours and more, without once permitting the thought of her to intrude on his mental premises. It was a minor triumph, another little victory of will over impulse, and it pleased him as a fresh earnest of his developing self-mastery.

Very soon after his discovery that Clara reciprocated his sentiments he had realized that unless he regulated and controlled his thoughts concerning her he would think of nothing else. His Spartan bargain with his conscience permitted him to think of her now only after they met at Mrs. Sinclair's breakfast table and before he went to his third-floor room in the evening.

He indulged his eye in a deliberate, caressing inspection of her face as she unringed and spread her napkin. His self-commendation deepened. She wasn't pretty, he conceded willingly. If she had been pretty he would have regretted it; prettiness was too utterly an affair of the surface and the material. She was wholesome—restful and comforting rather than exciting to contemplate. Her effect on Elmer's being was at once soothing and invigorating. A passage in one of his textbooks came to his mind:

"Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of women—those who put new strength into men and those who wake new weaknesses in them."

There was no possible doubt as to Clara's claim upon the first of these classifications.

"Well?" Clara prompted him.

He struggled out of an unworthy, unbidden reflection that it would be pleasant if circumstances permitted him to kiss Clara by way of good morning. Their routine provided for his repeating at breakfast the substance of his early studies. This not only shared his enlightenment with Clara, but tightened his own grip on it.

"I'm going to take you out of this, Clara. We're going to succeed. We're going to be rich before we're old."

It was his invariable climax. Usually Clara received it with becoming satisfaction. To-day he fancied that he saw a shadow in her eyes as he pronounced it.

"Why, Clara"—he spoke almost reproachfully—"you looked as if you didn't believe ——"

"No; I know you can do it, Elmer. It's not that. Only—only sometimes when you talk about success and money it makes me feel as if you wanted those things more than me. I know it's silly ——"

"I want them for you," he broke in. "I ——"

Her smile came back.

"I know. I'm silly. Don't mind me, Elmer." Her eyes warmed. "I guess it's because I wasn't meant for this kind of life. When you talk about succeeding, do you know what I always think about?"

He saw her color deepen a little. It occurred to him suddenly that he had never investigated Clara's individual ambitions. His own had been enough for two.

"No—what?" He leaned toward her, interested.

"I always think of a kitchen—the kind of kitchen they have in the advertisements, with a great big white porcelain sink and a glass-topped table and a wonderful cabinet; a kitchen with big windows and a lot of sunshine and ——"

He laughed, and forgot his regard for Mrs. Sinclair's proprieties long enough to touch her hand.

"Why, that's easy! When I get my million you can have a dozen kitchens if you want 'em! And I'm going to get it, Clara! I'm going to get it before I'm fifty!"

"That's it!" She faced him with a new decision. "Fifty's time enough to get your million, but it's pretty late for my kitchen. I don't want to wait till—sometimes when you talk about it I get afraid that you're looking so far ahead that you can't see the thirties and forties at all!"

Elmer stared. The point of view was utterly strange to his meditations, but he felt the justice of it compellingly. And there was a curiously thrilling corollary. It wasn't just that shining kitchen that Clara wanted and wanted soon—it was—it was Elmer Bailey and a home and ——

"Why, of course! I never meant to wait for—for that! I've always expected that we'd go and get married the minute we could afford to risk it. I'm—I'm crazy to have a home too. I want it worse than you do, I guess. It's been longer since I had one anyway."

She seemed content with this assurance. As they walked downtown he elaborated on the prospect. Things were looking splendid. The King Solomon Corporation had promised to increase his drawing account on the first of the month, and Mr. Winton had personally assured him that he would be allowed to come in on the ground floor of the new stock issue. He might easily make his million right now. And anyway, the minute there was enough in sight to live on they'd have that kitchen—and everything else that went with it.

"I'm not afraid of fate," declared Elmer. "I don't care how hard it tries to beat me—I'll win. There's no power that can stop me!" He swung into the stately lines of his chant.

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"I tell you, Clara ——"

Clara surveyed him so queerly that he stopped in midsentence.

"I don't see why you're always saying that, Elmer. Chance hasn't bludgeoned you much, has it? Just think! A year ago you were just a clerk in that wholesale grocery—with no prospect of ever being anything else. Now you've got this splendid job and all that stock and your faith in yourself—and—and you've got me."

"I—it's just a figure of speech, of course. And I don't owe anything to chance, for that matter. What I've done I've done myself."

"I know. But you talk as if you were the unluckiest man alive, and sometimes I think it—it kind of reflects on me."

He spent the rest of their journey persuading her that it did not so reflect. After they parted at the door of the office building where she worked, however, he contemplated the new idea with an uneasy doubt. After all, some people would call it luck. It hadn't been through any design of his own that he'd met Marcus Winton and heard the new doctrine of the omnipotent human will. That was blind chance—that part of it—the mere freak of coincidence which had marooned them both on a stalled trolley returning from the beach.

Of course his response had been his own doing. He had bought these shares of King Solomon without any prompting from destiny. He had subscribed to all those correspondence courses in soul building on his own initiative. He had persuaded Mr. Winton to give him his job as a stock salesman too. And he had sold stock with precious little help from chance and circumstance.

But Clara—well, he couldn't claim credit for having found her for himself. That had happened without intention, through the crassly accidental process of changing his boarding house.

He saw himself suddenly as the thing he had come to detest and despise, the favorite of fortune, the man who owed nothing to himself and much to the whimsical bias of fate. He had scorned and hated men who floated on favoring currents just as he had loathed the boys who had been teachers' pets at school. Was it possible that he was one of them, after all?

He searched his memory for instances of misfortune which might combat the ugly thought. He had lost his pocketbook once. That wasn't lucky surely! But the finder had promptly returned it—and that was! He found some comfort in the fact that he had been orphaned at eighteen, with no inheritance. But he was still distressed by doubts as he approached the office of the King Solomon Corporation. He entered scowling.

A stranger, an offensive stranger, Elmer thought, sat in Marcus Winton's chair behind the imposing desk. His stoutish, placid face exhibited an excess of good humor curiously irritating to Elmer's mood. He grinned, displaying several refulgently golden teeth.

"Walk right in, brother, and take a seat on the mourners' bench. Or maybe you haven't been stung yet? How about it?"

Elmer gulped. The tone more than the words carried a sense of catastrophe to his brain. He felt queerly cold and sick as the look in the eyes changed.

"Your name Eccleston or Fish or Bailey?" rasped the voice. "I know you ain't Winton."

"Bailey," said Elmer with an effort. "Is—is anything wrong?"

"Scarcely one little thing," said the other, good-humored again. "Everything's great except that the joint's pinched for usin' the mails to defraud and the main squeeze has cleaned out the safe an' ducked. Looks like you was the only one in the push that didn't make a get-away. You ain't playin' in luck this mornin', I'd say."

Kendrick's Little Shop Shook and Clattered With the Speed at Which He Manufactured

Elmer's brain groped in a thick fog.

"Do you mean that the mine's no good?" he said weakly. "A fake?"

"Well, it's a good fake," said the fat-faced one amiably. "I'll say that much for it. Take a seat. We'll be goin' over to talk to the chief pretty quick. He'll be tickled to meetcha."

Gradually, as he realized the extent of the disaster, Elmer felt a curious lift in his spirit. He had sweated for eight months to help Winton cheat other trustful fools; he had sunk eight years' savings in a worthless fraud, and accepted as pay for his toiling service four parts of stock to one of cash. Except for some twenty dollars in his pocket, he was bankrupt; he faced the likelihood of Federal prosecution for his share in Winton's scheme; there was even a possibility of conviction in the background.

And under each thudding blow Elmer Bailey's heart swelled and lifted. His lips moved happily. The man at the desk heard a word or two.

—— *bludgeonings of chance*
—— *unbowed.*

II

"I THINK you're just wonderful, Elmer. I never really knew how brave you were. It would just kill most men ——"

Clara's eyes were bright, brighter than the thrifty gaslights in Mrs. Sinclair's parlor. Elmer felt his spirit flowering under that admiring glow. He straightened his thin shoulders.

"Oh, that's what I get for having built up my faith in the power of the will," he said. "It's funny—this morning when you said that I was lucky I felt—I felt blue about it. It sort of weakened my belief in myself. But this clears things up. I know where I stand with fate now! It's—it's like a declaration of war, in a way. We're going to fight it out, fate and I—and I'm going to win. Before I'm fifty I'll have that million, no matter how the luck goes against me. I ——"

He seemed to detect a faint contraction about Clara's adoring eyes, as if she winced at the phrase. He remembered their morning talk.

"Oh, don't misunderstand! I'm not going to wait till I'm fifty to get you, Clara. I just like to—to put that idea into definite figures. It's better than saying that I'll be rich sometime. It makes it clearer, you know."

"Yes, I can see that. I feel the same way about—about my kitchen. It's better to fix my mind on that one room than on a lot of them. I say to myself that I'm going to have that kitchen ——"

"Mighty soon, Clara. Just the minute I've got ground under me again you'll get it! I ——"

"I don't leave it like that, Elmer. I want to be definite too. I say that I'm going to have that kitchen next week! One week from to-day! And I am!"

Elmer gasped. Clara wasn't given to such forthright declarations. Until now he had found her acquiescent, a pleasing auditor and echo of his own pronouncements. The positivity in her face and voice startled him, and a sudden hungry impulse to take her at her incredible word made him aware that his reason had not completely crushed the rebellious tendencies of unthinking desires. A week! Why, if she had said a year ——

"I mean it, Elmer. You're not the only one who believes in the power of the will. One week!"

"But—but Clara, dear, you don't realize that I'm broke! I've got twenty-one dollars in the world, and no job. We can't get married on ——"

"On faith? Why not? Isn't it the strongest thing in the world? And haven't we got all there is of it?" She held his eyes fast in hers. "Or haven't we?"

"Of course—you're absolutely right. But—how? Taking a chance like that ——"

She seemed to pounce on the phrase.

"The very words! Taking a chance! Doesn't that mean facing a chance—standing up to fate and staring it between the eyes and telling it to do its worst? You said you were glad this thing had happened, because it proved that you didn't depend on luck. Well, then?"

Elmer fumbled mentally. He could see no crack in her logic. How could a fellow claim to be stronger than destiny if he shrank away from a test like this at the very beginning of the duel? He was aware, too, of a terrifying inner pressure—a new, powerful impulse to snap his fingers at intelligence and let his arms close on Clara while she stood willingly within their reach.

"You're right, Clara. But—but how ——"

"That doesn't matter—yet. If you knew how, you wouldn't be facing the chance. You'd be playing safe. I've always believed in you, Elmer. I've never doubted you when you talked about—about defying fate and all that. But now I've got to be sure. I've got to know whether you mean it—whether you—whether you're game, Elmer, or just—just bluffing. If you're afraid to ——"

Elmer heard himself laughing as he moved toward her. Afraid? Why, a man might live a dozen lifetimes without such a chance to prove his soul mettle! Scarcely twelve hours since the bludgeon had flattened him, and he could not only stand erect and confident, but offer to his giant adversary this retort, this magnificent token of his unbowed, indomitable soul!

It was as if he lifted the down-flung gauntlet of destiny and cast it back full in the teeth of chance!

Presently, emerging from a blur of emotions, he listened to Clara's plan of campaign.

"There's no sense in waiting. I've got eight hundred dollars in the savings bank. That's enough to furnish a flat, and there's one for rent over on Gainsboro Street that would just suit—fifty a month."

"But, Clara ——"

"Wait! We'll sign the lease to-morrow and I'll start right in getting the furniture. The Empire Company will give us all the credit we want—installment plan, you know. We ought to have it all fixed up within the week. And then we'll get married and—and go home to live!"

Elmer contemplated the air castle wistfully. But fifty dollars a month—for rent alone! And food and clothes for two, above that; and installments on the furniture besides—and no job.

"Don't look so worried, Elmer! You haven't heard the rest of it—the best of it. We're going to have a home without spending a cent to keep it going. You won't have to stick to safe, plodding jobs for the sake of keeping up with the rent and the grocery. You can go out and gamble with destiny all you like, without ever once worrying about me or the bills."

He was briefly puzzled.

"I suppose you mean you'll keep on at your job. But you can't ——"

She shook her head.

"Not me! I'm never going inside an office again if I can help it. I'm never going to touch one typewriter key if I live to be a hundred! It's ever so much better than that."

She sketched crudely on the margin of Elmer's evening paper.

"Here's the floor plan. There's a big room at the front, with a sort of alcove in here. This hall runs back, with two small bedrooms and the bath opening from it. Here's another good-sized room—meant for dining room, but we won't use it for that. Then there's the kitchen—not very big, but just perfect every other way—and a little bedroom for a maid."

"It sounds great," conceded Elmer. "But ——"

"Wait! We furnish every room except the kitchen as a bedroom. Every one! We'll rent the big double front room to two people—two men, if we can. We ought to get at least ten a week for it. We'll put another roomer in each of the bedrooms—I think we could get five or six dollars for those. And if we can, we'll put two more in the dining room and let them use the butler's pantry as a clothespress. That would bring the total up to about thirty a week."

She surveyed him joyfully.

"And we'll have the maid's room and the kitchen all to ourselves! I'll have loads of time to take care of the beds and do our cooking, and we'll have sixty or seventy dollars every month over and above the rent! There!"

Elmer Bailey distinctly heard destiny gnashing foiled, affronted teeth.

III

CHANCE, swinging an indisputably mean bludgeon on the head of Elmer Bailey, revealed a sportsmanlike respect for Elmer Bailey's wife and the kitchen of her dreams. Before her savings quite ran out the big front room was rented. The new lodger, like the earlier comers, was prompt with his payments and unobjectionable in his habits, except for an addiction to reading himself to sleep. When the effect of this indulgence on the monthly lighting bill had been laid before him he readily agreed to pay the extra cost himself.

"I've had good luck with every one of them," said Clara, recounting the incident to Elmer. "I couldn't ask for four nicer roomers than I've got."

Elmer, relieved of a disturbing disquiet by this latest development, conceded a certain decency to his enemy. Circumstance might clutch him as felly as it pleased if it would keep its hands off Clara and her kitchen. His counter attacks, so far, had not been encouraging in result. He felt that in the parlance of the sporting page this round was destiny's. In four months he had found two indifferent jobs, neither of which held out any lively promise of yielding anybody a million in eighteen years—or a hundred and eighty. In spite of a steadfast adherence to the ritual of his cult, in spite of a brand-new correspondence course in Personal Efficiency—the Science of Success, in spite of the atmosphere of stubborn loyalty which permeated the two rooms which Clara magicked into a home, the forecast shadows of a doubt had begun to fall across Elmer's convictions.

It was a good thing that Clara was lucky with her lodgers, he told himself. She'd been unlucky enough in the affair of a husband to keep the average pretty low.

"I asked him to have supper with us to-night," said Clara, busy at the tiny stove. "He's the sort of boy who'd enjoy eating in the kitchen. You'll like him, Elmer."

Elmer suppressed a frown. He regarded Joseph McNeil with a mild approval, as the source of almost a third of Clara's revenues, but he hated intrusions on his refuge. Of course Clara had a right to do as she pleased about such things. Still—he greeted McNeil rather coolly when he opened the kitchen door in response to the tapping with which the lodger announced his arrival.

"This is great, Mrs. Bailey." McNeil sniffed frankly. "I've been trying to will you into asking me ever since I've been here. The hash house was never like this!"

Elmer's annoyance diminished. He found himself liking the boy, attracted by the awkward, lank height of his loose-jointed body, the infectious, homely humor of his grin. Before they finished Clara's dried-apple pie he had revealed rather a good deal of his philosophy.

"A million before you're fifty, eh?" McNeil studied him alertly. "How much time does that give you?"

"I'm thirty-two," said Elmer. "Eighteen years is quite a stretch."

"Depends. You've got to average round fifty-five thousand a year to make good." McNeil wagged his head. "You can't waste much time on dinky little sure-thing jobs at that rate. You've got to plunge."

"That's so. But I've got to get something to plunge with first." Elmer was delighted at the confirmation of his own idea. "That's all I'm trying to do now."

"Bad business. Can't play long shots and favorites at once. Look here! If you're really game to take a chance ——"

"I'm that, all right!" Elmer straightened.

"Well, there was a fellow at the office the other day—pretty much of a bug, but he sounded better than he looked, at that. Got a patent on a hammer—cleverest thing I ever saw. Head's magnetized, you know. Touch a button and it bends down and picks up a nail out of the handle. Handle's hollow and full of 'em. Let go the button and the head springs back, all ready to drive the nail. One-armed man could use it. Looked good to me, but the chief threw him out. No capital, no merchandising experience. Now if he hooked up with a fellow like you it might pay big. He's got the dies and stock and a couple of thousand hammers made up. What he needs is somebody to take hold and sell 'em for him. You could do it, I'll bet." Clara looked doubtful.

"If he hasn't any money, how could he pay Elmer's salary?"

"Wouldn't. That's the point. Bailey doesn't have to draw a salary, the way you've got things fixed. That's his big asset. He can gamble with his time. I could fix it with Kendrick—that's the inventor—so that Bailey'd put in his time and selling experience against a certain interest in the business. It's a gamble, of course, but it's the kind of gamble Bailey wants—something that'll pay big if it pays at all. Fifty-five thousand a year's quite a neat mess of money to pick up without any seed to plant."

"I Think You're Just Wonderful. I Never Really Knew How Brave You Were"

He nodded sagaciously.

"Put the right push behind that hammer and there's big money in it. Best thing I've seen for a couple of years, and we see a lot of good ones in our business. Sell the hammers he's got on hand, show a market and a profit and you can incorporate and get capital easy."

Elmer Bailey was slow to ignite, but he burned hotly when McNeil's laconic wisdom kindled him. Even Clara came over to the idea when McNeil offered to put a little money into it himself.

"I'd try it, anyway," she counseled him as he switched off the lights. "If it fails, you don't lose anything but a little time. If it wins, you might find your million right there."

Elmer met Kendrick at lunch next day, and liked him. He was obviously honest, more obviously no salesman; a clumsy, shy fellow, silent on everything except his invention. He believed in this with all his might. Elmer liked that. With McNeil as mediator, they reached a working agreement in that first interview. Elmer was to have a half interest in the patent if, within a year, he sold fifty thousand hammers at the minimum price of fifty-eight cents each. If he fell short of this his share was to be scaled down proportionately. Neither was to withdraw any profits during this test period, any surplus over expenses being left to accumulate as capital.

McNeil loaned the firm five hundred dollars, to be repaid out of the first profits, with a thousand-dollar interest in the business as his reward. He undertook to supervise any advertising that might be done, and to place it through the agency for which he worked.

That selfsame afternoon Elmer Bailey saw twelve hardware firms and wrung small orders from nine of them. His resolution stiffened in the face of opposition or apathy. He felt as if his words were just so many blows at the malevolent, lowering face of destiny. He walked home, his steps beating time to the refrain of his old battle cry.

I yam the master of my fate:
I yam the captain of my soul.

He almost frightened Clara by the exuberance of his report. He laughed at the consternation in her eyes as he related the day's events.

"I'm going to succeed!" he quoted almost gayly. "My future is my own to make or mar as I elect. No man can stop me, and destiny shall stand aside before the power of my will." He laughed again. "Clara, old girl, we're going to get that million—and get it quick."

Again he had the impression of a shadow in her look. But it passed before he could be quite sure that he had seen it, and she listened and admired and prophesied so satisfactorily that he concluded he had not. For himself he felt a kind of exhilaration which was headier than the fumes of drink. This was living, this bare-handed battle against the fates, this tussle with chance and circumstance. His voice rang out triumphantly as he shaved next morning, and Charlie Trant, the dapper fellow whose room adjoined the bath, kicked peevishly against the partition as his morning dreams were interrupted. Elmer stopped quickly. Then he laughed and resumed his chant. What did he care for Charlie Trant, snoozing away his daylight? What did such a trifling drifter matter to Elmer Bailey, grappling with destiny in a fight to a finish?

Upborne by an intensifying conviction that the foe was on the run, Elmer forced the fighting savagely. Kendrick's two thousand hammers were placed within a week; his little shop shook and clattered with the speed at which he manufactured more; while Elmer, swaggering a little, tossed new orders on his littered table. At this rate they would both be rich before the year was out.

"What'll you do with your money, Kendrick, when you've got all you want?"

Elmer was not curious. He asked only as an indirect way of driving home his prophecies. Kendrick grinned.

"Me? Oh, I'll buy me one of those big lathes first thing, and build a first-rate shop—concrete foundations, glass roof and ——"

(Continued on Page 94)

JUNK

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Sam Humped Himself Over on the Seat. "Rags 'n' Ol' Iron!" He Intoned Loudly. "Rags 'n' Ol' Iron!"

IT MAY perhaps be as well to mention that though young Sam Weatherbee was a native son of a native son, his grandfather, old Sam Weatherbee, was originally from Connecticut, and sailed from Providence, Rhode Island, on the four-o'clock flood tide of the morning of May 18, 1851, at something of an ebb tide of his fortunes. By the time the good ship Mary Bruton had rounded the Horn, however, old Sam's circumstances were decidedly improved; and when her anchor splashed into the waters of San Francisco Bay he was, comparatively speaking, affluent, and quite relieved of a haunting fear that he would be obliged to begin life over again by digging his gold out of the ground by main strength and awkwardness. As the slab-sided, sandy-haired Argonaut descended the vessel's side, wearing one of his famous white sprigged waistcoats, the skipper of the Mary Bruton spat into the water with an air of relief and observed to the mate that by sundry and divers things not properly mentionable in print the right, title and interest in the main cargo and the ship itself were still the property of the original owners, anyhow; and the mate gloomily rejoined with sea-breezy embellishments that it was a tarnation good thing that the owners hadn't been aboard.

As to those waistcoats, the material came from the far Indies—fourteen yards of it, and plenty to have made Mrs. Weatherbee a gown as gowns were then cut. Old Sam had traded apple brandy for it to the simple sailorman who stole it and brought it to Sam's house back East. At first Mrs. Weatherbee thought, against all common sense, reason and experience, that she really might be going to have a new gown, but old Sam soon disabused her mind of that wild notion.

"I cal'late I'll have you make it up into vests for me," he said. "Folks'll see me coming, and take notice, and I'll be easy to p'int out to strangers that wants to dicker. 'Sam Weatherbee,' they'll say. 'You'll know him by his vest—white, with green and red sprigs onto it. Sam'll give you a dicker for most anything you've got.'"

So Mrs. Weatherbee sighed resignedly and made up the vests, and soon after that died and, it is to be supposed, assumed glorious robes of immortality that she was not obliged to beg, nag or fight for. Sam wore his waistcoats for forty years thereafter, summer and winter, rain or shine, and with the incongruities of homespun and cowhide. He brought them to California with him, as aforesaid, and the distinction that they gave him was even more profitable than he had foreseen. He prospered amazingly, married again and begot a son—Ezekiel—and a daughter—Prudence—who were sore disappointments to him. Then he died and was buried, by his own direction, in one of his white waistcoats.

Ezekiel, who inherited most of his money, was soft, dreamy, bookish and impractical. All that need be said further of him is that in time he became the father of young Samuel, and reared him in the lap of luxury. Then he died and Luxury promptly rose and shook young Samuel out of her lap and onto his own feet, much to the young man's discomfiture. As to Aunt Prudence, she married a romantic gambler with a lovely, drooping black mustache, and the last the family heard of her she was in Sacramento. So much to clear the way for young Sam's progress through the ensuing pages.

When he found himself orphaned and almost destitute, Sam was twenty-four years old. He was a tall, sandy-haired, gray-eyed young man of the build known as slab-sided. He was far from intellectual, and equidistant from a fool, though he had done many foolish things. He was congenitally averse to any useful form of physical exertion, had a remarkably fine appetite and a discriminating taste for tobacco, liked what is called musical comedy, played a fair game of poker, drove a car like a demon, dressed well and was generally in a good humor.

Almost destitute—not quite, for, having been summoned home from a protracted fishing trip in an unmercenary wilderness, he had a few hundred dollars still to his credit in the bank. His car, his wardrobe and some other articles of personal property were happily exempt from the grab of the creditors, and these he presently removed to a small bachelor apartment, where his chauffeur-valet, Ishuimi, did for him fairly well. There for a time Sam secluded himself and sincerely mourned the loss of his impractical parent. It is only a little to his credit that he did not at all bewail his own altered condition in life, because he did not then realize what that condition actually was. That was impressed upon him forcefully enough later on—gradually, but not by very slow gradations.

The money went first, of course, and soon. Even when one's credit is good a certain amount of ready cash seems to be necessary. Sam thereupon sold his car. Pretty tough, especially considering the price that it brought, but it was something. The trouble was that there were so many things for that something to stretch over. Halfway through the car, Sam realized that he had to conserve his cash resources, and he tried to do it. Ishuimi was a drain, so Ishuimi went and Sam got his own morning coffee, ate luncheon at one of his clubs and dined where he could use a pencil acceptably. It was some time before he got to the stage where he became absent-minded at the critical moment and allowed somebody else to use the pencil; but he did that, and more and more frequently, until in spite of his abstraction he intercepted a quick, peculiarly meaning glance that passed between two of his friends. After that he had a reckless period—until an urbane club steward casually and tactfully called his attention to Section 6 of Rule XXIV, and that took the last of the car. The next day Sam made a touch. The touchee was dangerously easy, and cheerful—offered to double the loan. Nevertheless, there was something in Sam that not only kept him from repeating the experiment but impelled him to sell certain gems to pay the good fellow back. That something may have been common—or uncommon—honesty.

It is not to be supposed that Sam did not realize in all this while that he had to do something, or that he did not eventually overcome his constitutional inertia sufficiently to hunt a job—in a sort of inefficient fashion. He had plenty of influential acquaintances, business men, men of affairs, who might have given him something to do—but did not. It would be painful to relate his experiences with these gentlemen, who were really well-disposed and well-meaning, but it may be briefly said that they were one and all adepts in the art of passing the buck, and it had become a good deal of a habit with them. As business men, after shrewdly estimating Sam's capabilities, previous training, pep and adaptability, they optimistically counted on the accommodating spirit of the mythical George, and preferred to let George do it.

Easy is the descent to hell. Avernus had several district branches in San Francisco as elsewhere, some lower than others. Sam, being in a way sensitive, conceived that he was getting about the worst possible variety in the upper regions of the institution—daintily flicking whips and covert, polite scorns, some real, many imagined.

"I've got to get out of here, anyway," said he, and thereupon deliberately kicked himself down the slope, and with few and short stops on the way he impinged on bedrock. Ratty tenements, foul gutters, evil-smelling marts of trade; shabby dives aglare; pale, rickety, old, old children; the draff and smut blight of a hundred peoples mingled and working in a sour ferment—that sort of a bedrock of blazes. Different now, of course.

It had its advantages though. Sam fondly imagined that there was little chance of meeting any of his former associates there, as it was a slum devoid of picturesque features, vicious or otherwise. No need of keeping up appearances, and there were plenty of pawnshops in which his few remaining superfluities were presently swallowed. Now and then he got an odd job; but odd jobs were hard to get and mighty unpleasant while they lasted, and Sam was literally on his uppers and out at elbows, when deliverance came with a light touch on his shoulder.

Sam turned. The angel of deliverance was a beady-eyed young fellow, nattily dressed, who wore his hat tilted slightly to a prominent left ear and whose manner was half hesitating, half assured.

"Mr. Weatherbee, ain't it? Well, now I thought it was. I saw you two or three times up in the office, and I got a memory for faces. But"—his beady eyes ranged from Sam's soiled and crumpled cap to his sodden and broken shoes—"say," he continued, "the boss has been trying to get a line on you for a month—Hobart—Hobart & Davis. We handled your business for you when your father died—remember?"

"I remember," Sam answered, writhing inwardly under the young man's continued stare and hardly concealed smirk. "And what does the boss want to get a line on me for?"

"I can tell you that," replied the angel, striking a match on the heel of his shoe and lighting a cigarette. "It's some legacy business, or just next of kin. Aunt of yours died in San Diego—no, Los Angeles it was, I guess. Anyway, there's some property coming to you."

Three days later Sam leaned his still tattered elbows on the weather-beaten pickets of an old gate and surveyed his property.

No money, alas! The little that there had been was absorbed by inevitable fees and expenses. Just the property.

"Salable? Ought to be; but not a chance now at any price. No harm listing it, and I'll be glad to do it, but

I could sell you a thousand acres like it for a last season's song success, and sing second myself in full, deep tones Mortgage it? Surest thing you know! The only trouble would be to find somebody with money they want to invest on that kind of security, and that oughtn't to be much harder than finding the south pole. Would I advance—listen, brother! I may look foolish, but it's just my looks." Thus the agent.

This was the property. On either side of the gate on which Sam leaned a tall cedar reared and formed a ragged arch of dull green above him. A weed-grown path of decomposed granite pierced a waste of devil's grass and bur clover that was once a lawn and was still ennobled by twin palms of stately growth. An aspiring pink-flowered geranium clambered the roughened trunk of one of these to meet the rustling gray apron of dead branches drooping from its verdant crown, and the veranda roof and posts of the house at the end of the path were clustered and massed with roses, pink, red and white—irrepressible life and gayety of color overrunning desolation and decay.

The house was a fairly large one, with a good deal of veranda, but old, ugly and obviously tottering to its fall. One of the green-slatted shutters in the upper of its two stories hung askew from broken hinges, and the once-white paint skin of the whole outside was discolored and peeled in patches as if from some eczematous disorder. A little back were a sizable barn and some sheds, and above their roofs appeared the tops of eucalypti and the serrated disk of a windmill, while through a vista of dead and dying orange trees Sam could make out a small 'dobe cottage within the hedged limits of his little estate. Beyond, to the north, a line of foothills, with the skeleton structures of oil derricks here and there; still beyond, some vague mountain peaks; to the south, not far off, a paved highway; and then the electric car line running westward into the sea haze; and between highway and car line two or three cement buildings in the mission style, and a scattering of bungalows.

As Sam unlocked the gate and set foot on the weedy path he felt a queer and entirely novel thrill of ownership. This, poor as it was, was his, from sky to center his—and likely to remain so, it would seem. It gave him a sense of stability, that thought, lifted from his soul a load of apprehension that had oppressed it, and induced both courage and hope. So, elated out of all proportion to the prospect, he almost strutted round the house, noting the most trivial objects with intense interest, trying each door and window as he came to it, and finding all closed and lockfast. Then he bent his steps toward the 'dobe cottage; and there, smoking a short black pipe in the flecked shade of a twisted pepper tree, was an ancient man with a long, shaved upper lip and venerable whiskers of the obsolete mode known as Galways.

"Mr. O'Reilly?" queried Sam.

The old chap removed his pipe with great deliberation, looked Sam over carefully and then corrected the form of address.

"Judge O'Reilly," he said. "Wanst a judge, always a judge; and in my day I've sent strong, bold men to the cooler. You'll see I'm on the bench still. If it's a bite you want, knock at the door there. I'll be curious to see what you get."

"Thanks," said Sam with a grin. "My name is Weatherbee, if the court please—nephew of the late Mrs. Jevins, and, I'm informed, proprietor of this place. This is a note from Mr. Braithwaite, the attorney, instructing you to turn things over to me. I've had my lunch in Los Angeles."

"The devil!" said the old man as he took the note. "If that don't beat—— The lost heir, is it?" He fumbled in his pocket, staring the while. "The prodigal nephew! Here, sit you down till I get my specs!"

He shuffled into the cottage, and presently came out again, followed by a pleasantly grim-looking woman in a fresh white apron.

"This is Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Weatherbee," he said, and when Sam had acknowledged the introduction he solemnly produced a bunch of keys. "You'll be desirous of inspecting your property, Mr. Weatherbee," he continued. "I'll step with you and give an account of my stewardship as we go."

As they went he informed Sam that he and his wife had been on the place for close to three years—partners, in a way of speaking, with Mrs. Jevins. She gave them the use of the cottage and the tools and what not, and she got a third of the crop on the truck patch—which, having sharp young eyes, you may have noticed the same—and then what chores old bones could do, not to mention the pleasure of our company when so inclined, she living by her lonesome otherwise, poor soul!

He unlocked and threw open the front door on a passage that ran the length of the house to a back porch. It was surprisingly neat, its decrepit furniture of hall tree and chairs precisely arranged and showing—even through a film of dust—evidences of careful housekeeping. So with the rest of the rooms. Only in the big fireplace of the living room was a heap of ashes and charred corners of letters.

"Just as she left everything," said O'Reilly. "Barring the wanst that they took the inventory, I've never unlocked the door since the day she went. She took all her duds with her. 'Tis like I'll not be back, Michael,' she says. We went to see her in the hospital, but she was too far gone to know us, and we never got track of the trunks she took. She'd saved a trifle from the little annuity she had—but you'll have seen Braithwaite. Not much, it's like."

"Not more than enough to bury her decently," Sam replied, with the tribute of a sigh for this poor, forlorn kinswoman of his. "How did she come to get this place, do you know?"

"Well I know," Michael answered—"by reason of poor judgment. If you'll believe me, she paid three thousand dollars for the four acres, this dissolute ruin and the junk you see. Plain robbery, so it was, and she a widow! She had her troubles—God rest her—with Bill Jevins, the tinhorn scoundrel! I mind him in Sacramento thirty years ago, and in the camp at Trinidad, where I was justice. But she stuck to him through thick and thin until he went hence, and I'll say that he might have left her worse off than he did. And now," said the old man after a pause, "I'll be asking you your intentions. The old woman will be wanting to pack if we're to get marching orders—or we'll stay on and keep an eye on things, if it's pleasing to you. The air suits my asthmy, I'll not deny, and there's the old woman's chickens and all."

Sam pretended to consider for a few moments.

"Well," he said, "I seem to have a roof, a bed, fuel and a third interest in a truck patch, so I think I'll stay and keep one eye on things myself while I look round me with the other. As to marching orders, you're welcome to keep the cottage until I sell for a decent price, and it looks to me as if that was a fairly long lease."

He slept soundly until sunlight flooded his room, and then, in excellent spirits once more, he made a refreshing toilet and set about breakfast. Among the things that Aunt Prudence had left, not the least important were provisions.

A good part of a side of bacon, for instance, hard and dry on the outside, but still sweet and sound, and potatoes there were in plenty.

"The old dear seems to have provided for all my frugal wants," said Sam. "God rest her soul, as the judge says."

With which, by way of grace, he sat down and made a hearty meal, in which a contribution of eggs made by Mrs. O'Reilly the night before harmonized gratefully with the bacon.

The dishes washed and put away, Sam walked out on the veranda. The morning freshness was still in the air, and he sniffed it with keen enjoyment as his roving eye noted anew the big palms, the cedar-arched gate and the ragged hedge. His mind went back to the San Francisco slum, and his heart was filled with thankfulness. At least there would be no more of that life if he could make a living, here.

There was the rub! Could he make a living—and how? What was he fitted for? There should be some way for him to attain even more than the mere means of existence, and yet his experience up to then had not qualified him for the prime necessity. That chunk of bacon wasn't going to last forever; the coffee and the sugar would run out, and in his pocket—he hauled it forth—two dollars and

At First Mrs. Weatherbee Thought, Against All Common Sense, Reason and Experience, That She Really Might be Going to Have a New Gown

some odd cents. Well, there would be some way, and meantime ——

He dismissed the problem from his mind, as he so often had done before, and set forth to explore. First, he visited the barn and sheds, and was amazed at the variety and quantity of their contents—agricultural implements in all stages of rust and disrepair, a dismantled wagon, odds and ends of rolled poultry netting, lengths of chain, coils of wire, sections of pipe, tile and iron, cobwebbed shelves of paint cans and caked and dried brushes—a hundred more things the use of which he could not even guess at, but which, nevertheless, roused in him a remarkable interest.

"All this cost money once upon a time," he reflected. "But ——"

The tag of an old rime came to him:

The price of anything
Is just as much as it will bring.

"And I couldn't so much as get an advance of fifty dollars on the whole property, lock, stock and barrel," he said aloud.

"You'd be in luck if you got it hauled away free, so you would, if it's this you're meaning," responded a voice in mellow brogue.

"Good morning, judge," said Sam. "I suppose that's true," he went on with a rueful laugh. "And yet—what did they keep it for?"

"On the well-known and pernicious principle that it might come in handy some of these fine days," O'Reilly answered. "I've had that same disease myself; but now I travel light, me having the wisdom of my years, bad scran to it! Another wise old owl wanst told me that dirt was matter in the wrong place, and that's the trouble with all this. 'Twould be valuable if it was with them that needed it; but 'tis the distribution and the transportation that is more or less of a difficulty. There's the tale of all waste."

"Pity to have it lying round doing nobody good," said Sam thoughtfully.

"True for you," agreed the old man. "'Tis what Joe Da Silva was a-saying about that pile of brick beyant, the other day. He thinks he needs them brick in his business; but then he's got a notion that he needs all the money he's got more than the brick. If garlic was a crying want with you now—or beans—you might make a deal with him."

"Who is this Da Silva person?" Sam inquired.

"A Portugee neighbor of ours," replied O'Reilly. "His bit of a ranch is over there where you see them yellow patches. Them's the beans. The garlic is blooming and shedding fragrance off by itself, as is only decent, the other side of the trees. I've often wondered—you're a young man of intelligence—will you tell me why the strength of that vegetable could not be used for turning the wheels of industry?"

"It sounds reasonable," Sam admitted. "Burbank might cross it with the power plant to tone it down. But beans ——" Sam's mind reverted to his larder. "Well, I believe there's more nourishment in beans than there is in bricks. If you see our friend, and he still wants bricks, you might send him to me."

"I'll do that same," said O'Reilly. "You've not seen your irrigation system yet. I'll show it to you."

They went back of the barn, where the windmill was creaking dolefully as it raised fitful spurts of water into a leaky cement reservoir. A roughly contrived gate, which O'Reilly raised, connected the reservoir with a line of wooden troughs, the course of which they followed to the truck patch near the adobe cottage.

"'Tis not a Niagara," said the old man, "but there's enough and to spare, and if the tank ——" He stopped and removed his hat with a courtly flourish. "The top of the morning to you, Miss Mattie," he called.

A girl with a small basket on her arm had entered the side gate and approached them on her way to the cottage, picking her steps daintily over and round the puddles that the water had made. Sam noticed several things about her. First, to be exactly truthful, that she was neatly shod in white tennis shoes and that her white stockings were very smoothly drawn over ankles of remarkable symmetry; then he was forcibly impressed by her figure, which was slender but not frail, and moved with graceful freedom. She wore a hat of coarsely woven straw with a wide and drooping brim, so that until she turned her head directly toward them her face was the last thing that he saw. It was a face to be remembered, and Sam remembered it. Decidedly he remembered it, and of all the faces that he had ever seen it was the very last that he desired to encounter at that moment.

He turned his back and stooped to examine a tomato plant. The girl stopped and returned Michael O'Reilly's greeting with a smile that brought a wrinkled reflection of itself to the old man's leathery visage.

"The tiptop of the morning to you, Mr. O'Reilly," she called in musical, mirthful voice. "How is the asthmy?"

"Never ask me," replied the ready-tongued O'Reilly. "There's no asthmy, rheumatiz, toothache, earache or soreness of the eyes that the sight of you would not cure. If you stay on here another month I'll be renewing my youth like the dodo, and then—I'll not be saying. I have the honor of presenting to you Mr. Weatherbee, Miss Walling."

Sam had to straighten up and acknowledge the introduction. In his embarrassment it was some slight comfort to him to note that Miss Walling showed marked discomposure, and that if his face was red, hers was at least pink. But she recovered quicker than he, and gave him the cool, impersonal nod that seemed proper to his disreputable appearance.

"Eggs?" she inquired, turning at once to Mr. O'Reilly and swinging her little basket.

"And the hens that laid them, if you was wishful," assented Michael. "There's the old lady now, grinning like a Chessy cat."

Mrs. O'Reilly was standing as described in the cottage doorway, and the girl hastened to her and was conducted within, apparently with much warmth of welcome.

"There was a time when the madam did not receive my particular lady friends with such corjality," sighed Mr. O'Reilly. "Sure she must think I'm old and harmless. Well, I've had my day! A jool of a girl, that! She's visiting at the Coolidge bungaloo beyant. A sight for sore eyes, sure enough! And now if you'll come back I'll show you how, with a gasoline engine ——"

"Mr. O'Reilly," said Sam presently, "how would you go about it to get a job if you wanted one?"

In Sam's fireside reveries that night Aunt Prudence figured not at all. Instead there was a remarkable intrusion of clear hazel eyes and an unforgetable smile. As for the eyes—certainly they had looked upon him with a most chilling indifference; but they were wonderful eyes for all that. Her smile—if only that smile had been for him! Still, taking it as a smile standard, he had always been of the opinion that most girls merely simpered or contrived lively grimaces for the display of pretty teeth, and he had thought that Mattie's smile was the unmistakable, visible emanation of a friendly and joyous spirit, whereas —

"By George, she needn't have rubbed it in!" Sam exclaimed. "She may go to the devil for me!"

There for a time the reverie ended, forcibly dismissed for resolute purpose of an entirely practical nature. In Sam's hand was an evening paper; on the table, at his elbow, the lamp burned with a trimmed wick. He unfolded the sheets to turn to the Help Wanted columns—the job market, and ——

Young Sam, Whether Supernaturally Directed or by Chance, Saw That Particular Heading

It is possible that if the young man's eyes could have been cleared of earthly mists, whatever material obstructions interpose between quick humanity and spiritual perception, he might have glanced over his shoulder and seen a tall, lean, keen-eyed, lantern-jawed shade wearing a ghostly white waistcoat sprigged with green and red, who, leaning forward, pointed a bony index finger to a particular heading of the newspaper advertisements that was not Help Wanted. At all events, young Sam, whether supernaturally directed or by chance, saw that particular heading and became at once absorbed in the matter below it. That heading was:

SWAPS

The very first of these advertisements roused Sam's hope as well as interest. It suggested possibilities, though of itself impossible:

BEACH SUIT, Size 36, never worn. Will trade for baby crib and mattress, or will consider double-barreled shotgun. Box 5322, Chronicle.

"My luck!" Sam ruminated. "Not a baby crib or a shotgun on the place! Still I might make a double play, and trade something I have got for either one. I certainly need that suit. But thirty-six may not be my size. And by the time I got the crib somebody would probably slip in ahead of me with a shotgun—or vice versa—and it isn't likely that the baby could wait. But if it couldn't, why the shotgun? The whole thing seems a trifle baffling."

He abandoned speculation to continue his reading:

BEEHIVES—Four new, ten frame, dovetailed hives, painted and wired. Patent frames. Will exchange for good standard phonograph and records, electric fan, or what have you? E 2915.

That was mighty interesting. Sam had no beehives and wanted no beehives, but the point was that he might have had them in his collection of junk, and having them, might have reasonably expected to get a phonograph or a fan for them—supposing that he wanted a phonograph or a fan. "Or what have you?" On that query hung a chance of something even more desirable. What hadn't he?

He persevered. That wasn't the word exactly. Nothing could have detached him from those columns until he had finished them to the last item. One advertiser had a three-quart Toggenburg goat and wanted an electric vibrator; another had realized that a prismatic binocular field glass was not so necessary to his happiness or well-being as an eight-day mantel clock or a boy's bicycle; three-inch iron pipe was called for, and singing lessons offered in exchange; the human interest of the baby appeared again in a touching proposal to trade a pair of antique gold earrings with emerald and topaz stones for a perambulator—nothing baffling about that!—and one man possessed of a superfluous Persian rug actually preferred brick. Then Sam came again upon what he was certainly needing:

CLOTHING—Misfit suit, coat, vest, and two pair pants; large size, neat pattern. Will swap for good clean trunk, or what have you? Home phone 63621.

At that Sam quite mechanically did a remarkable thing—remarkable, because it was the very first time that he had done it. With a face almost blank of expression, he reached down into the scuttle that held his kindling and picked out a strip of redwood shingle; then fumbling absently in his pocket he pulled out his knife and began very slowly and deliberately to whittle.

The next morning Sam went to town; but first he stopped at the general store in one of the cement buildings and bought a five-cent sack of tobacco. Incidentally he examined the four or five varieties of beans that the storekeeper had for sale, and learned their names and prices. In Los Angeles he supplemented the information that he had acquired by calling up a couple of commission firms on the telephone, after which he called up a house-wrecking concern and got quotations on certain building material, including old brick. The last number that he called was Home 63621, and after a short conversation he rode out to an address in the east part of town and tried on a suit of clothes, with a striking pattern of checks, that fitted him not so much amiss.

"Like the bark on the tree," said the owner of the suit enthusiastically.

He was a small, dirty, dark, twisted little person who spoke with a lisp. A sign in the bay window of his dingy little cottage announced that he tailored, repaired, pressed, cleaned, and that his motto was A Square Deal to All.

Sam raised his arms and swelled his chest.

"The trouble is that I'm not a tree," he objected. "Binds me a bit—and I don't think much of the cut."

"Ratth!" said the little man. "Mithter, thath a fifty-dollar thuit. I made it mythelf. Thlip on the panth."

Some discussion followed, and presently they harked back to the medium of exchange. The little man laid much stress on his need of the good clean trunk that he had advertised as his first requirement, and shrugged at the list of articles that Sam proposed as substitutes. At last Sam judged it time to bring the matter to an end.

"Fare thee well, for I must leave thee," he said, turning to go. "If we can't get together we might as well part, hard as parting may be. If you've got any curiosity to see what I have you know where I live."

"Who payth me for my time?" the little man demanded.

Sam laughed good-naturedly and walked away, not looking behind him, in spite of a distant call to return. It was then about eleven o'clock, and he had more information to acquire, which would take time. After all, he had cherished only a forlorn hope of that particular suit.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE STAND-OFF SYSTEM

By J. R. Sprague

ANYONE who saw him get off the street car on lower Broadway would have known him for a prosperous small-town business man. There was a positiveness about his movements which could come only from the knowledge that his name stood high in the rating books of the credit agencies. He was in New York to place his orders for fall merchandise and he had money in bank with which to pay the bills.

He appeared to be in no hurry as he turned into Maiden Lane and started down that crooked little thoroughfare in the direction of East River. He paused in front of half a dozen jewelers' show windows to look at the big emeralds, the platinum watches and the pearl necklaces carelessly displayed on their backgrounds of puffed-up velvet. He spent a full ten minutes studying the display of a silverware manufacturer, one item of which seemed particularly to fascinate him. It was a handsome mahogany chest containing twelve solid-silver dinner plates, the set being plainly labeled with the price, three thousand dollars per dozen.

The prosperous small-town business man studied this offering long and gravely; he shook his head a couple of times, evidently confounded at the idea that there are people in the world able to eat from plates worth two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. At length he tore himself away. A few doors farther down the Lane he stopped in a cigar store to buy a smoke, and then rounding a corner went on until he arrived at the entrance of a twenty-story office building. Turning into the building, he stepped into an elevator and in thirty seconds disembarked at the twelfth floor. Crossing the hallway, he walked toward a door which bore in gold letters the name of a great importing house. He approached this door briskly, with the pleased manner of one who is sure there is a pleasant time in store for him. Having entered and closed the door behind him, he came to a stop and looked round with a puzzled and dissatisfied air.

A Case of Too Much System

THERE seemed no reason why anyone should be dissatisfied with the appearance of the place. It was, indeed, an extremely handsome establishment. There was a row of private offices of oak and ground glass where executives carried on their work undisturbed. Just at the doorway, facing the visitor, a fashionably gowned young lady sat at a desk with a telephone receiver clamped over her head, the instrument displacing the wad of hair from one of her ears. This young lady was very busy changing the positions of pegs on the board in front of her, and paid no attention to the visitor. At another desk, however, sat the official whose duty it was to receive visitors and put them at their ease. He was a snappy young man of perhaps fourteen summers, in knee pants, and as the out-of-town business man wavered at the doorway he got up from his chair and went forward.

"Who do you want to see?" demanded the young guardian of the private offices with a marked New York accent, crisp and businesslike.

The out-of-town man hesitated, feeling a little ill at ease under the challenging scrutiny of the sentry.

"Why, I don't know that I want to see anybody in particular," he said lamely. "I just dropped in to see the firm."

Fourteen-year-old employees do not ordinarily possess all the diplomacy in the world. It is hardly right to expect it for seven dollars a week. The young man had no rule to go by when a person vaguely announced that he had just dropped in to see the firm. He eyed the visitor coldly.

"If you will give me your card," he said, "I will take it in to the office manager."

Back home where the out-of-town man lives they do not have to use cards to get into business offices. The only cards the visitor had ever owned, in fact, were some he had bought twenty years before from a pen-and-ink artist who had written his name in flowing Spencerian, with birds and flourishes taking up more space than the name. Even if he had had one of these in his pocket, it would hardly have been suitable for business purposes. He began to get a little fretful.

"I haven't got a card with me," he said heatedly, "and if I had one I wouldn't give it to you. Just you go inside and tell the sales manager there is a man from Kentucky out here who wants to see him."

The youth was of the stuff from which heroes are made. Troubled but courageous, he stood his ground.

"It's against the rules for me to take in any message unless you give me your name," he said stoutly.

The visitor had reached the end of his rope. He set his feet wide apart and leaned forward to glare into the fresh young face of his opponent, speaking more fretfully than became a man of his age and financial rating.

"Tell that bunch of princes and prime ministers in there," he snapped, pointing to the private offices of oak and ground glass, "that the king of the South Sea Islands called, but couldn't wait. It was too hard a job to get into their palace." Then he turned and stamped out of the place.

Evidently the young lady at the telephone desk had sent in a hurry-up call, because as the elevator door slammed behind the Kentuckian and the car was dropping downward a man dashed out from one of the private offices and into the corridor. The Kentuckian thought he heard his name called, but was just peevish enough to refuse to answer.

That evening in an uptown hotel, where I had chanced to make his acquaintance, he told me the story, enriched by personal comment.

"I know I was childish and unreasonable," he said after he had related the happenings of the morning, "but I was so mad I didn't care. That wholesale house is a concern with which I have been doing business for nearly twenty years. The man who founded it was one of my best friends; he was, in fact, one of the few wholesalers willing to take a chance on me when I came to New York for the first time and wanted to get goods on credit.

"In the Old Man's time a person having business with the firm didn't have to work through an office boy in knee pants in order to gain entrance. I used to blow into New York, fix myself up with a room at some hotel, and then at once go down to that wholesale house to see if any mail had arrived for me and to use one of their desks to map out my buying campaign.

"They didn't have any ground-glass private offices in those days. The Old Man sat at his desk in the middle of the big room, with his subordinates at their desks grouped all about him. When he wanted to speak to one of them he would simply call out, 'Hey, Bill, come here a minute.' Bill would come, have his interview and get back to his own desk without the use of an electric push button, an office boy or a typewritten letter requiring his presence.

"There was the same sort of informality toward any customer of the house. The minute I got inside the door of the big office someone would be sure to look up and see me. I was made welcome in a minute. The Old Man would take a few moments of his time to ask me how business was back home, how my folks were and if there was anything special he could do for me. Someone else would look to see if any mail had arrived for me, and in ten minutes I would be sitting at one of their customers' desks attending to my own business and feeling just as much at home as if I were in my own store back in Kentucky.

"Maybe it doesn't seem very businesslike that a mere customer should walk unannounced right into a big office and disarrange things for even a few minutes, but I am sure they didn't lose anything by it. I have been annually buying upward of ten thousand dollars' worth of merchandise from that house for the past fifteen years. Other houses would have to show me a whole lot better values to make me buy elsewhere. I was treated like one of the family, and would have felt disloyal to take my business to any other firm so long as the prices and terms were about equal."

Heads Turned by Prosperity

"I THINK I know what is the matter down there now. Since the last time I was in New York the Old Man has retired from the active management, and a younger man has taken his place at the head of the concern—a nephew of the Old Man's, I believe. I have met this young man several times in past years. My impression of him is that he is rather a big man in a way, only he loves system a little too much.

"Maybe he doesn't know how to run things without his red tape. The Old Man was a business genius, and could make things go without it. But I suspect there is another reason.

"You know, business has been awfully good in the wholesale trade for several years; and some of the wholesalers have sort of lost their heads. When things come too easy it is human nature for a man to get independent. Maybe the Old Man's successor has figured it out that he hasn't been able to get enough goods to supply his trade, anyhow, and so why go out of the way to make things pleasant for a lot of country buyers who take up the time of the office help? Figuring that way, it is easy to see why he put in the private offices with their ground-glass partitions."

The man from Kentucky sat back in his chair thoughtfully for a few minutes and watched the well-dressed crowd milling round the hotel lobby. A well-dressed young man standing with a group near us summoned a bell boy to send for a paper at the news stand thirty feet distant, and ostentatiously told him to keep the change from the quarter.

"I guess things are different in the big cities," he said, "from what they are in the small towns. I have read articles describing how people go into stores in New York or Chicago and throw their money round like waste paper. The stories are almost always about some workingman in greasy overalls who goes into a clothing store and buys half a dozen silk shirts at twenty-four dollars apiece, or some foreign-looking woman with a shawl on her head who enters a jewelry store, and the clerk thinks she has come in for a donation, but it turns out that she wants to buy a platinum wrist watch instead.

"Maybe people are acting that way in New York and Chicago," he went on, "but they aren't doing it in my town back home. I am in the retail business myself, and I know. Our customers are acting quite safe and sane, demanding a hundred cents on the dollar for their money. If I put an ad in the paper announcing a cut price on some line of merchandise there are just as many people as ever

(Continued on Page 113)

THE WOMAN INSIDE

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JOHNNY DEIGNAN himself crossed the floor of his cabaret to greet the couple who had just entered and who stood a little hesitantly beside the waxed-calico-flannel rubber plant by the street door. This action, whose significance entirely escaped the general public, brought a slight but intense flutter of interest among the performers. The trap drummer, working his hands, his feet and his head all at once, proved his unusual muscular coördination by catching the eye of the pianist with a significant wink. The pianist, doing jazz with his hands, his torso and his head, did not lose for a moment his mechanical, professional smile, but he broke the rhythm of his motions with an understanding nod. Center floor, Big Blanche, the contralto, was at this moment proclaiming in the voice of a somewhat brassy pipe organ that she loved her ha-abe. To six separate elderly members of her audience she was conveying the subtle impression that she meant this lyric remark personally. As Johnny crossed the floor she managed to send her observing glance after him by the device of starting a flirtation with the victim of her wiles at the extreme left of the audience. Any acute outsider watching the waiters would have noted an instant when they all seemed frozen into immobility in the midst of whatever they happened to be doing.

When Johnny so greeted a guest it meant an important arrival, usually someone connected with the government of the Borough of Manhattan. Also, it was a signal for his forces to uncork everything they had in the way of merriment and artistry. When, in addition to crossing, Johnny let the guest precede him to the floor, at the same moment giving a formal bow with an outward sweep of the right hand, the action became a definite office, conveying to waiters and performers alike that the Volstead Act was to be enforced—rigidly if temporarily.

But Johnny—as the head waiter noted with instant relief—did not make his bow. He merely gave his little Hibernian flourish of ceremony as he shook hands and fell in beside the couple. The waiters immediately lost all interest and resumed their passing, clearing up and laying the foundations for tips. Not so the woman performers, waiting behind the platform for the cue to begin the balloon dance. The word being passed that Johnny had crossed the floor, they took turns at peering from behind the screen.

"Up-state stuff," commented Pauline de Vere, barefoot and interpretive dancer. She was born in Oneida County.

"Bridal stuff," amended Coralie, the soprano, who doubled in the balloon dance.

Lucy Braile, solo dancer, had not peered round the screen. She stood at this moment before the mirror, finishing off the make-up of her eyelashes, and she spoke with the languid air of superior knowledge.

"Nothing special, I'll say. This is an old friend that the boss used to know in the remote and arid provinces. He's showed up in New York married, and the boss is giving 'em a party. There's orchids on the table."

There was a moment of silence.

"How d'you know?" asked the direct Coralie, formulating the unspoken, jealous question in the minds of all.

"The boss told me himself, dear," replied Lucy Braile, still with her languid, indifferent air.

In the minor emotional crisis which followed, the company lost all interest in the new arrival. When, two minutes later, the balloon dancers leaped and shouted into view, Pauline deliberately stumbled in Lucy Braile's path, ruining her star entrance.

"It's a Homely Old Jug. I Could Buy a Better at a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store"

It took the eye of Miss New York to classify as up-state stuff the clothes of the young woman now approaching rather timidly and hesitantly Johnny Deignan's own particular table in the corner of the cabaret. Even Mister New York, sapient though he assumes to be, would have seen in the pink simplicity of her evening gown and the undecorated straightness of her fur coat only the prevailing mode. It took Miss New York, watching with a dozen shrewd, hard eyes from behind the screen, to catch the unmistakable signs of small-town dressmaking and department store ready-to-wear.

Mister New York, sweeping his look, as men will, from the dress to the face, would have lingered there only a moment. First impressions are what count in the big town, which is why it is taken in by sheer bluff more often than any other region of the habitable globe. And that face had nothing, on first view, to differentiate it from ten thousand others over which Mister New York throws a blasé, indifferent glance in the course of a metropolitan day. It failed to advertise. Her hair, though it glimmered with a faint light under the electric lamps, was brown—neither a real chestnut brown nor a Titian brown nor a golden brown nor any of the extraordinary and fancy shades which clutch the eye at first view—but just plain brown. Her features seemed to that short, sweeping metropolitan glance inconspicuously regular. Still, her nose started from her brow as though intending to be saucily retroussé, thought better of it as it went along, and ended in a delicate point. It was matched—that point—by a pointed chin. Her eyes were dark blue, though now and then, under the electric lamps, they seemed to show glints of hazel. They were fringed with eyelashes short but thick, turning upward and downward at the corners in sweeping little curves.

Now these attractions, I submit, are not such that the casual observer takes them in at first view. Had Mister New York found himself boarding beside this woman in his own small town he would have had the leisure to inspect them, take them in, estimate them at their true worth But Mister New York, as he sat simulating happiness that night at Johnny Deignan's, merely glanced away.

Johnny has seated his guests, paying special attention to the lady; is giving the head waiter an order. Johnny was a small man, growing now a little stout; his face crossed and recrossed with ridges of muscle; his nose looking somehow too prominent for its size; the blue-specked appearance of his jowls—all this suggested the actor. Indeed, Johnny had graduated from vaudeville to café keeping. As he talked those facial muscles, actor fashion, made a play of expression. But Johnny's eyes never smiled with the smile of his lips. Back of everything lay inscrutability. For the rest, he dressed in blue serge as smoothly as a clothier's manikin, parted his blue-black hair over his bald spot as shinily as though it had been enameled, and wore no jewelry.

The third member of the group, the unconsidered husband of the country bride, was of that tall, thin, pure American type which one associates with coolness and efficiency. His features gave the general impression of being aquiline. He had a bright and sharp pair of light-brown eyes which, as he talked, rested steadily on his interlocutor. In every motion and attitude he and the woman beside him radiated an air of mutual confidence and understanding.

Johnny Deignan had his experience of woman, high and low; he did not look with the casual eye of Mister New York. That inscrutable air of his was partly a pose assumed to cover a nature somewhat too warm and sentimental—should he ever give it rein—to succeed in the business of keeping a Tenderloin café. He had appraised her in the short journey from the door to the table. A little rift in the veil of his inscrutability would have shown one of his intimates that he liked her, if only by contrast with his accustomed scene.

Sam Forester, the male guest, held the floor as they waited for the oysters; and he was telling again, as one does in the bonds of matrimony, the tale which his wife had heard twice before—once after the event, once when he persuaded her to the adventure of dining with the proprietor of a Tenderloin café.

"There he was," said Forester, "talking to the office boy with his back toward me. Seemed to me I knew that back ——"

"It's thicker than it was," interrupted Johnny Deignan, "but it was thick enough in those days to teach you respect!"

"You were a scrapper, Johnny—I'll say that for you," replied Forester, laughing indulgently, as with passing memories of old bitterness made sweet by time. "I had to stop, it looked so familiar. It turned round and there was the map of Johnny Deignan. We went to the Central High School together. Johnny, besides playing halfback on the football team, used to take every prize for oratory."

Mrs. Forester smiled at all this as appreciatively as though she had not heard it twice before. But she smiled a little absently too. Her eyes, with a slightly frightened look, were wandering over the glare and glitter, blare and twitter, of the cabaret. What she might have said was stifled on her lips by an outburst of the orchestra as the full company skipped out for the balloon dance.

When it was over, and the clatter of tableware and of tongues seemed by comparison dense silence, Johnny Deignan said with an air which conveyed wide backgrounds of understanding, "I'd like to know what you're thinking of it all—on first sight."

She wondered afterward how he knew that it was her first sight of a cabaret.

"It's more noisy than I thought it would be," she said. Her voice had a slight tinkle in its higher tones. She pulled herself up here, as realizing that she had not been gracious, and added: "But much more really gay. It raises my spirits, Mr. Deignan—I mean it makes me happy."

"Well," said Johnny Deignan, "the big town's lonesome your first few months, and entirely too full of people all the rest of the way."

Again that background of understanding! How had he perceived that loneliness which, in spite of love and bridehood, was at moments eating into her heart? Those phantom crowds as impersonal as the lamp-posts they passed; those families the other side of the flat-house wall who might have lived in China for all they touched her life; those millions of hard, impersonal city eyes—how had he perceived all that?

"Tell me," she said, "do people in New York ever get to know each other? Do they always stay hard and impersonal?"

"New York," said Johnny Deignan, "is just the small-town stuff multiplied by a million or two. It's full of graft and good will and skin games and kindness, same as the little burgs. Only it's in a hurry. You'll learn. We all have to learn. It seems to you, keepin' your little flat up—where is it—the Bronx?"

"Yes, the Bronx," smiled Mrs. Forester.

"Keepin' your little flat in the Bronx, and wishing of afternoons for some other lady to have a cup of tea and a gossip with—seems like New York has a casehardened surface that you never can break through. Then some day you do break through just when you don't expect it, and you're never lonesome again. Comes the time when you wish you could be lonesome just to see how it feels."

The preliminary crash of the trap drum broke into Johnny Deignan's homily. Pauline de Vere skipped out barefoot for a solo dance. As always when the boss was entertaining company, she danced not for the world but for that table in the corner, making it for a goal as she advanced and retreated, throwing toward it the flips of her draperies, dropping her bobbed head in its direction when she ended with her last bow. The orchestra swung into a fox trot.

"By your leave, Sam," said Johnny Deignan, including Mrs. Forester in his sweeping, benevolent glance.

"Oh, sure!" said Sam.

Without another word Johnny and Mrs. Forester rose and danced. Sam watched them round the room; saw that Johnny was still talking and that his wife's face showed amusement and content. His eyes smiled, but still they were not entirely happy. He was glad to be giving her a good time. He had scarcely recognized until the talk with Johnny Deignan how lonely it was for an unacquainted woman in New York. But somehow there rested at the back of his mind the unformulated thought that she might temper her happiness with a little proper—well, not exactly horror, but at any rate disapproval. A man experienced in the world knew what reaches of sin and degradation lay behind some of the artificial gayety at Deignan's. As he watched, the smile died out of his eyes. But it came back when she dropped, a little flushed, into her seat.

"We've been talking over housekeeping," said Johnny. "Keeping café is only housekeeping, but I buy at wholesale and she buys at retail." He turned his glance full on Forester, and his face assumed its most Celtic, bantering look. "Sam, seeing the number of times we whacked each other when we were young—and I'll say you were a tough scrapper—would you call it friendly, marrying a nice girl like this and telling me nothing about it—not bidding me to the wedding or anything?"

"We'd have had to invite you by telegram then," laughed Sam Forester. "Our wedding was considerable of an offhand affair."

"We were to have had a church wedding in June," interposed Mrs. Forester, "but when J. G. Grantham offered him the job in New York we got married on a week's notice. We had only the family—my wedding dress was just thrown together. I remember when we knelt down at the end of the ceremony saying to myself, 'There go two hooks!'"

"Well, you won't chate me out of one thing," said Johnny, slipping into the Irish as he always did when he became especially gallant. "You won't bilk me out of givin' you a wedding present." He turned and made a gesture, slight but imperious, to the head waiter. The eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Forester met; they registered a shade of perplexity, even of alarm.

"Bob," said the boss, "go into the sugar closet in the storeroom and get from the top shelf what I told you to keep for me—you remember?"

Bob stood looking respectfully puzzled. Johnny formed an unvocalized word with his lips, and the light broke on Bob's face.

"Oh, sure!" he said.

The entrée arrived just then, making a diversion. Mrs. Forester had scarcely finished commending Johnny Deignan's cook when Bob was back. With his ceremonial gesture he laid down on the center of the table something which brought a quick, indrawn breath of admiration.

It was a vase some eighteen inches high; blue and white in color, and as gently, simply beautiful in its curves as the figure of a young virgin. That subtlety of form first caught her eye, and next the color. Mrs. Forester was the product of an environment where the implements of life are turned out by the million alike—utility first, quantity second, beauty only a bad third. But she was a woman; and no woman's eye could have been indifferent to that blue-dull, yet as pure as the heavens. Mrs. Forester let her fingers drop to the smooth, cool surface; held them there in little caressing motions. Johnny spoke up.

"Before you take it away I'll tell you something about it that might interest you. It was stolen."

"Stolen!" exclaimed Mrs. Forester, and she did not herself notice—though Johnny did—that her fingers had suddenly dropped away as though the vase had become white hot.

Forester's face had at no time shown approval of this proceeding; now his expression changed to distinct disapproval. The muscles round his mouth showed that he was about to speak; but Johnny put in his word first.

"That is, I can't prove it—'tis one of the things you know and couldn't swear to in court. Did you ever, Sam, meet a shrimp cousin of mine round your office? You didn't miss much. I sent him down a few times negotiatin' my business about that lease—well, if you don't know him never mind the name. He's not rightly my cousin anyway—a matter of marriage. Well, he's a crook. After we parted company he wanted fifty dollars to go to Chicago, which I was glad for him to do, and he offered me this as security."

Johnny let his own fingers rest affectionately on the vase.

"Of course, it was security on a loan, like. But 'twas quite understood without sayin' that I was just actin' as his fence, and it was mine. A customer that knows such stuff tells me it's at least a hundred years old. You can see there on the bottom"—he tilted the vase with a careful hand—"the name of the maker and how it's numbered—one of a series, I guess."

His own hard integrity looked out of Forester's eyes as he put in, "If you knew it was stolen why didn't you turn it over to the police?"

(Continued on Page 28)

"If You Knew it Was Stolen Why Didn't You Turn it Over to the Police?"

MY PAST AS I RECALL IT

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THE best place in which to think is a beauty parlor. Probably there are persons who will maintain thatsthe head is still the best place in which to think—but you know what I mean. I mean that the trend of modern life as lived by those of us who live that way gives little pause for bill paying, tipping and the annual week off to make out our income-tax return.

Interludes like these do occur, I am aware, but they can hardly be called periods of thought and reflection; because if we either thought or reflected at such times we wouldn't do those things, and the interludes would thus automatically cease to exist.

What I am trying to get at is not only an opening for a story but the fact that we never do one thing at a time any more, and seldom go in for contemplating the cosmos as a form of occupation; that Buddha stuff has gone out entirely. It's cold. For instance, few of us ever read a newspaper unless while unavoidably detained by eating our breakfast or getting our shoes shined; we seldom find time for prayer except during a wait in line at a ticket office or when holding the wire while the dentist finds out if he can see us to-morrow or not. In point of fact the modern human who is doing less than two things at once during waking hours is considered practically unoccupied, and even while sleeping it is customary in many circles to continue the practice of time economy by pressing pants, ripening bananas, and so on. In fact, the only people who think while not working nowadays are red agitators.

Well, anyway, I believe that most of our modern philosophy must be worked out in the barber shops and beauty parlors which abound in our still pretty fair land. There and there only are we in a sufficiently helpless condition to justify the doing of a little thinking without wasting any time over it. Nothing—positively nothing—that one can do while under a hot Turkish towel is going to facilitate matters in the least. One is utterly at leisure; I might almost say imprisoned. It is going to take just so long to reach the tip and the whisk off. And this being the case one can think. One might just as well.

Of course the operator, whether on face, hair, finger nails or shoes, will do his or her conscientious best to prevent this by keeping up a sort of phonographic record of their own opinions on baseball, motion pictures and why Cox wasn't elected. But the true thinker, the individual who, like myself, goes in for deep stuff and strikes down for the lowest waters of heavy submersible thought, soon grows a tin ear on which this professional patter tinkles musically but meaninglessly, like spring rain upon a flat roof. It is not even necessary to throw the attendant an interjectory "Yes?" or "Indeed!" All she wants you to throw her is a little loose change at the end of the session—and if it is not too little or too loose she will be perfectly satisfied to let you keep your thoughts to yourself.

It was in such a place, under such conditions, that I recently had a thought. It came to me just like that, out of the nothing, as it were, and wedged its way into my head between the permanent wavers which adorned it at the moment—and believe me it takes a strong thought to do that! However, this was a husky young thought, and briefly it amounted to this: I had reached the proper age at which to write my recollections.

Of course it is a well-established fact that everybody who has been mentioned by the newspapers for any cause, been in vaudeville, become the oldest inhabitant, held up a bank or otherwise distinguished themselves must in the course of nature write a memoir, if that is how you spell it. So why not do it early and get it over with? Besides, writing it early or, in other words, young has so many advantages from a female viewpoint. I permit you to infer a few of them for yourself. This brilliant thought, which might be summed up as "Do it now!" came to me in the beauty parlor to which I had fled after seeing a terrible motion picture.

No, I don't mean terrible the way you do, because the censors don't allow them any more. Nor do I mean in the other sense, either, although I admit that most of them are, and it's a pity they wouldn't give us something different once in a while, and I go pretty nearly every night, myself, to see if they will maybe, and sometimes they do. Well, anyway, this picture that I'm talking about was terrible in an entirely different sense, and it couldn't have been all a fake because no set of extra people on any lot on earth would have put bones through their noses at ten dollars a day. No, nor gone around in so few clothes, no matter what they say about the California climate.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

When the Thick Braid Was the Vogue. At Right—The Infant Authoress

These cannibals which the film showed were real cannibals, I guess, because if they were only colored help when the picture was started I am willing to bet the price of a ton of coal that they ate the director before it was finished, or at least attempted to, and I don't blame them either after all they had to do in that film. They were cannibals, all right, all right, at the finish of the fifth reel, whether the picture was shot in West Africa or West Los Angeles.

Honestly, it was something terrible to see those poor uncivilized creatures with tattoo marks all over their uncovered bodies, for they wore only a whisper of cloth. You would hardly believe it, but they had big holes in their noses with doorknobs or any other handy household ornament stuck through them, and around their necks they wore strings of sharks' teeth, taken, I suppose, from the foreign traders. They had Leon Bakst wiped off the map for facial decoration, and the Tammany Tiger would have withered with shame before the stripes on their hides.

The only thing human about them was their shimmying. It was so good it kind of got me suspicious. Of course I had seen wilder on Broadway during those sweet but brief interludes between head waiter and head waiter; but I had never seen anything snappier. It was the one thing in the picture which made me question its genuineness. However, this was the only civilized thing these people did. Outside of shimmying they were perfectly savage, and it sure made me sad to see anybody so primitive at this day and age, when the world has advanced so far, and all. Just imagine a modern American woman carving a pattern on her flesh with a knife, or making a hole in her nose in order to wear the parson's wishbone in it! Ugh! And yet these Snooky-Ookums seemed to consider it charming, the poor ignorant creatures!

Feeling quite upset and under the necessity of philosophizing my way back to normality I left the picture palace and sought the physical repose and mental seclusion of my pet peruke parlor, and without even looking at the menu ordered myself a shampoo, permanent wave, eyebrow shape and manicure, with a facial massage by way of dessert. I figured that by the time the beauty fest was over I would have had opportunity to decide on many things, including the color of my next winter's suit; whether to pay the grocer or the interior decorator or a little on both bills; how to get hold of my best friend's cook; and why is life.

Also, I wanted to ponder on those poor benighted savages, and I did so. In fact, they came into my mind while the German hairdresser—who got his training in Belgium during the war, I guess—put the permanent wavers on my head. My head is thick, in the language of the hairdresser, meaning that twenty metal tubes are required to curl it; and when I am suspended from the scenery by my hair, which is wound around the aforesaid curlers, which are, in their turn, attached to the main chandelier, I always feel that I have reached the height of modern civilization. A permanent wave that lasts six months! Think of it! Six months—oy gevalt! What do you mean, that isn't permanent? You can't be from New York!

Well, anyway, this day as I was saying, after they had got me hung from the permanent chandelier by the hair and the girl had begun to pull my eyebrows out by the roots, my mind somehow or other wandered back to that cannibal picture, and I realized that once the whole world was savage and didn't know it, and I thought that things had certainly changed, and then I also realized that they had changed during my own lifetime; and right on the top of this came my great thought. Having arrived at a time of life which allowed me to look back over a period of nearly twenty years I decided that the memoir point had been reached. No woman ever remembers back beyond the day when she was a little bit of a wee baby girlie at the time, if you get me, and I was fast approaching an age when I would have to confess to putting up my hair about the time of the World War or else remain silent upon some of the most interesting and important phenomena of American history as I have helped to make it.

Don't laugh. I did help to make it. So did you if you have been in the country over three months. In other words, we have made and are making American history every hour of our commonplace workaday lives, whether we are hep to the fact or not.

Not is mostly right, more shame to us, however, and if we would but realize ourselves as little history makers we might do a much better job. For not alone are we employed in history making when we shove John Smith through the ballot box into the executive chair or supreme bench or whatever more or less uncomfortable piece of furniture his office calls for—we don't elect any walking delegates in our set; we give 'em seats. Well, anyway, the history-making function of the great American public does not cease on election day any more than the function of clean clothes stops Tuesday night when the week's ironing is done. They are worn throughout the ensuing seven

days, even longer in some cases; and the general wear and tear and mend of American history is made in the daily life we live and not on workless Election Day, when a new set of names is added to the beginnings of political oblivion.

So, friend reader, you and me, or I and you, or whichever is correct, are the real American history makers. May we continue indefinitely to fling the bathtub of civilization upon the winds of freedom! For so long as the great and glorious American bathtub continues on the banner of our national life, so long will the red flag confine itself to the adornment of our open sewers and other danger spots. Do you get that? I hope so! There is a lot in that idea of cleanliness being next to godliness. It takes real education to make folks wash, and I hate to think of the sort of ears young Bolshevists must have! Yet when I was a child American bathrooms ran not over one per family, incredible as that may seem, and were often of the tin-lined variety seen now only very occasionally in museums. But, of course, that was at least fifteen years ago, and things have changed since then in a way which the younger generation can scarcely realize. Which, I believe, is the correct sentence with which to start any memoir.

To begin, then, I was born in the usual manner and at the usual personal inconvenience to my parents, and was for a considerable period thereafter the alternate object of their fatuous and quite unwarranted enthusiasm or the butt of their equally unreasonable anger and annoyance. In other words I was either just too sweetums-sweetums for wordsies, or else I was that confounded kid is yelling again. If you are married according to mother's receipt you will understand. If not, allow me to warn you in time.

Well, after I got born I began to grow up, during which process I contrived to miss as much school as was possible, outgrew my shoes before they had a chance to become shabby, and had to have my hair cut once on account of playing with the Casey kids in the back alley against the strictest orders.

I was a peculiar child, and from the start showed evidences of genius. I have this on the sworn statement of both my parents, who didn't mind admitting they had done a good job. At least they admitted it right up to the point where I learned to question them. I don't mean firing questions at them about why is the moon, and so on. I mean wondering how much of what I was told to do had actually to be done. At which period my father began to develop quite an extension to his vocabulary, and the new terms were not always indicative of enthusiastic approval.

In order to accede as far as possible to my mother's love of the conventions I ran the gamut of those diseases of youth which no properly reared child should be without, beginning with measles at the age of three and ending with a mild attack of socialism at seventeen. Curious, isn't it, how we catch these things and get over them and seldom have a relapse?

Having pretty well escaped education I went through a pleasantly painful operation popularly known as coming out. The idea of this coming-out stuff, so far as I could see, was that as soon as you got out far enough somebody was to catch you and marry you, and if they didn't—why, you could never go back in again. This latter situation constituted a terrible disgrace. To have been out for years and not married was almost the worst thing that a girl could have said of her. I mercifully escaped this disgrace and in due course suffered matrimony. Long before this event took place, however, I had tucked away quite a few pleasant memories.

One of the most peculiar and interesting of these is seeing my more or less dear parents standing by the parlor table—it was always a parlor then, living rooms hadn't as yet been invented—standing, I say, by the parlor table and looking at something under the light of the kerosene lamp.

Now don't go getting any picture of a shiny tin lamp down on the farm, because that would be inaccurate. This scene took place in a New York elevator apartment way uptown on East Fifty-fourth Street. The fifth floor, to be exact. We had gas in the chandelier and an electric bulb had been threaded into the fixture just inside the front hall door, because this was a thoroughly modern apartment house and had all the latest improvements, including a telephone downstairs in the public hall which any of the tenants were at liberty to use for a fee of ten cents and upward.

But this was a long, long time ago, remember—close on to seventeen years. I was a wee tot at the time—barely ten years old—but I remember the incident and its setting perfectly.

My often dear parents were examining a copy of a then well-known magazine of more than reputable standing—Harper's Weekly, it was called. And the object of their intent interest was not one of that able paper's able-for-anything editorials, but one of its advertising pages. I suppose very likely this excitement on the part of my progenitors was one of the first known evidences of interest in advertising. And the picture which had riveted their attention was the picture of a corset. That daring, wild radical sheet, Harper's Weekly, had broken the bonds of all decency and actually printed the picture of that supposedly nonexistent private female garment—a corset. And not alone of a corset, but of one of the newfangled, not-altogether-accepted, straight-front corsets!

I say "not alone of a corset" advisedly, because as a matter of fact the corset was alone. I mean to say there was nobody in it. It was just a stark, lonely corset, rather simply yet accurately drawn in black and white; a descriptive cut without any pretense to artistic merit, and very different from the modern ads, where the corset is usually merely incidental, if you know what I mean. In fact no well-known modern paper would accept such a modest ad as this was. I mean modest in the other sense. And yet modest in any sense was what my parents thought it to be everything else except.

As they stood there looking at it under the red crêpe-paper shade of the kerosene reading lamp—a shade which without actually igniting burned crisp around the chimney portion of its anatomy and was renewed periodically by my mother's adept fingers—well, as they stood there looking at the darn thing, the horror on their faces made a deep impression upon my almost childish mind.

"I think it absolutely disgusting and uncalled for!" my mother exclaimed. "It's the absolute limit!"

"Don't use slang!" admonished my father. "But I quite agree with you, my dear. It is shameless. What will they print next, I wonder?"

Which last remark only goes to show that men were really much the same, even in times gone by; you never knew just how to take what they said.

"What is it?" said I, eager to mix into the scandal.

"Don't show the child!" said my mother.

But the child had already seen—they generally have!—and experienced the pleasurable thrill incident to the forbidden. Eden stuff—you know!

And recollect, these parents of mine were not narrow or prudish or even hicks. They were both of them typical New Yorkers, my mother having been born in the Island of Porto Rico and my father hailing from Connecticut. But they had lived in Manhattan, as it was then often called, with its teeming—literally teaming—street cars, its electrically lighted department stores—six of 'em!—down on Twenty-third Street; with its glittering, fabulous Waldorf-Astoria, where rooms cost as high as six and even seven dollars a day, and whose menu boasted strange dishes, some of which ran up to a dollar a portion, including translation from the French.

In other words, my parents were thoroughly sophisticated people, who always saw the new Weber & Fields shows and partook of cocktails before private dinner parties. Of course my mother would not have taken a cocktail in a public restaurant. A glass of wine with the meal—yes, very possibly. As possibly as the host's pocketbook permitted. But no lady would have taken a cocktail where strangers could see her doing it then any more than she would to-day, although for entirely different reasons. At home or at a friend's house—why, that was something different yet again.

Oh yes, my parents were wise birds in their time, and knew all the popular songs, such as Since I First Met You, and Mr. Dooley, Tammany, and so on. And mother even used a little slang. She called people she didn't care for "awfully K." She said "Not on your tintype," and occasionally referred to money as "spondulicks," "berries" or "kale," the latter being then unknown except in an agricultural sense.

So you see they were up-to-date parents in every way, lived in the most fashionable new neighborhood and everything; and yet that corset ad was to them a matter for shocked surprise. How quaint the notion seems as I look back at it through a vista of silk hosiery, union suits and even more delicate subjects which are matters of common knowledge from our advertising pages! How much more frank we have grown! And what a lot of pleasure this increasing frankness has taken out of life! Fancy being able, to-day, to feel any pleasurable disapproval when looking at the pictured likeness of a piece of lingerie! Think of any new musical show and then try—just try, that's all! Thrills, among other commodities, came less expensively in my youth.

But although the women of seventeen years ago were horrified by the published portrait of a corset, they did not scruple to wear one. In fact I recall that the height of my ambition at the age of—well, of, was to grow up and squeeze myself into this shield and buckler of maturity, for at that time no one with a waist measuring more than eighteen inches was considered to have any pretensions to beauty of figure. It was thought immodest in the extreme for any respectable member of the human race—especially that half of it which does most to produce the species—to be aware of what was inside them in the way of workin's, and so squeezing together of said machinery was believed to be not

(Continued on Page 62)

Nina Wilcox Putnam Visits a Motion-Picture Studio and Takes a Look Through the Camera

FRESH FISH

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

LILY, us sho is 'fested wid luck. Come to 'tenshun! Say good mawnin' to dese heah Mysterious Mecca gemmum an' de police folks what detected you."

Lily the mascot goat responded to the Wildcat's command with a strenuous bla-a which shook the cobwebs out of the dark corners of the captain's room in the Chicago police station.

"At res'! Calm yo'self."

Lily failed to obey. The mascot seemed to enjoy the first bleat which crashed into the ears of the assemblage. She followed it with a rapid succession of strident duplicates. The Wildcat jerked vainly on the leading string which looped about Lily's vocal organs.

"At res'! How come you so hearty? Silence in de ranks! Leave somebody else talk some. Shut up 'fo' I shoves yo' head down yo' throat."

A shamefaced grin lay on the Wildcat's face as he addressed the group about him.

"Way dat bellerin' mascot talks sometimes I specks he's got bull blood in him."

A potent noble of the Mysterious Mecca volunteered a suggestion.

"Maybe he's hungry."

"No, suh. 'At goat crammed hisself wid three city blocks of rubbish, an' was eatin' a papeh circus lady off a billboa'd when I woke up dis mawnin'."

The mention of food reminded the Wildcat of something important.

"'At mascot's fo' meals ahead o' me now. I ain't nutrified myself since mah stummick fo'got when."

The relief committee formed instantly.

"Let's go! You've got forty minutes eating time before our train leaves."

"Cap'n, suh, that sho sounds gran'. Come on heah, Lily! Say you is much obliged to de police folks."

Surrounded by an escort of potent nobles of the Mysterious Mecca, the Wildcat marched from the portals of the Chicago police station. About him flapped the fabric of the parade-leading Prince Albert in which he proposed to play the rôle of Pullman porter for his carload of delegates to the California lodge ruckus. On his head, with its bedraggled plumes drooping at the mercy of the enthusiastic typhoon which raged in Chicago, rested the red-plush hat.

Four blocks down the street toward the railroad station the marching group entered a restaurant. One of the blue-fezant gentlemen spoke a few kind words to a vigorous young waiter, and presently the Wildcat became a terminal for a heavy traffic in nutriment. With the third trayful of food the vigorous young waiter began to droop. The Wildcat gave no signs of slacking up. The eyes of the potent nobles about him opened in amazement. Presently they swung from the spectacle before them and rested anxiously on the porcelain face of a clock at the end of the restaurant. The vigorous young waiter was by this time a hunchback.

"Whuff! Them sho is noble rations!"

The Wildcat leaned back and released two buttons of the parade-leading Prince Albert. A third button snapped loose and popped Lily in the eye. The mascot goat blinked rapidly, a little bewildered.

"Bla-a-a!"

"Serves you right. One mo' pork chop an' I spec' dat ole bullet button might o' shot yo' head clean off. Come on heah! See kin you give dis ham bone a 'rastle."

Until the train shed of the great terminal was reached Lily balanced the ham bone carefully in her jaws. At the train gates the party paused for five minutes to permit the passage of a motley crew of wild-eyed anarchists, Hindus and I. W. W. agitators which the Government was returning to their several native lands.

"How come dem boys festooned wid so much jinglin' hardware?"

One of the blue-fezant nobles answered the Wildcat:

"Bad actors. Government's sendin' 'em out of the country."

"Cap'n, suh, who's dat black boy wid de straight hair an' his head tied up in de white rag?"

"Don't Kick Me Wid Yo' Tail! I'll Bust You in de Head!"

"Hindu."

"Sho must o' got busted in de head to need tyin' up so bad."

The last of the line of undesirables passed through the gates. The Wildcat jerked at Lily's leading string.

"Fetch dat ham bone. What you mean layin' it down on de clean flo'? You muss up dis depot an' somebody barbecue you yit, 'fo' us gits away."

The potent nobles, led by the Wildcat and Lily, filtered through the gates into the train shed. They made their way down a long string of coaches and arrived finally at the Mazurka.

"Here's your car," one of them announced to the Wildcat.

"Car, howdy. Lily, git aboard. You rides de front vegetable o' de car. Ain't takin' no chances tyin' you in de linen closet like I done befo'. Does you crave grub see kin you eat de iron do' off de car."

The obedient Lily abandoned the ham-bone enterprise long enough to sample the varnish on the steel door of the vestibule.

"Goat, at res'!" The Wildcat tied Lily's leading string to the door latch. "Rest yo'self whilst I gits into mah white coat an' sees what kin I do fo' de blue-fezant gemmum."

The Wildcat entered the car and collided violently with one of the potent nobles. Each backed away from the point of contact. In the clenched hand of the blue-fezant gentleman was a bank note. He handed the greenback to the Wildcat.

"Slip out and get me a box of cigars before we leave."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Would you min' watchin' Lily on de front vegetable o' de car whilst I gits past him? 'At mascot's de close follerinist animal in de worl', an de string round his neck ain't big enough to hold a minny."

"I'll watch him. Hurry up."

"Yes, suh! Both feet blazin'! Ise leavin' so fast Ise on my way back."

Six minutes later the Wildcat returned to the train gates carrying in his hand a box of cigars. His entrance was blocked by a blue-coated official who had a square jaw and a sense of duty.

"Where's your ticket?"

"Ain't got no ticket. Ise porter for de Mysterious Mecca gemmum in de special car. Lemme by."

The ticket puncher looked him over. "Don't pull no rough stuff round me. You got to have a ticket."

"Man, leave me by!"

Without further argument or ceremony the Wildcat ducked through the gate and raced down the concrete platform to his train. The train had started without waiting for him. He caught the tourist car on the head end. In his leap for the platform he dropped the cigars. He landed breathless in the open vestibule of the car where sat the alien trouble makers.

Six cars back in the train was the rolling residence of the Mysterious Mecca delegation. Six cars back was Lily the mascot and Lady Luck. Alone, the Wildcat headed into a future which was darkened with several clouds of fairly measly luck. He turned and entered the car. For a second time he slid past blue-coated authority in the form of a United States deputy marshal who was temporarily chaperoning the departing aliens.

"Hold on there! Where you headed for?"

"Ise de po'teh what takes care ob de fezant boys in de blue pants."

The deputy marshal temporarily on guard had a fixed official rule of conduct. He never took a chance. The Wildcat's words sounded crazy enough to entitle him to a membership card in the Traveling Nut Club.

"Git in that car and sit down before I shoot your head off! Where's your handcuffs?"

"Captain, how come? I ain't got none. Handcuffs seems too confidential."

Here for some reason unknown to the Wildcat was the fist of the law. Inside of his parade-leading Prince Albert the Wildcat shivered and shrunk three sizes. His brow wrinkled in perplexity beneath the velvet hat, and the bright-yellow plumes thereon drooped in sudden melancholy.

"Lady Luck, whereat is you?"

The Wildcat sat down in a vacant seat beside Ram Chowda. He ventured a friendly greeting.

"Howdy, boy? What did dey arrest you fo'?"

In perfect English the Hindu launched into a feverish oration. Ram Chowda had plenty of twisted ideas in stock, and in common with his agitating kind all he needed was an audience. The agitator's loaded vocabulary was set on a hair trigger. He pulled the trigger and shot the Wildcat full of language. For mile after mile he spouted the phantasms of reform. Presently the rhythm of his words reacted on his victim, and from the Wildcat's flabby lips a liquid snore burbled its way into the flaming phrases that were born in Ram Chowda's warped brain. The agitator jabbed the Wildcat with his elbow.

"Attend to my words! Sleep is for children and fools!"

The Wildcat blinked himself awake.

"How come? Lay off o' me! What fo' you jabbin' me in de ribs? Dem's mah pussonal ribs. Go ahead and make yo' speech does you crave to. No wonder you's got yo' head tied up. One mo' jab in mah ribs an' I knocks you loose f'um yo' ears. Jab me wunst mo' an' dey won't be rags enough in de worl' to tie yo' head up."

The Hindu anarchist selected a few soothing phrases, and presently the Wildcat was pacified.

"Reflect upon the injustice to which you have been subjected," the Hindu continued. "For your faith in some great social reorganization, or because you have subscribed to ideas too advanced for the political unit which you call the United States, the minions of the law wreak their vengeance upon you. What did you do to incur the hatred of the Government?"

"Who, me? Nuthin'. I figgered dey penned me up 'cause dey wuz a vacant seat in de car. Else mebbe dere's some work what de white gemmum wants done."

A deputy marshal walked down the aisle of the car. He addressed the Wildcat.

"Cut out that mumblin'! All you got to do is keep still!"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat removed his velvet hat and subsided inside of his parade-leading Prince Albert. There was no accounting for what white folks would do to a boy, but somewhere in the jumble the Wildcat sensed that he had been the victim of a mistake.

"Mebbe Ise headed fo' jail 'count o' runnin' past de man at de gates."

At Omaha the guards from the Western division relieved their Eastern tourist associates.

"Twenty-three in this car," reported the deputy marshal who had captured the Wildcat. "Watch that rag-head Hindu and that nigger in the fourth seat with him. He's getting bad. Most o' the time he mumbles to himself about Lady Luck and Lily. Told me he was a railway porter. I think he's a nut."

Over the miles in the carload of scrapped humanity official carelessness was included as a passenger. On the third day of the journey the train stopped for half an hour at a junction point in Wyoming. After a while the Wildcat looked through the window of his car and saw another train leaving the yards. On the back platform of the observation car, surrounded by a dozen blue-fezant nobles of the Mysterious Mecca, he saw Lily speeding away into an independent future.

"Lily, you ramblin' hoodoo, good-by! How come me an' Lily's busted loose f'um each otheh? Lady Luck, here us is!"

Lily and the blue-fezant guardians were headed southwest toward the coast. Presently the Wildcat's car was cut into a train whose trail led northward through Idaho and Oregon.

Over this route Lady Luck had a hard time keeping up. Finally she became exhausted with her galloping efforts, and so she set a stage a few hundred miles ahead and lay down and went to sleep. While she was asleep a pair of hard-boiled actors in the drama which she had staged obeyed her mandates and rummaged round in a woodshed back of a log house near the south bank of the Columbia River.

A skinny bad actor by the name of Pete, who had fallen heir to a pair of ears like the handles of a loving cup, raked three wheat sacks out of a pile of rubbish in the woodshed. Into two of these sacks he cut a pair of holes an inch in diameter and about three inches apart. The third sack he left intact. He handed one of the sacks to his partner.

"See if this here millinery fits you."

His associate, a fat bad actor by the name of Bill, slipped the sack over his head.

"Little narrow between the eyes. She'll do, though."

Three hours later these two agents of Lady Luck engaged in some hard work in their search for easy money. The product of their energy took shape in the form of a pyramid of old ties piled between the rails of the line over which the Wildcat was approaching in his twelve-wheeled cage.

Ten minutes before the train was due, and while her crossing whistles could be heard in the dusk five miles upstream, the two bad actors scrambled up the south bank of the Columbia. The skinny one poured a quart bottle of coal oil on the pile of ties and lighted it. Both of them drew the wheat sacks over their heads. The fat man carried the third wheat sack slung at his waist on a string which went round his shoulder.

The stillness of the evening was broken by the roar of a locomotive whistle, and an instant later the wheels of the train burned against the chattering brake shoes. The flagman swung down from the rear end of the train and ambled back along the track. He set his lantern in the middle of the track and rolled a cigarette. Three lanterns flashed along the train where the conductor and two brakemen walked ahead to see what was going on. Discovery accomplished, and presently they took their places beside the fireman and engineer with their hands wired behind them with three turns of wire.

With his wheat sack hanging more heavily upon his hip as he progressed through the train, the fat bad actor skimmed the Pullman cream on his way forward to the plated jewelry and thick bank rolls in the tourist cars.

On the vestibule of the Wildcat's car he encountered a locked door. Inside the car on a seat beside the rag-head Hindu the Wildcat had curled himself into a ball as a preface to twelve long hours of gratifying sleep.

"Sho is noble when de ole train stops," he thought. "Boy kin sleep peaceful without gittin' his insides scrambled. Nevah seed such a place fo' rattlin' noise. Sometimes I wisht I was back in France in de wah, whah everythin' was restful. Ain't so bad now wid de ole train stopped an' everything quiet."

Bam!

The sack-lugging bandit figured that the quickest way to unlock the door was to shoot the works out of the lock. He acted on his thought.

The Wildcat's reverie was interrupted by the crash of the fat bad actor's gun. With the boom from the door-opening gun the Wildcat's legs acted automatically. He leaped into the aisle and passed the portals of the door going sixty miles an hour. The bandit gave the racing Wildcat a little moral support with a pair of copper-jacketed bullets that whistled out of the craters of two explosions.

The Wildcat ran on unharmed. At that instant the Wildcat believed that no bullet in the world meant serious competition when it came to speed.

He was followed out of the car by the Hindu who had been his seat mate, but in the race the rag-head had no chance of winning. The Hindu made his escape into the darkness, while down along the track the Wildcat's feet plowed up the right of way. He passed the flagman racing like a brunet typhoon ten days overdue. After the first mile he slowed up a little and began putting his feet down before he stepped on them. At the second mile his hind legs were dragging, and then suddenly instead of the hard ground beneath his feet there was nothing but a black void. He tore a trajectory through the midnight and landed on the hard sand at the margin of the Columbia River. He rolled a few times like a careless keg of beer.

"Lady Luck, whereat is us?" He took a deep breath. "Sho glad I got free f'um dat ruckus. Whuff! Sho's peaceful heah by de ole rivah; just like de war. No dog-gone man bettah go shootin' roun' me. Was dat fat boy heah what shot de pistol I spec I'd bus' him in de haid. How come Ise so thirsty?"

The river flowing beside him offered a solution to the thirst problem. On all fours he crawled to the river's edge. He lay prone and shoved his bow under the water. He submerged his features and absorbed enough of the Columbia River to float a wagon.

"Whuff! Sho is noble water."

He suddenly noticed that the black rippling water of the river was alive with fish where a school of smelt seeking the easy water of the river's margin fought their way upstream. In the darkness he reached out a tentative exploring paw into the stream of fish.

"Fish, howdy. Ole supper table sho is set. Come out heah till I barbecues you."

With his bare hands he snatched ashore a supper four sizes too big for his optimistic estimate of his stomach's capacity.

"Quit floppin'! Ole Wildcat's done caught you."

He felt for the box of Pullman matches in the pocket of his shirt beneath the folds of the parade-leading Prince Albert. Here was food and a chance to sleep. He accumulated a pile of driftwood from the river bank, and presently a great fire was blazing.

With his knife he cleaned a hundred of the little fishes. From an overhanging maple limb he picked a quantity of broad green leaves, and when the fire burned down to a bed of glowing coals he poulticed a dozen bundles of the little fish in thick wrappings of leaves. He laid the dozen groups of fish on the hot coals. In five minutes he began eating at one end of the column. As he ate he covered the vacant coals with other bundles of fish; and thus alternately cooking his food and consuming it, for an hour he gorged himself with smelt. He ate until the parade-leading Prince Albert lost its wrinkles and fitted tight about his equatorial section.

"Whuff! Sho is gran' fish. I don' aim to let no coot stop me eatin'."

(Continued on Page 58)

The Potent Nobles, Led by the Wildcat and Lily, Filtered Through the Gates Into the Train Shed

EUROPE COMES ACROSS

By CORINNE LOWE

SUPPOSE that the Golden Fleece had not been transportable. Suppose that Jason had been obliged to take up his residence in Colchis in order to enjoy its advantages. Suppose, last of all, that he had left Mrs. Jason and all the little Jasons behind him. If you force the old Greek legend to take these new steps you have hit upon the chief motivation of the European Argonauts now coming to our American Colchis.

Certainly there are enough Argonauts these days to provoke surmise. Never has Ellis Island looked so much like Old Home Week for the European nations. Never has the Goddess of Liberty held her pose for so many thousands of foreigners. The dikes built up about America by the war have been destroyed, and as a result seas of immigration are inundating our shores. During a single day of this past autumn more than six thousand people were admitted to America through our island gateway. Some days show a smaller total. A few others have gained even upon this figure.

So much is familiar to all readers of newpapers. In the widely exploited statistics, too, is imbedded an inevitable anxiety. What is to be the effect upon our national labor market of this influx of material? Are these newcomers headed for the great industrial centers or do they offer a partial solution of the problem of the American agriculturist? How will our cities, already staggering under the difficulties of the housing situation, meet this new strain upon their resources? What is the type of the present-day immigrant?

Does he represent a higher standard of intelligence and physique and economic readiness than did the immigrant of prewar days? Is he fermenting with Bolshevistic doctrine? What, in brief, will be his impress upon our national life?

It is with this heady rush of inquiry that, in these times, one visits Ellis Island. There at almost the first glimpse one prepares the epilogue which forms our prologue. So far this present immigration is partially a sentimental one. It is made up to a large extent by the families of men who are already established in America. Mrs. Jason and the little Jasons, Father and Mother Jason, Sister and Brother Jason—from Italy and Czechoslovakia and Jugo-Slavia and Poland and Scandinavia is flowing the tide of family life long pent up by the war.

Some Ellis Island Types

ONE makes this observation almost immediately after arriving in the great hall of the Ellis Island Administration Building.

Three ships have just discharged their human freightage—one from Italy, one from Holland and one from England. Released from long days in overcrowded quarters, the immigrants have been marshaled into five long lines, headed each for a desk where waits the official who examines passports and credentials. It is an excellent place to study the immigrants. No other place is needed to prove the predominance of women and children among them.

At first sight the five lines remind one strongly of kite tails, those haphazard bits of calico and shoe string with which we used to hamper the executive spirit of a perfectly able kite. Yet after close scrutiny one sees that the effect of improvised streamers is based not so much on difference of costume as on difference of race. Indeed the present-day immigrant is bound to be a disappointment to those who want to hoard the pageantry of life. Whatever responsibility these Europeans may feel toward the American tourist, no matter how agile they may be on their native soil in getting into the clothes which make them look as much as possible like the post cards of themselves, they are actuated by no such lofty motives when they themselves are touring. Gone are the days when Ellis Island looked like a fête of all nations. It now looks like the fate of all nations—the inconspicuous pantaloon and sack coat, the shirt waist and the turban. Only in baggage—the manifold wicker boxes and bags, the queer leather and iron receptacles, the occasional bird cage or musical instrument—can you trace the old picturesque days.

Of course this is not universally true and even to-day one finds tied to the long human string some lingering bit of sartorial nationalism. For example, there stands near the head of the first line a young Spaniard in a brown corduroy coat that almost matches his grave, sun-darkened face. He has a guitar case in one hand, and over the arm holding his precious passport is thrown a gayly striped shawl. Not quite so rich in operatic suggestion is the group of Czechoslovakian women in the same file. All these wear aprons over their cotton dresses, and drawn close down over their foreheads in a way to intensify the monotony of broad-cheeked faces and pale-blue eyes are the characteristic kerchiefs. Every now and then, too, some bent old Polish Jew with side curls and skullcap and long beard looks as if he might have stepped from the golden gloom of a Rembrandt portrait. And an occasional Italian family recalls in some glint of earrings or flash of tortoise-shell combs or remnant of military uniform the days when the melting pot had more work ahead of it.

So far as his wardrobe is concerned it would seem that the modern immigrant is fairly well melted. For among such types as we have mentioned we find so many young men already dressed in clothes that we used to call American, and so many women wearing tailor-mades and hats. Certainly shoes are not in the same solid state in which they used to be consigned to the melting pot. No sabots, very few leather shoes that look much worn. Indeed it is not uncommon to cross the threshold of America in strapped French slippers. A chic immigrant! It is not the adjective with which previous studies of immigration have familiarized us. Yet the Gilbertian twist is inevitable in the presence of many of the 1920 models of immigrant.

I approached an Italian woman proceeding in an orbit of children to the official desk. She had the redundant curves of the typical Italian matron, and these were outlined by a plaid-taffeta shirt waist and a well-fitting woolen skirt. On her dusky head perched a hat such as might have been bought in an American shop.

"*Si, si*," she answered the first question, "I am from Italy."

Then she proceeded to give a voluble account of herself. Seven years ago her husband had come to America, where he now owned a prosperous barber shop in St. Louis. She and the children had meant to follow him immediately from their home in Palermo, Sicily. The war, however, had detained them all these years. In the meanwhile the *bambini* had become "*grandi, grandi*," and she pointed with pride to three little boys and one small girl, all dark and smooth as plums.

"How about Palermo now?" I interrupted her.

She gave a serial shrug. "Terrible, terrible! My neighbors—so many of them—do not have enough to eat. The men can't find work. And that is the way it has been ever since the war began."

"Then you did not hate to leave?"

"Hate—me? Never! My husband, he loves America. Why shouldn't I?"

The story of the Sicilian barber's wife you may repeat indefinitely. It is one of the chief themes of the Ellis Island orchestration. I questioned dozens of women from Italy, and nearly always it was the same story. They were coming to join the husband who had a fruit stand or bootblacking establishment or barber shop in one of our cities.

Just as in prewar days, it is at present from Italy that is being released the mightiest current of new Americans. Of course, too, The Girl I Left Behind Me is not the only figure in the steady processional. As a matter of fact, this immigration is something of a recessional. There, for example, is the Italian reservist who is returning to America *fortissimo* and *prestissimo*.

It was one of those reservists whom I found in the crowded railway station from which the newcomer not destined for New York City begins the last stage of his hurdle race into the land of the free. His name was Giovanni and he said he had been through the Piave campaign. If he had not, his uniform certainly had. On his head he wore a hat still decked with a few of the cock feathers which distinguish the *bersaglièri*. His coat was a faded military one to which had been administered patches of civilian cloth, and the peaceful trousers of an ordinary suit were tucked into warlike boots.

From the Piave to Arizona

BUT if his uniform was flagging, his spirits were not. Had he been a child of six and America a bright pink pinwheel he could not have turned upon the dingy station a more rapturous glance.

"Stay over there?" he repeated in broken English. "Not mucha. I go back to Arizona."

Before the war he had kept store in a small Arizona town. After the war he had entered a factory in Turin, his native city. Upon his experiences there during the period when the workers took over the plants he exhausted a full Latin quiver of shrugs, smiles and frowns.

"The Italian—he cannot do things together. One thinka this way, one thinka that way." And with jerks of his hands to right and left he described the violence of centrifugal thought. "That is why he need the big boss. Me? I wanta be bigga boss myself. That's why I come back to America."

"Then you don't think there will be any Bolshevistic government ever set up in Italy?"

He gave the happy smile with which the Latin always lights upon wisdom. "Ah, no, no, no! You see, the Russian, it is so different with him. He is all the time gloomy, he never maka the joke. With us—jus' le' me tell you what happens one day in Turin. Me and some of my friends was standing on the street one day when the owner of the mills where we worked drove up in his automobile. 'Get out of there!' So cry one of my friends. 'Don't you know that is our car?' And we all grabbed hold of it, see? Well, the real owner, he jump out and smile and maka the very low bow. 'Take it, gemmen,' say he, 'I have had the gout long enough. It is time now that you have it and that I have the exercise.' How, I ask you, can you have the revolution when the big boss make the jokes like that?"

There was no reply to be made to this happy-butterfly dart toward the pollen of revolutionary psychology. And I left the handsome young Italian with gratitude for a real contribution to my thought.

Giovanni had never dreamed of going back to Italy to reside there permanently. From the first he had been too pleased with the opportunities of his adopted land. In this respect he differs from many of the other Italo-American soldiers now swelling the tide of immigration. Many of these are men who while they toiled in American shop or factory or took their place in the gang of outside construction work were sustained by one hope. It was that of getting back to Italy.

This being the case, those who fought with the American troops under Pershing welcomed the demobilization in France. Reports of the high wages being paid in Italy drew them back immediately to their native country. The promised land became the promising land. And, exultant over the economic conditions in Italy, often these ex-soldiers sent for their families in America.

How did they fare in the old environment? Why are so many of them now returning to America? The full measure of their disillusionment is to be taken from Giuseppe Cappelli and his family.

Giuseppe, like Giovanni, was discovered in the Ellis Island railroad station. At the moment of discovery he was heading a parade. This was composed of his wife and eight children, ranging from a fifteen-year-old boy staggering under the weight of a rocking-chair to two tots in blue-plush coats carrying a huge wooden cage in which a parrot anxiously careened. The standards borne by the other marchers were more uniform. They were wicker baskets and boxes with bright brass locks and gay-colored handles. As for Giuseppe himself, his baton was composed of ten tickets marked Waterbury, Connecticut.

Giuseppe proved to be one of the most susceptible subjects of an interview I have ever met. He could not tell you rapidly enough why he was coming back to America.

"When I think of Italy," said he, "in the old days I think always of the blue sky and the sunshine—the Nature you see. I forget always how hard the life she go back there. I forget they ain't got no water in the houses, I forget about the candles and the goats the way they run over everything, and the fire how hard she is to get. And I think, 'Oh, if I could just get back home!'

"Well, after the war is over I stay back home. At first, everything fine-a. I make the big money in the ammunition factory. I send for my wife to come from America. She sell everything here - she come—she bring all the children. And then ——" And the simultaneous lift of eyebrows, shoulders and palms indicated the utter collapse of Italy.

Back to San Felice

"WHAT was the matter? Didn't the wages stay high?"

"Yes, yes, yes; but the food and the clothes—all the time they go higher, too—three, yes four time as big as they were when I left Italy. Then by and by the government stopped the ammunitions. And I and my family go back to San Felice—that is little town near Roma. I work there as carpenter. I make perhap twenty lire a day. For a very little time we are happy—my wife and I. We don't see nothing but the blue sky and the sunshine and our old friends. Then my wife—she get more and more unhappier. She beg me to come back. She say she can't stand San Felice no more."

"But why?"

"Ah, signora, you—you perhap have never been to San Felice. When you wash the clothes you must walk a mile for the water. Even a little water to drink or wash your hands—for that always you must walk too. My wife, she couldn't stand that no more. She had to get a friend to do the washing. The friend, she called us rich Americanos—she stung us, see? And that wasn't all. The cows and the pigs and the goats—they walk always up and down the street. There ain't no place for the children to play. And my wife, when she want to sit out in summer she ain't got the little porch like she had in Waterbury. No, in San Felice she must sit right against the house and watch the animals and smell only the dirty street. The children, too, they don't like it—they want to get back to America to their school and their friends."

This tale illustrating the triumph of modern conveniences over ancient inconveniences is to be heard hundreds of times at Ellis Island to-day. Many of these reservists and their families have been really melted by America, not just broiled on one side. Nor are the soldiers the only units of Italian life that have felt the urge of such comparisons. There, for instance, is Signorina Del N ——

When I first saw the signorina she was standing by the tail of the little ferryboat that plies between New York and Ellis Island, and her face was turned toward the great uneven teeth of the sky line combing the sunset clouds. There was something arresting about the tall figure wrapped in its long blue cape, and something even more so about the thin dark face. In addition to the fine sculpturing of nose and chin this face was remarkable for what the signorina herself might have described as *morbidezza*—that expression of unquiet, melancholy charm so frequently found among the Latin races.

"Yes," said she in English, turning round in response to my greeting, "I am coming back. I could not stay away from pep." And she flung out the word with a peculiar bitterness of tone and look.

Gradually then her story unfolded. She had been born in a small village near Naples, the daughter of a physician of noble though untitled family. Her childhood had been spent in a comfortable villa encircled by the blue arm of the bay and sweet with the flowers that grow uncoaxed in that climate. There were several old servants to minister to the physician's family and there was a horse and landau to take them driving along the bay. Always there was beauty—soft, easy, flowering beauty.

But when, at the time the signorina was about fourteen years old, her father died all this was changed. The physician of noble though untitled family left little to his wife and family save the consciousness of that heritage. With that little the signorina, together with her mother and all her brothers and sisters, had come to America.

They were not of the class from which the usual Italian immigrant is recruited. They did not expect from America riches, but merely an opportunity to work in an environment where work was not disdained. Just why such a privilege had to be sought across the seas is explained by the signorina's words. "In Italy," said she gravely, "one must be born into the laboring classes if one wishes to labor without being abandoned by one's friends."

This acceptance of America as a land desirable only for the blamelessness of work had made the girl's pilgrimage utterly bleak. There was no spirit of adventure to relieve its expediency. The daughter of a noble family did not expect, as did so many of her fellow passengers, that New York would repeat the recreational and economic features of the Garden of Eden. Even so, she was not prepared for her first picture of it.

When Her Dream Came True

"OH, IT was so, so ugly!" she tells you now with a little shudder. "Never shall I forget the terrible sickness in my heart when I first saw the great buildings full of windows. And as I rode through the city in the Elevated—ah, those clotheslines in the tenement yards—I kept wondering all the time how the people that lived here could ever get ladders ten stories high so they could reach up to them."

All this, however, was but a foretaste of those first days of her industrial combat. Through the efforts of a friend she and her two older sisters had immediately procured work in a cloak-and-suit manufactory, where they were paid five dollars a week while they learned machine operating. For two years they continued with the same establishment at wages never exceeding eight dollars a week

These two years were a nightmare to the signorina. The ugly surroundings, the traffic-choked streets, the days of toil that left her too wearied for reading or for any social relaxations—were thrown bitterly in her mind against the background of Italian memories.

"It was only my body that was here," she said. "All the time every bit of my heart was living in Italy. I could see while I worked the blue bay and my own little village climbing up the hill back of it, its white houses and red roofs sparkling in the sunshine. I could see the stars just raining out of the skies—you know how they do in Southern Italy—and hear the boys singing at night Santa Lucia. I made up my mind that I would get money from America and then go back—never to return."

She did get money from America. After two years she became a finisher in a cloak-and-suit manufactory, and from her wages in this capacity she saved enough to start the small contracting shop which made her comfortable. Here she employed ten to fifteen operators making into women's dresses the cut materials received from certain manufacturers. It was just after the war that she took the proceeds of this business back to her native village.

As she arrived at this climax of her story the prevailing quality of her expression deepened. Her eyes became somber.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "my dream at last came true. But it was, alas, like most dreams. It came true too late."

(Continued on Page 121)

THE WRONG TWIN

"I Ain't Wanting This to Get Out on Me, That I Come Sneaking Back Here to Have You Teach Me the Silly Game"

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER IX

THE colorful years sped. At fifteen Wilbur Cowan, suddenly alive to this quick way of time, was looking back to the days of his heedless youth. That long aisle of years seemed unending; but it narrowed in perspective until earlier experiences were but queerly dissolving shapes, wavering of outline, dimly discerned, piquant or sad in the mind, but elusive when he would try to fix them.

On a shining, full-starred night he stood before the little house in the Penniman side yard and bade farewell to this youth. A long time he gazed into the arched splendor above. He had never noticed that the stars were so many and so bright; and they were always there, by day as well as night, so his father said. Many of them, on the same veracious authority, were peopled: some with people who were yet but monkeys like the Vielhabers' Emil; some with people now come to be human like himself; others with ineffable beings who had progressed in measureless periods of time beyond any human development that even Dave Cowan could surmise.

The aging boy felt suddenly friendly with all those distant worlds, glad they were there, so almost sociably near. On more than one of them, perhaps far off in that white streak they called the Milky Way, there must be boys like himself, learning useful things about life, to read good books and have good habits, and all about machinery, and so forth. Surely on one of those far worlds there was at least one boy like himself, who was being a boy for the last time and would to-morrow be a man. For Wilbur Cowan, beneath this starry welter of creation—of worlds to be or in being, or lifeless hulks that had been worlds and were outworn—was on this June night uplifted to face the parting of the ways. His last day had been lived as a boy with publicly bare feet.

No more would he feel the soft run of new grass beneath his soles, or longer need beware the chance nail or sharp stone in the way. On the morrow, presumably to be a day inviting to bare feet as had all the other days of his summers, remembered and forgotten, he would, when he rose, put on stockings and stout shoes; and he would put them on world without end through all the new mornings of his life, howsoever urgently with their clement airs they might solicit the older mode. It was a solemn thing to reflect upon, under a glittering heaven that held, or not, those who might feel with him the bigness of the moment. He suffered a vision of the new shoes, stiffly formidable, side by side at the foot of his bed in the little house. It left him feeling all his years.

And he would wear long trousers! With tolerant amusement he saw himself as of old, barefoot, barelegged, the knee pants buttoned to the calico blouse. It was all over. He scanned the stars a last time, dimly feeling that the least curious of their inhabitants would be aware of this crisis.

Perhaps on one of those blinking orbs people with a proper concern for other world events would be saying to one another: "Yes, he's grown up now. Didn't you hear the big news? Why, to-morrow he's going to begin driving a truck for Trimble Cushman—got a job for the whole summer."

If the announcement startled less than great news should, the speaker could surely produce a sensation by adding, "The first automobile truck in Newbern Center."

II

AND how had this immature being, capable out-of-doors boy though he was, come to be so exalted above his fellows? Sam Pickering's linotype had first revealed his gift for machinery. For Sam had installed a linotype, and Wilbur Cowan had patiently mastered its distracting intricacies. Dave Cowan had informally reappeared one day, still attired with decreasing elegance below the waist his cloth-topped shoes but little more than distressing memories—and announced that he was now an able operator of this wondrous machine; and the harried editor of the Advance, stung to enterprise by flitting wastrels who tarried at his case only long enough to learn the name of the next town, had sought relief in machinery, even if it did take bread from the mouths of honest typesetters. Their lack of preference as to where they earned their bread, their insouciant flights from town to town without notice had made Sam brutal. He had ceased to care whether they had bread or not. So Dave for a summer had brought him surcease from help worries.

The cynical journeyman printer of the moment, on a day when Dave tried out the new machine, had stood by and said she might set type but she certainly couldn't justify it, because it took a human to do that; and how would a paper look with unevenly ending lines? When Dave, seated before the thing, proved that she could justify the lines of type before casting them in metal, the dismayed printer had shuddered at the mystery of it.

Dave Cowan seized the moment to point out to his admiring son and other bystanders that it was all the working of evolution. If you couldn't change when your environment demanded it Nature scrapped you. Hand compositors would have to learn to set type by machinery or go down in the struggle for existence. Survival of the fittest—that was it. The doubting printer was not there to profit by this lecture. Though it was but five o'clock, he was down on the depot platform moodily waiting for the six-fifty-eight.

The next number of the Advance was set by linotype, a circumstance of which one of its columns spoke feelingly, and set moreover in the presence of as many curious persons as could crowd about the operator. Among these none was so fascinated as Wilbur Cowan. He hung lovingly about the machine, his fingers itching to be at its parts. When work for the day was over he stayed by it until the light grew dim in the low-ceilinged, dusty office. He took liberties with its delicate structure that would have alarmed its proud owner, playing upon it with wrench and screw driver, detaching parts from the whole for the pure pleasure of putting them back. He thus came to an intimate knowledge of the contrivance. He knew what made it go. He early mastered its mere operation. Sam Pickering felt fortified against the future.

Then it developed that though Dave Cowan could perform ably upon the instrument while it retained its health, he was at a loss when it developed ailments; and to these it was prone, being a machine of temperament and airs, inclined to lose spirit, to sulk, even irritably to refuse all response to Dave's fingering of the keyboard. Dave was sincerely startled when his son one day skillfully restored tone to the thing after it had disconcertingly rebelled. Sam Pickering, on the point of wiring for the mechanic who had installed his treasure, looked upon the boy with awe as his sure hands wrought knowingly among the weirdest of its vitals. Dave was impressed to utter lack of speech, and resumed work upon the again compliant affair without comment. Perhaps he reflected that the stern processes of his favorite evolution demanded more knowledge of this machine than even he had acquired.

III

THERE ensued further profitable education for the young mechanic from the remarkable case of Sharon Whipple's first motor car. Sharon, the summer before, after stoutly affirming for two years that he would never have one of the noisy things on the place, even though the

Whipple New Place now boasted two—boasting likewise of their speed and convenience—and even though Gideon Whipple jestingly called him a fossilized barnacle on the ship of progress, had secretly bought a motor car and secretly for three days taken instructions in its running from the city salesman who delivered it. His intention was to become daringly expert in its handling and flash upon the view of the discomfited Gideon, who had not yet driven a car. He would wheel carelessly up the drive to the Whipple New Place in apparently contemptuous mastery of the thing, and he would specifically deny ever having received any driving lessons whatever, thus by false speech overwhelming his brother with confusion.

In the stable, therefore, one afternoon he had taken his place at the wheel. Affecting a jovial ease of mind, he commanded the company of his stableman, Elihu Titus, on the seat beside him. He wished a little to show off to Elihu, but he wished even more to be not alone if something happened. With set jaws and a tight grip of the wheel he had backed from the stable, and was rendered nervous in the very beginning by the apparent mad resolve of the car to continue backing long after it was wished not to. Elihu Titus was also rendered nervous, and was safely on the ground before the car yielded to the invincible mass of a boxwood hedge that had been forty years in growing. Sharon pointed his eyebrows.

"It makes you feel like a helpless fool," he confided to his hireling.

"She's all right on this side," said Elihu Titus, cannily peering at the nether mechanism in pretense that he had left his seat to do just that.

The next start was happier in results. Down the broad driveway Sharon had piloted the monster, and through the wide gate, though in a sudden shuddering wonder if it were really wide enough for his mount; then he had driven acceptably if jerkily along back streets for an exciting hour. It wasn't so bad, except once when he met a load of hay and emerged with frayed nerves from the ordeal of passing it; and he had been compelled to drive a long way until he could find space in which to turn round. The smarty that had sold the thing to him had turned in a narrow road, but not again that day would Sharon employ the whimsically treacherous gear of the retrograde.

He came at last to a stretch of common that permitted a wide circle, and took this without mishap. A block farther along he had picked up the Cowan boy. He was not above prizing the admiration of this child for his mechanical genius. Wilbur exclaimed his delight at the car and lolled gingerly upon its luxurious back seat. He was taken full into the grounds of the Whipple Old Place, because Sharon had suddenly conceived that he could not start the car again if he stopped it to let down his guest. The car entered the wide gateway, which again seemed dangerously narrow to its driver, and purred on up the graveled drive. When half the distance to the haven of the stable had been covered it betrayed symptoms of some obscure distress, coughing poignantly. Sharon pretended not to notice this. A dozen yards beyond it coughed again, feebly, plaintively, then it expired. There could be no doubt of its utter extinction. All was over. The end had come suddenly, almost painlessly.

They got out and blankly eyed the lifeless hulk. After a moment of this, which was fruitless, Sharon spoke his mind concerning the car. For all the trepidation it had caused him, the doubts and fears and panics, he took his revenge in words of biting acidity—and he was through with the thing.

"Let's get it out of sight," he said at last, and the three of them pushed it on along the drive to the shelter of the stable.

Elihu Titus then breathed a long sigh and went silently to curry a horse in a neighboring box stall. He knew when to talk and when not to. But Wilbur Cowan, wishing motor cars were in build more like linotypes, fearlessly opened the hood.

"My shining stars!" murmured Sharon at this his first view of his car's more intimate devices. "She's got innards like a human, ain't she?" He instantly beheld a vision of the man in the front of the almanac whose envelope is neatly drawn back to reveal his complicated structure in behalf of the zodiacal symbols. "It's downright gruesome," he added. But his guest was viewing the neat complexities of metal with real pleasure and with what seemed to the car's owner a practiced and knowing eye.

"Understand 'em?" demanded Sharon.

The boy hesitated. What he wished more than anything was freedom to take the thing apart, all that charming assemblage of still warm metal and pipes and wires. He wanted to know what was inside of things, what made them go, and—to be sure—what had made them stop.

"Well, I could if I had a chance," he said at last.

"You got it," said Sharon. "Spend all your born days on the old cadaver if you're so minded." Already to Sharon it was an old car. He turned away from the ghastly sight, but stopped for a final warning. "But don't you ever tell anybody. I ain't wanting this to get out on me."

"No, sir," said Wilbur.

"Maybe we ought to ——" began Sharon, but broke off his speech with a hearty cough. He was embarrassed, because he had been on the point of suggesting that they call Doc Mumford. Doc Mumford was the veterinary. The old man withdrew. Elihu Titus appeared dimly in the background.

"Ain't she one gosh-awful crazy hellion?" he called softly to Wilbur, and returned to the horse, whose mechanism was understandable.

The boy was left sole physician to the ailing monster. He drew a long breath of gloating and fell upon it. For three days he lived in grimed, greased and oiled ecstasy, appeasing that sharp curiosity to know what was inside of things. The first day he took down the engine bit by bit. The clean-swept floor about the dismantled hulk was a spreading turmoil of parts. Sharon, on cool afterthought, had conceived that his purchase might not have suffered beyond repair, but, returning to survey the wreck, had thrown up his fat hands in a gesture of hopeless finality.

"That does settle it," he murmured. He pointed to the scattered members. "How in time did you ever find all them fiddlements in that little space?" Of course no one could ever put them back.

(Continued on Page 70)

The Girl With Black Hair Was Already Reading Wilbur's Palm, Disclosing to Him That He Had a Deep Vein of Cruelty in His Nature

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 25, 1920

League Beginnings

EVEN the most ardent believer in the League of Nations must have felt some misgivings when reading the published accounts of the sessions of the first two weeks. The League of Nations is at the moment an abstract idealism. Faith in it is based on idealism. If the abstract ideal is to become a reality the idealism of believers must not be strained or fractured by the transactions of the first meetings. In two particulars already the happenings in Geneva give grave concern to thoughtful Americans.

Firstly, in the signs of political maneuvering in the membership of the league. The signs of the block system of politics have been revealed. There can be little doubt that the South American states are acting in unison and in accordance with a program. Doubtless these states feel that they have important interests to protect and that in union lies strength. But the block system of politics would be as fatal to success in a league of nations as it is detrimental to legislative progress in the present European states. Under the term "block" we understand not only a noun but also a verb. A block is effective in proportion to the power of blocking. Less evident but still suggestive is the attitude of the five neutral states surrounding Germany. Certainly the experiences of the blockade have bound them together. But the hall of the League of Nations is no place to demonstrate their solidarity.

Secondly, the open attempts to set up an economic program give rise to apprehension. American hopes in the League of Nations revolve around prevention of war and reduction of armament. To hear it asserted that the league will be a mockery so long as national possession of raw materials is countenanced will be a shock to our pacifistic friends. It is contended that raw materials belong to the world. The doctrine represents a sort of terrestrial socialism. Belonging to the world, raw materials must be allocated. This harks back to the days of the Supreme Economic Council. Then the proposition was advanced by the Allies and supported in particular by the United Kingdom. Now the Dominions of the British Empire balk at the same proposal in Geneva, supported by the mother country.

A program of allocation of raw materials means, of course, a program of credits, since it would be an immeasurable irony to allot raw materials to nations that could not pay for them. It means much more than that, however. It means control over markets of producers of raw materials and of manufacturers of finished commodities It would represent the extinguishment of competition in international trade, the setting up of a super-receivership for the industries of the world. The operation of an international pool would not only involve the relations of this country to Europe; it would disturb equally our trade relations with South America, for example.

The matter appears before the meeting in Geneva in a rather roundabout manner. The settlements proposed at the recent Economic Conference in Brussels were based upon the idea that the financial and economic clauses of the treaty of peace could not be carried out unless the industry of Europe were stabilized by allocation of raw materials. In order to settle the last war the affairs of the world are to be administered for the next generation, involving neutrals as well as ex-belligerents. In the light of these events Americans will appreciate more than ever the labors of Mr. Elihu Root.

European Credits

EVER since the armistice the European press has reiterated daily the statement that the industrial recovery of Europe depended upon the continuation of commodity credits. When the United States Treasury in 1919 discontinued governmental loans to European countries for the purchase of commodities in the United States Continental economists gave expression to the most dire predictions of what would happen if the stream of commodities to Europe should be checked. Keynes urged an initial loan of one billion dollars, to be followed by a guaranty fund of another billion dollars, for the benefit of all belligerent nations. Sir George Paish set the figures much higher. American exporters urged credits to Europe in order to give outlet to our exportable surplus of manufactured commodities. Latterly, agricultural organizations have favored the extension of credits in order to secure markets for cotton and cereals. During this time what has actually happened?

In a recent tabulation of our financial relations to Europe issued by B. M. Anderson, covering the period of time from January 1, 1919, to September 15, 1920, the commercial credits extended to Europe during this time are set forth in detail. From this it is clear that we have done, through commercial channels, exactly what European economists have urged upon us—we have sold goods to Europe on credit. The amount involved is amazing, because we have done more than advance the sum of the two loans advocated by Keynes. The unfunded debt of Europe to the United States on September fifteenth, consisting largely of commercial accounts, was in the neighborhood of three and a half billion dollars.

A contemplation of the data gives rise to several reflections. The granting, month after month, of commodity credits in the enormous volume indicated apparently did little to appease European demand for credits. When one contrasts European imports with exports, the ratio of finished exports to raw imports is found to be very low. Europe employed the imported goods for internal consumption, not for what the economist would call productive consumption, manufacturing for export. This mass of commodities has repaired somewhat the depletion of Europe; but her industries have been little strengthened and her negative balance of trade but slightly influenced.

The progressive deterioration of European exchange is for the most part to be explained by this volume of unbalanced imports. The financing of these purchases in Europe has rotated largely around paper money. The financing of these exportations in this country has rotated largely around banking credit. The United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board have, during the past year, exercised numerous procedures designed to control credit in order that American banking credit should be contracted. These efforts have been partly nullified by expansion of private credits to traders to support exports to Europe. The banks extend credits in the ordinary course of business. The loans used to finance domestic business are repaid; those used to finance export business are not repaid, because the European buyers are unable to settle the accounts. The injurious result of such expansion of banking credit falls upon every American. A funding of these accounts is the first order of the day. And the order of to-morrow must include measures for preventing the recurrence of expansion of banking credits for purposes of European trade. Loans for European trade should be carried by investors, not by banks.

To Eat or Not To Eat?

CONSIDER the case of a man who must get his living from the soil. When he should be plowing he sits in the shade of the barn and tinkers with a device to polish finger nails. When he should be planting he toils patiently to perfect a rocking-chair that will play a tune. When he should be harvesting he sits on the fence and whines because his stomach is empty. An odd character, surely. He is America.

America is going to town, where it can see the show windows and revel in the sight of other people's wealth. And as the townward march continues the sound of the dinner bell grows faint and the land is filled with an agonized wail from restaurant patrons. The situation is not yet desperate, but it is serious enough to attract attention.

The farmer works hard. His task requires both intelligence and brawn. He earns prosperity. At present he takes the price he can get; when he will, he can get the price he is willing to take.

If the country were on the verge of starvation and all the fields were fallow while men huddled in cities to tend machines, the growing of food might become a matter of patriotism, and the Government might call for volunteers to guide plows. But at present each man feels free to look out for himself, and if he wishes to quit the farm to get more of profit and pleasure in town, he feels that it is nobody's business but his own. If other people object to his action, let them hold their peace and take the place he vacates.

We assume that men quit the farm because they long for the sight of brightly lighted streets, for show places, for crowds of well-dressed people and for shorter hours of labor. The assumption is not wholly correct. If the farmer could make one hundred dollars on the farm in the time required to make one dollar in the city, neither the crowds nor the bright lights would tempt him to quit his fields.

Nor does the matter of hours serve as a sufficient explanation of his desire to migrate. Shorter hours interest those whose reward is fixed. If one is assured ten dollars the day and knows that he can get no more, any dream of bettering his condition will have to do with lessening the effort required to get the ten dollars. He may ask that his hours of labor be reduced to six or four or two. But if the shop in which he labors belongs to him and his reward depends entirely upon the quantity of his output, he will be ready to fight if an effort is made to reduce the number of his working hours. The farmer works long hours during a portion of the year. His common sense does not permit him to waste good daylight when the ground is right for plowing. The soil may bake and become too hard, or rain may keep him fretting within doors. The seasons do not wait for him. But if he labors long during one season, he finds many hours of leisure in another. His life is not without its compensations.

It is the desire for money and the things money can buy that takes men from the farm—this, and nothing more. When men rushed to California and to Alaska in search of gold, they took no thought of discomforts. They did not ask for short hours or light tasks. If the Government should offer a flat salary of ten thousand dollars a year to men willing to quit the city and take charge of farms, would there be an idle acre in America next year? There would not! Money—that's all.

One of two things will happen: Either the consumer who does not produce food will pay a greater proportion of his earnings for victuals, and thus suffer for the benefit of the farmer; or the farmer will quit his thankless task and join the ranks of the consumers, and there remain until an increased price of food tempts him back to the farm. If we expect to continue indulgence in the habit of eating we must arrange for a supply of victuals. For the most part, the arrangement must consist in propaganda. For the most part, the propaganda must consist in greenbacks.

IS ITALY GOING RED?

By F. Britten Austin

IS ITALY going red? Last September, to judge from the newspaper accounts, the event had already happened. Reading the headlines with a shock of alarm, the commercial and financial communities of America and of such part of Europe as is still comparatively stable switched their attention to a country which, since the startling disaster of Caporetto, had been somewhat out of the limelight. The nervousness felt in the United States, Great Britain and France was—if the newspaper reports were to be allowed their full implication—quite justified. The successful—in the Russian or Pickwickian sense—establishment of sovietism in Italy meant not only the commercial ruin of that country, a disaster bad enough for all those other countries with which it stands in a debtor relation, but its proximate extension to France.

Bolshevism, as has been pointed out by a great French psychologist, is not so much a political system as a religious creed, comparable to the wave of Mohammedanism which swept over the world in the eighth century. Like all religious movements that have once taken a hold upon the imagination of the masses, it is not only independent of reason, but highly contagious. It is a psychological influenza. France, constitutionally weakened by the drainage of the war, would certainly be the next to succumb. And sovietism in France and Italy—the only two first-class states upon the Continent which have managed to preserve a relative stability—means the utter and absolute ruin of Europe, and by consequence a financial crisis of the first magnitude in the United States and Great Britain.

There was certainly more than a substratum of truth in those cables which alarmed the international bourses and broke the Italian exchange to a low level of value that almost equaled the record drop of the spring of 1920. There was not and is not—the slightest doubt of the red revolutionary fever from which Italy is suffering. But the body politic may be very ill without a fatal result. Italy, as a whole, reading—with considerable annoyance—the bulletins of the foreign press, could and did exclaim, in the words of Mark Twain when he read his own obituary notice, that the reports were much exaggerated. Writing a month after the sensational events which prompted those telegrams, I can affirm, as a witness on the spot, that the Italian revolution has not yet happened. This is not to say that it will not happen. The worst crisis is perhaps yet to come.

The troubles of September last, which, originating in the metallurgical industry of the North of Italy, spread practically to every industry in the country and finished by establishing, nominally at least, an entirely new principle in the conduct of industry, were most serious perhaps in that they were symptomatic both of the revolutionary feeling of the masses and the weakness—or opportunism—of the government.

The invasion of the factories by the workmen was certainly, in the eyes of the socialist leaders, a dress rehearsal rather than the actual initiation of a nation-wide social revolution for which the revolutionary organizations were not yet prepared. It might easily, of course, have developed by its own momentum into the real thing. Few revolutions start according to the time-table of those who prepare them. The Russian revolution commenced with a bread riot, and its quick extension took the revolutionary leaders by surprise.

The French Revolution of 1789 might never have degenerated into the Terror had not the Parisian mob, which marched to Versailles with the patriotic intention of bringing their now-democratic king to his capital, come into conflict with the Swiss Guards.

Once a mob starts violence, none can say where its destructive fury will end. One can only prophesy that, being swayed by the collective soul of any crowd, it is highly responsive to whatever suggestions accord with its instinctive desire to destroy, its constitutions as well as its monuments. No mob movement ever created anything but chaos; it is individuals like Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon, Lincoln, Bismarck and Cavour who create states.

(Continued on Page 50

"It's Uncle Warren!"

MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IV

IN THE old days, when William was a young preacher on the new ground circuits in the mountain regions of our Conference, we lived in little weather-beaten parsonages far out in the country, and our nearest neighbor was never another family, but one of William's churches.

I was often lonely, especially when he was away at some distant appointment. The only thing you can say for a church as your nearest neighbor is that it is there, on a higher, greener hill, and that it stands for the best you can hope for or believe, but it never looks across the road and speaks to you when you are sitting alone on your doorstep at night wishing and listening and wondering how you can go on bearing this silence. It just stands with its belfry sticking up toward the other, brighter worlds overhead, terribly white and still in the darkness. The tall tombstones and the lowlier ones stick up behind it; or they lean a little, not as if they were falling, but trying to escape. Sometimes at night, when there were no voices, no wheels rumbling along the road, no bells tinkling in the distant pastures, the wind used to whisk by on its business and blow shadows across these tombs, glistening in the moonlight, so that they seemed to stir and move like long wing feathers and short closer feathers scattered about that church.

The Only Thing She Said to Me Was: "Don't Go! Don't Leave Me!"

During these first years, when I was still very young and only recently married out of the world into the gospel, William frequently asked if I was afraid to be alone in the parsonage until he returned the next day. And I always assured him that I was not afraid. The bravest thing to do when you are not brave is to profess courage and act accordingly.

So I always sent William forth to his appointment with a peaceful mind. When he was mounted on his horse I used to run out sometimes, place my foot on his in the stirrup and he would reach down, draw me up, bend over and kiss me. That would be my young husband, but the priest in him invariably looked back over his shoulder and said something like this: "Remember, 'he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'"

That might be so, but as he disappeared at a smart canter down the road Israel seemed a long way off. And this way he had of consigning me to the care of just the God of Israel was not so comforting as he imagined. He had the advantage of me. He had the witness of the Spirit. He was never alone anywhere. I had no such experience. I reckon the closest I came to the kingdom of heaven, or Israel, or any of the Scriptural countries, was the sense I had of union with William, who was a citizen of them. I was being hand-raised by his gospel, so to speak, but it was not the same as having fearless faith. And even to this day I seem always to lay my hand confidently in William's faith like a clasp when I pray.

But at the time of which I write the promise of life everlasting did not satisfy my heart. I wanted the companionship of people who lived and laughed. I used to grow weary of the long peace of the hills, of the quiet days and the still nights. I wanted to take a journey somewhere, anywhere, so it should be a long and a swift one. But I never could go and leave William. I felt as close to him as the rib in his side. I had the conceit that he needed me, someone whom he did not have to pray to be present, but who was always literally there in the flesh to care for him on the sly when he did not know he could be comforted at all except by his Lord.

When I was oppressed beyond endurance by this long imprisonment of my traveling mind in some lonely country parsonage, I remember practicing a certain illusion when he was away on his circuit. I might be sitting on the front doorstep as usual in the moonlit night, but I would imagine myself starting off on just the earth through space. It was moving with incredible velocity, rocking from side to side in its orbit, with the furious oscillations of this spinning speed, making it dark when it turned one way and light when my side swung back beneath the sun. I would sit and imagine how fast I was going until my head was swimming. Then I forgot the church across the way, all the little things and the little pathways up and down the hills of my days and William's days. I could look back at the stars and feel myself swaying at the thought of how many we were leaving behind, mere specks of light on the horizon. I thought of the roar of far-off constellations as I passed; just myself, you understand, of all the world of men, taking this journey through immeasurable spaces, sitting on my own doorstep, because it was the only way I could leave home.

William never knew of this star-riding I used to do in his absence, for I was always there when he returned, with no sign in my manner of the terrific flight I had made, doing my household duties or watching for him, very prim and demure, with not a hair of my head blown out of place. You may do very queer things in the spirit without its being seen or heard of!

So many years have passed since then. My star traveling imagination settled down long ago. But now, seated here in Peter's big church on Sunday mornings, like a very placid period of an old woman at the end of a long sentence, my thoughts went back to those first days on the lonely circuits, when the only house in sight was the church across the road, when the season changed from winter weather and the Lord said "Yea! Yea!" to the little green leaves, and they answered from every tiny bud and bough. And they changed the sound of the wind to sweetness with the grace of their dipping and turning. To me it was like having young company all about the parsonage.

I do not know why this vast congregation reminded me of that, unless it was that these people were no company. They gathered like a strange phenomenon of life every Sunday morning in this church, so many strangers, no bond binding them to each other, and dissolving, disappearing at the end of an hour. Then you could not find them. You did not know where they lived, nor how. The whole thing was too big for me. It was like trying to read humanity in diamond type to look at this sea of faces, so different from the little flocks I had known. I could distinguish a foreigner from an American by the way his mustaches sat up like an offense on his face, but I could not see a single woman that looked like the president of the missionary society, nor any girls with the faces of prayer-meeting virgins. And for the first time in my life I could not recognize a steward by the way he looked or the place where he sat in this church.

Only one man shouted "Amen!" when Peter prayed. He was an old bald-headed person with an apostrophe nose and a chin beard cut as square as a shingle, who had apparently been banished to the front bench, which he inhabited alone. I supposed that he was the leading steward until I learned that he was only a carpenter brought over from the past before this became a really great church.

I had a strange enlightenment as to the manifold characters of a steward when Peter introduced Mr. Cathcart, an elderly katydid sort of man, who wore a sage-green suit of clothes and a sky-blue cravat. He was a clubman, a capitalist and the chairman of Peter's board of stewards! Maybe these people were good, but the best goodness I have known never looked so prosperous and worldly. How distant all that plain piety of the hills, and how long ago it seemed now since I had heard the roar of constellations swinging the curves of my dreams in these quieter places beneath the other stars!

Peter, however, was in no way confounded. He had the assurance of an able preacher. And these people liked him. More and more he impressed me as a good business man of the gospel, at the head now of a really great business with nearly a thousand workers under him. He had a financial committee. He made bills and O. K'd bills. He saw printers. He had a secretary and two deaconesses.

This is as good a place as any to set down the way the presiding elder has of checking up the work of preachers under him. Each pastor receives a list of questions. There are seventy-three in all. The preacher in charge is required to answer them and turn the list in at each Quarterly Conference. Here is a sample of these questions:

"How many revivals have you held this year?"

"How many sermons have you preached this year?"

"How many homes have you visited?"

(Continued on Page 26)

You would be the happiest giver alive

—if you could hang the gift of health on every branch of your home Christmas tree this year. But do you realize that eating good soup every day is one of the surest means to bring this priceless gift into your home and keep it there?

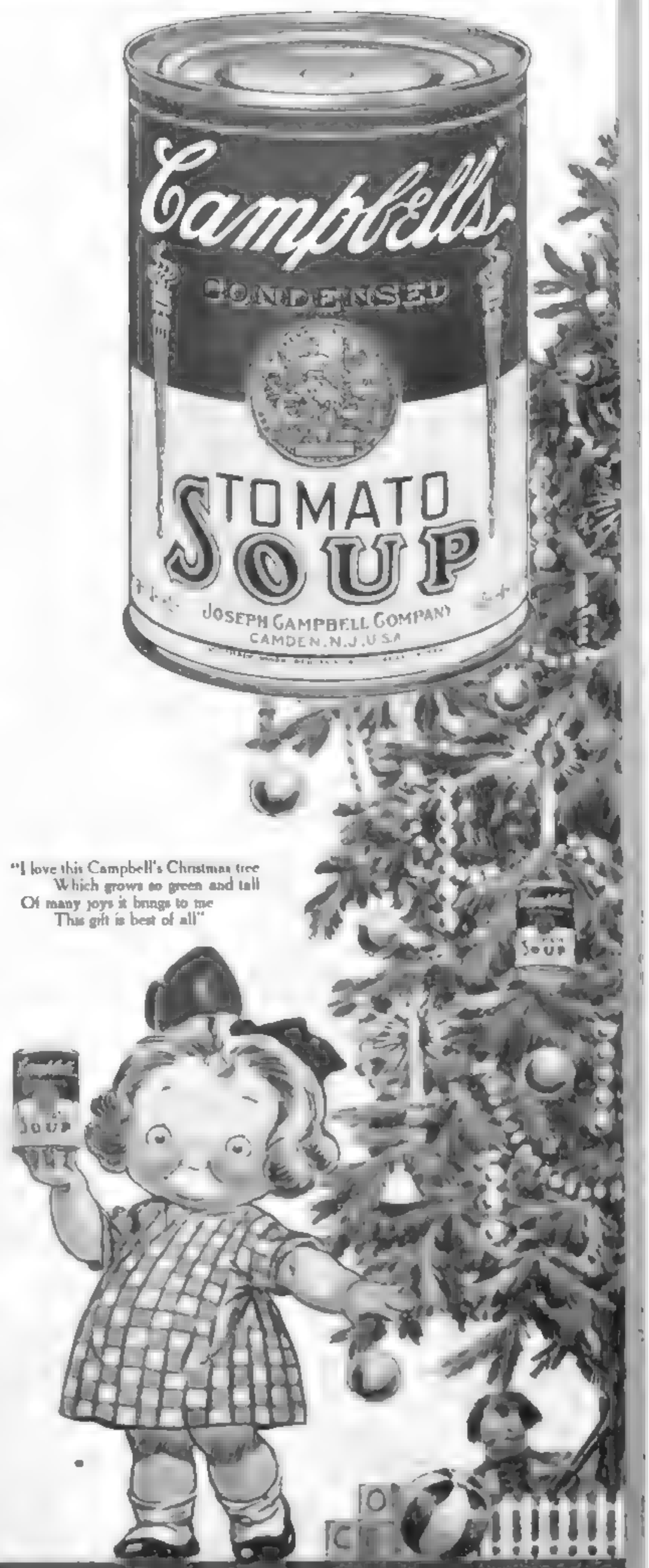
Every time you serve Campbell's appetizing Tomato Soup on your home table you help to cultivate the habit of health in the family circle.

Isn't this the finest gift of all?

Made of the pure juice of sound, red-ripe tomatoes and other choice and nutritious ingredients, this tempting soup so strengthens digestion, so helps to regulate the body-building processes of the entire system that it proves as wholesome and satisfying as it is delicious.

As a Cream of Tomato, prepared according to the simple directions on the label, is one of the most inviting ways to serve it.

21 kinds **15c a can**



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

"In how many homes have you held prayer? (Each time should be counted.)"

"How many infants have you baptized? (Do you preach it in the homes?)"

"In your opinion will the charge pay out?"

And so on and so forth. There is nothing private left between a preacher and just his Lord when he has answered these questions. He cannot have a single secret prayer with a sinner without setting it down in the credit column of his account book with the presiding elder. But the authorities of the church can get a quarterly weather report of the condition and finances of the whole church, as the Government gets crop reports. It must be right. I have nothing to say against the arrangement, but it does seem queer for a preacher out making pastoral calls to credit himself with them, and maybe a prayer or two or a good deed. No power on earth could have made William do it. He would have lied about his prayers and his alms. But Peter was obliged to call in help before his Quarterly Conference, to add up what had been done in the Lord's name. I used to wonder if he gave his deaconesses credit for all their prayers. Maybe they were allowed to be decently silent about their little petitions among the poor.

This was the winter of 1918–19, when the scourge of influenza swept over the country. The churches, schools and theaters were closed. Thousands died of the disease in this city. It was especially fatal among the poor. There were two hundred cases at one time among this class of members in Peter's church, respectable people who worked, but who only managed a living wage in these high-price hard times of war prosperity.

The first year William and I were in the itinerancy there was an epidemic of some kind on the Redwine circuit. And there were not enough well people to nurse the sick. We did it. We went from house to house, some of them miles apart, in the dead hours of the night to care for these afflicted ones. William comforted the dying and I helped lay out the dead. We did not go home until the survivors were convalescing. Then we both came down with the disorder and were near to death ourselves. I do not remember that we experienced any exalted sense of self-sacrifice in exposing ourselves performing this service. My recollection is that we did it as a matter of course.

Peter managed his epidemic of influenza differently. I thought, of course, we would devote ourselves to nursing the sick, but he would not hear to it. I must not expose myself. He would not expose himself unnecessarily. If he performed his duty as pastor of that church he could not afford to come down with influenza. Besides, the church had a committee whose business it was to meet this emergency. There was no need to risk our lives when it could be attended to more efficiently and scientifically by people who were trained to do it. He called a meeting of his relief committee. They organized the work, provided food to nourish the sick, and established kitchens where it might be prepared and sent to families stricken with the disease. They imported a unit of nurses and the church kept a doctor during this epidemic

I did my share of the work in one of the kitchens, but I never got over feeling queer and mean about sending soup to sick people's doors and not going in myself to see how they were getting on, to straighten the bedclothes, shake up their pillows, and tell them they were mending fast.

I am not saying that all this was not done by those skillful nurses whom we commandeered directly from the Red Cross. I admit that this is a wonderful and mobile organization, which can be sent here or there to put down a disease as a regiment of soldiers is sent to quell a riot or to keep a strike within the bounds of law and order, but it does seem to me that the trend of our times is to form corporations to attend to our humanitarian duties in the same impersonal and efficient way that other business is conducted. We have syndicated those Scriptures about the Good Samaritan. Instead of doing the job ourselves, we telephone to the United Charities or to a hospital. Maybe it is all right, but it does not feel so close and humanly kind to hire someone else to take your risks and do your good deeds. That used to be personal to you.

I doubt if in the long run it will have the same effect on Christian character merely to contribute to charity. It says plainly in the Scriptures that you are to perform these services yourself. I never can bring myself to believe that it comes to the same thing if you pay someone else to do it, even if it is better done. The truth is that it is not altogether better done. Why do people dread hospitals so much? Why do the poor shrink so persistently from the hired ministrations to their ills and poverty? There is a reason, my masters! It is not all based on ignorance and prejudice. They miss the human touch of personal compassion. They are the objects of charity, not of love. There is a difference.

There was a sick woman who fell to my care during this time. She was not a member of Peter's church, and I doubt if she was a good woman. We had a kitchen on one of the poorer streets, and we were sending meals to the people in that neighborhood who had influenza. Word came one day that a woman was very ill in a room in a tenement house near by. Every nurse we had was already overworked. The doctor went once. He said it was wiser to give his care to those who might recover. The impression I had was that he meant not much would be lost if this woman died, so I slipped up there.

She was a girl, no more. Her finery was scattered like radiant filth about the wretched room. She was lying in the bed, very still, as one lies listening, waiting for something, her bright hair sticking to her head like a tangled web of gold, her lips red with fever, her face pinched and white, blue eyes staring out of it, meek with an awful terror.

It was not the things that I did, though I did everything. It was that I called her "my dear" and patted her softly as we do our children when we put them to sleep. She was far past any repose. She was alive with the awful energy of death. The only thing she said to me was: "Don't go! Don't leave me!"

So I called Peter over the phone and told him that I was very busy and would not be home until I came.

Then I sat down by this little immortal rag's bed and made the most of the time she had left. I have a good many kind Scriptures laid away in my mind, as you keep soft white things to cover you and comfort you when you are not very well, or strong enough to bear harsher things. I said them over to her, as you tell a bedtime tale to a child who will sleep presently. I made her own confession for her, not troubling her with questions. I took her sins for granted. Nothing mattered now about all that. She would now have a long time in which to do the will of God. There was only one little thing to do, so easy, that she should be wishful for her Lord and believe in him, being sorry for her transgressions. Nothing much was going to happen, I told her. She would scarcely notice it the next morning. It was so natural to live again after death.

Once or twice the dumb terror in her eyes had the best of me, so I had to keep the tears out of my own with an effort. But it would never do to show the white feather of grief now. I remained firm and confident. I chanted Rock of Ages as if it was my natural speech, not a song we sing, until I began to feel a little like a good kind old rock myself.

I do not know if it was the failing fires of life, the gray embers of death overlying the blue flame, but it seemed to me I saw ease in her eyes at last, a sort of pale peace.

I have never wished to meet my Lord alone at the very last. I hope I shall be able to look over my shoulder and refer to my friends that their love may recommend me to him. I cannot think that I shall be entirely sure of myself. I shall be anxious about my deeds done in the body. I have a fear that I may forget my virtues, and that I should

(Continued on Page 82)

I Assured Him That I Was Not Afraid. The Bravest Thing to Do When You are Not Brave is to Profess Courage

Christmas again—and Robt. Burns

(A last-minute suggestion to Mothers, Wives, Sisters and Sweethearts of Men Who Smoke)

IF you gave him a box of Robt. Burns Cigars *last* Christmas, you will remember how delighted *he* was—and how pleased *you* were, at having chosen so wisely.

Are you giving him a box of Robt. Burns *this* Christmas? With the man who smokes, nothing quite takes the place of mild Robt. Burns.

He knows that Robt. Burns has a *full Havana filler*—that this Havana is cured to an agreeable mildness—that his outer leaf or "wrapper" is imported from Sumatra.

A good tobacconist in your vicinity will sell you a Christmas box of Robt. Burns *Longfellows* or *Invincibles*.

General Cigar Co.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

ROBT. BURNS Longfellow (Cabinet) Fan wrapped 17c 3 for 50c Box of 25 — $4.00 Box of 50 — $8.00

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

THE WOMAN INSIDE

Continued from Page 13)

"And provide a neat and tasty decoration for the parlor of some fly cop?" asked Johnny, softening his sarcasm by a smile. "I know bulls too well." He turned again to Mrs. Forester. "A hundred years! Likely in that time it's been stolen many a time before this. Receiving stolen goods depends on whether you've paid for 'em. You pay for stolen goods every day."

"I!" exclaimed Mrs. Forester. Her fingers were again caressing the vase.

"Sure!" said Johnny Deignan. "You do and I do. What kind of egg beater do you use in your kitchen?"

"A Peacho," said Mrs. Forester.

"So do I," said Johnny Deignan. "Well, maybe you don't know—but I do—that the Peacho egg beater was stolen in the first place from the inventor, and that three respectable gentlemen have got rich since then by the simple process of stealing it from each other. What's the difference?"

Forester laughed lightly at Johnny's play of humor; but Mrs. Forester, her fingers still passing caressingly over the vase, looked across at her host with serious eyes. There was a moment of silence, not entirely without embarrassment. Mrs. Forester broke it abruptly.

"Thank you," she said. "It is beautiful. It is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. It will have the place of honor in our parlor. You'll see it there when you come to dine with us for of course ——"

"I accept," broke in Johnny. "You don't know what it is for a man in this business to eat home cooking. Speakin' of that, if we neglect this entrée any longer my Parisian cook from Eighth Avenue ——"

Here the crash of the jazz orchestra interrupted.

Forester during the rest of the evening was a little more reserved than usual. Not until they had settled themselves in the taxicab, homeward bound, did he open his mind. He looked down at the vase, which Mrs. Forester held carefully, almost lovingly, in her lap. A mixture of slight emotions, all disagreeable, rose up in him, culminated in something very like anger; and he said more than he intended to say.

"I suppose a woman will go pretty far to get something she wants."

The lips of Mrs. Forester had begun to flutter toward speech when a red flush stopped the motion. She settled back into the cushions and her lips set.

"Perhaps you're right," she answered simply and coolly.

Forester flushed in turn, but he said nothing more. Here was the basis for a domestic quarrel—and they had never yet really quarreled. Neither was of that contentious character which needs combat as a stimulant to love. Rather were they the sort of people who withdraw into themselves, seal up little chambers in the house of the heart. That process, in the end, may destroy happy married life as surely as open quarreling. This, however, had been the first occasion of its kind; the first rift in perfect confidence. In silence, broken only by necessary conversation about the small business of life—paying the chauffeur, finding the key—they entered their Bronx flat. He turned up the light. She unwrapped the vase, tried it in this place and that until she decided to give it the center position on the mantelpiece. She did not consult him over these experiments in decoration. It was the first time that she had failed to do this. Mutual counsel over their nest building had been part of their joy in marriage. This was not lost on him. Before the vase found its final place he had gone to the bedroom, was undressing. Neither referred to it next morning. It was, indeed, a week before he said, "Has that thing got to stay there?"

"You don't like it?" she asked.

"No," said he, "it's a homely old jug. I could buy a better at a five-and-ten-cent store."

That was not his real feeling. To the matter of beauty or ugliness in the offending ornament he was indifferent. Her answer it was that touched his real sentiment

"Besides, it's stolen."

"Yes," said he, "besides, it's stolen. You must know I didn't like your taking it. The thing's tainted."

Mrs. Forester made no direct answer. For a moment it was as though something rushed to her lips. However, that native inarticulateness of hers seemed to check this incipient flow of speech. But she took up the vase, disappeared with it into the kitchen.

Thereafter, nearly every morning during her dusting hour, Mrs. Forester used to take the vase from its hiding place and set it up on the mantelpiece. Sometimes, with hands whose very touch was a caress, she held it at arm's length while she looked and admired. Constantly as she sat sewing in the living room her eyes wandered toward the mantel. But the vase went into hiding before six o'clock, when Forester might be momentarily expected from the office. Out of his sight now it went gradually out of his mind.

A night or two after the Foresters dined at Johnny Deignan's, J. G. Grantham, head of the firm, found occasion for a long, confidential talk with his wife. In their winter routine this was a fact worthy of remark. Usually Grantham left for the office long before his wife was up, returned only in time to dress for dinner. If they were dining abroad they snatched ten minutes of talk in the limousine; if at home, what with Mrs. Grantham's final moments of arrangement, they missed even that moment of confidence. By the time they were alone again they were simply too tired for talk—the Granthams admitted to each other that they were growing old.

But this evening Mrs. Catteridge-Hunt had called off her state dinner at the last moment—a matter of death in the family—and the Granthams had found themselves dining quietly at home. As usually happened, Mrs. Grantham had first unloaded her burden of confidences, small perplexities, minor gossip. Now as they sat together on the divan before the open fire Grantham was taking his turn, and his talk ran on business.

Grantham was portly with the approach of sixty, but a fine, tall figure of a man still. His hair had grown quite white in the past year. It made a distinguished contrast with his complexion, which age had tinted like old mahogany. He had an air of benevolence, but also of power—a quality suggested by his firm nose and the steady glances of his gray eyes.

Mrs. Grantham, sitting comfortably propped amidst the cushions at the other end of the divan, showed less touch of age than her husband. Not that her hair was not gray; not that her smooth, pink face was not falling into masses of flesh. But her brown eyes held still the soft fires of her youth, and she would never lose that slow but illuminating smile or that young-girl droop of her little head.

About them the mahogany wainscoting, the carved marble mantelpieces of an old house far east in the sixties made an appropriate background for this picture of aging domestic understanding. Behind Grantham a single peachblow vase crowned an inlaid lowboy made by Chippendale himself; behind Mrs. Grantham hung a single Corot.

In the tints of colonial mahogany and Sheffield plate dimly seen through the open doors of the dining room, in the Chinese paintings paneling one wall, in a dozen other touches this house, built though it was in the age when the arts lay dead, suggested the connoisseur with wealth to gratify his tastes.

"I'll Tell You All I Know," She Began a Little Hesitantly

Grantham was talking on the subject which had most occupied his mind for a week past.

"He fills the bill—himself. He's the man I've been waiting for. You know, Lettie, I've always wanted the original mind to supplement mine. I can organize. I can't originate."

Mrs. Grantham stopped him with an impatient outward gesture of a hand a little wrinkled but still firm and shapely.

"Jimmy," she said, "I won't have you ——"

"No," interrupted Mr. Grantham, "I know you won't. For thirty-five years you wouldn't. But it's time nevertheless. This young Forester has it. He has more, I'm sure—character. I'd almost given up hope of finding anyone to slip into my place when he came along. Do you know, to-day I nearly grew impulsive and told him what I had in mind. I think I would have done it, but ——"

"But he's married."

"Exactly," said Grantham, "and to whom, to which and to what—that's the important question."

"I don't wonder," Mrs. Grantham said. "You've certainly been unlucky."

They both sat silent for a moment, traveling the same road of memory. Some ten years before Grantham first had this idea of a general manager to supplement with originality his own organizing power. Hitherto Grantham had been his own general manager. Such a man, if he made good in that somewhat exacting job, could have a share in the business almost from the first, and eventually perhaps a partnership. Twice Grantham had found his man. In both cases the ship was wrecked on the same reef—wives.

He had first tried out Cadwalader Smith. Mrs. Cadwalader Smith had spoiled that. A presentable woman with the society manner, she had developed a passion for intrigue with which she tainted her husband. Within a year Smith's relations with his associates amounted to downright dishonesty. Within eighteen months the firm—at considerable expense to itself—had got rid of Smith. Five years later Davis had appeared. He seemed to be the jewel of Grantham's search. Again the wife passed muster. The job involved necessarily a great deal of entertainment. Now Mrs. Davis had not the society manner of Mrs. Smith, but she did seem adaptable, and she was undeniably pretty—a genuine blonde with a rose-leaf skin. But—not to mince matters—she drank to excess; a fact not discovered until after Davis had taken the job. There were scenes at dinner parties. When the demon was on her Mrs. Davis developed a reckless jealousy. Three times she came to the office in the throes of screaming hysterics. After the third occasion Davis, himself the soul of honor and decency, solved an impossible situation by resigning and taking her away from New York.

And these experiences would not have seared Grantham so much had they not piled upon an earlier one—his first venture in business—the firm of Howell & Grantham. It ended in bankruptcy, which Grantham was years in discharging honorably. And the cause of the bankruptcy, as Grantham almost alone knew, was the extravagance of Mrs. Howell. Urged on by the growing necessity for money, Howell, the senior partner, had insisted on expanding faster than their situation warranted.

(Continued on Page 30)

CONTACT

WIRES cobweb the continent—and beyond—to keep throbbing arteries of trade and commerce in quick contact, regardless of distance.

The telephone carries your message, orally. The telegraph transmits it as words only. But if your messages are to convey the personality they represent—the ideals and business principles characteristic of you—they must be written, on rich, strong bond paper. Paper that accurately reflects your individuality and that of your house. Systems Bond establishes the right kind of "contact". It imparts a feeling of confidence and good-will. It is dignified. You are unconsciously assured of the sincerity back of the letter written on Systems Bond. Its quality is so apparent.

The distinctive texture and firm "body" of Systems Bond are due largely to its content of rag. Also, it is properly seasoned by loft-drying. This is the reason for its brisk, business-like crackle.

Systems Bond is the standard-bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every bond and ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 28)

"Wives have certainly been my bane and hoodoo," said Grantham, summing up his reflections. "Yet I face a living proof that some wives are helpful. But this time I propose to take a long look before I leap."

"Do you know anything about her?" asked Mrs. Grantham.

"I've seen her, at least," said her husband. "A neat, presentable little woman—very quiet. I even think she'd be pretty if you looked at her long enough. It was last week—she met Forester by the news stand in the lobby when he left the office. I happened along and he introduced me. It may have been timidity—she's younger than Forester by a good deal, and I suppose she was awed by meeting the boss—but I had a sense of something underneath, of a lot of reserve. I couldn't seem to get the woman inside at all. That's what I want to know—what sort of woman is she inside? It may be very lovely. It may be—well, I can't help remembering Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Davis."

"Suppose I invite them to dinner?" said Mrs. Grantham.

"I was thinking of that. As long as that Janeway dinner for Wednesday is called off, why not then? Never mind writing. I'll ask him offhand."

"I'll look her over," said Mrs. Grantham.

Her husband bent upon her a glance of tender amusement.

"If she's an angel inside you'll sure see it. If she's a complete devil inside you may see it. If she's neither black nor white, but just gray, like most of us, you'll see only the white. You're so good that you haven't any apparatus in your soul to perceive deviltry. I wouldn't be as good as you are for a cool million!"

Mrs. Grantham smiled a little, but flushed a little, too, as she always did when her husband adopted this kind of banter. It seemed a compliment—but was it all a compliment?

"Let's call it Wednesday at eight then," said Grantham as he rose to light a cigar.

The Foresters, therefore, came to dinner on Wednesday evening. Forester did not even hint to his wife what this invitation might portend. He did not even permit himself to indulge the thought. But he read excitement, as though she had guessed for herself, in the height of her color, the brightness of her eyes. He was a little excited on his own account. Happily their natural embarrassment at entering for the first time such an establishment as that of Grantham's veiled this emotion.

Mrs. Grantham, it happened, seemed to like Forester on first sight. She had him at his ease before the salad; had even burrowed through the overlaying strata of his mind until she arrived at his quiet but keen Western wit. When the two couples retired to the drawing-room for coffee Mrs. Grantham and Forester kept up their tête-à-tête. All this suited very well the purposes of Grantham; it gave him a chance at his woman. He found her shy—that same reserve which he had noticed when Forester had introduced her. Feeling her out, he had first struck a spark of response on the subject of her experiences with New York housekeeping. That led him to reminiscence of forty years ago, when he and his wife, newly married like the Foresters, established themselves in a flat in the West Thirties. He pulled himself up now and then, realizing that he was doing most of the talking. With inner amusement he remarked to himself that she was a good listener; that—were he a younger and less experienced man—that would be tremendously flattering.

Once in the course of the discussion he said: "At least we haven't the regular difficulty with servants. Ours have been with us for a long time. I attribute that, like most good things I enjoy, to my wife. When a woman complains to me that she can't keep servants I am uncharitable enough to wonder if it isn't her own fault. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Forester's face showed the slightest suspicion of a flush as she answered: "I think you are probably right. I—I haven't had a chance to try it out for myself. I do all my own work. It is one of our jokes—Sam's and mine—that when he says some day he's going to give me the luxury to which I was brought up I always say, 'All right—a woman in Monday morning to do the wash '"

Grantham liked the simplicity of that. Their conversation turned then upon her struggles with dumb-waiters and janitors and the strange paraphernalia of life in New York.

Through Mrs. Forester's replies ran a note which suggested to Grantham, still drawing her out, the inquiry: "You find it lonely in New York, don't you? People usually do—at first."

"Yes, it's lonely—and not lonely," she said. "The crowds are interesting. It's wonderful sometimes just to walk down Fifth Avenue and watch."

"And at other times?" put in Grantham.

"At other times they're only feet—just millions of feet—hurrying I don't know where, and I wonder if they know!"

"But there are Cranston people in town, aren't there?" he asked, remembering the process by which most new arrivals in New York begin their acquaintance.

"It's curious," she replied, "but if you'll believe me, there isn't in all New York a living person whom we ever knew in Cranston except one; and I didn't know him in Cranston, but Sam did. He keeps a cabaret. We dined there one night."

"Did you like it?" asked Grantham.

"It was all kinds of an experience," said Mrs. Forester, evading direct reply. "Perhaps I shouldn't like it—but I felt I could go every night!"

Beyond that Grantham could not seem to find that Mrs. Forester had any human association in New York.

When they retired to the drawing-room, when Mrs. Grantham and Forester fell into their tête-à-tête, Grantham asked Mrs. Forester if she would like to look over the house. She responded with an alacrity which had in it a touch of eagerness. He displayed his treasures—his old matched Sheraton, his Lowestoft, his Japanese prints, his paintings of the Barbison school—with the assumption that she knew as much about such matters as he. She did not, and presently she told him so. She neither raved nor gushed, he noticed; but a brightness and intentness of her eye, a little flush of color, betrayed her enjoyment. It was as though feeling drove her within herself, sent her soul scurrying to the depths of its reserve. Only once did she seem to grow enthusiastic. That was when they were looking over some Chinese hangings of a curious, blended blue and green.

"I should love to see them in the sunlight," she said. "You know I have a passion for blue. Sometimes blue hills in a landscape will raise my spirits for the day."

She fell to silence, gently running her fingers over the fabrics, and once more fell back into herself.

Before they rejoined the couple in the drawing-room Grantham recurred again to the delights and difficulties of housekeeping in New York, to reminiscences of his own early days of marriage.

"I should like to see how it is managed now," he said.

She took the opening at once, though she hesitated a little as she spoke.

"Would you let us have you to dinner?" she asked. "It's very simple, you know."

"I'd like nothing better," said he. "Shall we call it a bargain?"

When the Foresters were gone Grantham strolled back to the drawing-room, where his wife still sat looking into the fire.

He lit a cigarette before he asked, "What's your verdict?"

"Very simple and sweet," replied Mrs. Grantham. "And very presentable, of course. What is yours?"

"Verdict reserved," replied Grantham. "Didn't you find her simple and sweet?" asked Mrs. Grantham.

"On the surface, surely," he replied. "She must have fine instincts too—finer than she ever had the chance to develop. But that's only on the surface—I never could seem to get for a moment underneath. I had a sense of a whole reservoir of character from which I never got a drop. She was on her guard to-night, of course; and maybe she was a little embarrassed. Forester is no fool. He must have guessed my intentions toward him."

"I think you'll find the woman inside just what she is on the surface," Mrs. Grantham said.

"Maybe. I'm rather inclined to think so myself. Certainly she hasn't an ounce of pretension in her, which speaks well. By the way, she is going to invite us to dinner—I hinted, and she took the hint. I want to look her over in her own house. She really is pretty, isn't she?"

"I was wondering," said Mrs. Grantham, smiling up at him affectionately, "if any man would have the eye to see that?"

"If you saw it," retorted Grantham, "it was with eyes in the back of your head. When we dine with the Foresters we'll be going into her workshop. I want you to employ that celebrated feminine faculty of observation."

When, that winter night, the Granthams presented themselves at the five-room flat in the Bronx Mrs. Forester met them at the door. Dressed in a blue muslin, she was very trim and slim and short. Every lock of her brown hair lay close to her head under a net. But the sparkle of her blue eyes, like the glitter of her shoe buckles, gave the lie to this ordered appearance. Her excitement seemed to give a faint hint of dishevelment to her thick lashes; even to make more whimsical the peak of her chin. As she ushered her guests into the living room, where Forester waited in his dinner clothes, she looked comfortable and cool. It was a little box of a room; but it gave an impression at first sight of a soft warmth, a bright comfort.

Folding doors, thrown open, revealed a small dining room, its table already set for the first course.

Mrs. Forester established Mrs. Grantham on the couch before the gas fire, placed a cricket at her feet and excused herself.

"Dinner in a minute," she said, "and Sam will entertain you while I get ready."

Grantham, established in a morris chair by the fireplace, let his eyes wander over the room. No single piece of furniture would elsewhere have attracted his attention, and no two pieces matched; but still someone had made of this disharmony an ample, comfortable and harmonious whole. His glance traveled from the other easy-chair, which might—except for its chintz upholstery—have come from some office, over to the couch, which lay covered by a big, homemade afghan, and stopped on the wall paper.

"That's an unusual tint, that wall paper of yours," he remarked to Forester—"a darned fine background for almost anything; and it's put on in squares instead of from the roll. Was it here when you took the place, or ——"

"A little idea of the madam's," said Forester with a not wholly unembarrassed laugh. "This place was horribly run down when we were lucky enough to get it, and the landlord wouldn't make repairs. So we had it papered ——"

Mrs. Forester entered the dining room just then, carrying a tray.

"Alice," he called, "tell them where you got our wall paper."

"The wadding for shoe heels," said Mrs. Forester from the other room. "I happened to see a sample of it in a wholesale house down in Barclay Street, and found I could buy enough to paper the whole place."

"It came cheap," remarked Forester, a little shamefaced.

"It came beautiful also," put in Grantham. "And the border, Mrs. Forester?"

The hostess paused, balancing her tray on edge.

"I found that in Chinatown. Nobody else uses it for wall paper, but I thought it was sweet."

"The effect is perfectly stunning!" said Mrs. Grantham.

Here she and her husband exchanged a look. In their code of domestic understanding it meant approval, distinct approval.

Then, "Dinner is served, ladies and gentlemen," announced Mrs. Forester.

She had been filling the water glasses. When Forester had seated her, Mrs. Grantham gave a swift, feminine appraisal of the table and its furnishings. The table itself was of mahogany; not old, but like everything else, ample and simple. It gave the indefinable suggestion that it had once belonged to a hotel. The silver was plated and new, but of a simple pattern. The china—here Mrs. Grantham made a closer inspection, and she said, "Where in the world did you get those plates? Please excuse me. I always tell about my own things and ask questions about other people's."

"I found them over in the East Hundreds," replied Mrs. Forester—"in the Italian shop where I buy my coffee and tea. They're Italian peasant china. Rather odd, aren't they? But I like them."

"Alice has curious habits in her marketing," laughed Forester, perhaps a little apologetically. "She refuses to trade with the regular shops. She is always getting up at strange and unnatural hours to go to markets on the East Side."

"Well, I buy things there cheaper," said Mrs. Forester, "and it's so much more fun that way—don't you think so?" As seeking the protection of a kindred and understanding soul, she addressed the question to Mr. Grantham. But it was Mrs. Grantham who replied:

"Indeed, I do! When I was first in New York I had time to market round, and I never enjoyed anything more in my life. I always considered the Italian tailors who pressed my husband's clothes as real friends."

"Friends!" exclaimed Forester. "Alice here has a whole League of Nations for friends. There's a Greek fruit dealer and a Hungarian butcher or so, and that Chinaman—what's his name, Alice?"

"Hong Toy," answered Mrs. Forester.

"I'm not sure," said Forester, "but that if we had any chopsticks in the house we'd have Hong Toy here to dinner some night."

"I'm perfectly sure!" announced Mrs. Forester in a still small voice. "He's accepted for next Tuesday."

This brought a laugh, in the midst of which a signal passed between host and hostess.

Sam Forester rose, remarking, "Alice is cook and waitress, I'm bus boy," and began to clear away the grapefruit.

"Hong Toy," ventured Mrs. Forester, "sold me that bowl there." She indicated the central table decoration—a piece of china of a soft, deep green, holding yellow asters. "He wanted to give it to me, but I insisted on buying it."

"I think he cheated himself at that," said Grantham after an inspection. "Next time you see Hong Toy ask him where he got it. That ware is uncommon in America. It's made only in Shan-tung Province, and our American Chinese come from Canton."

"I didn't know it was unusual," said Mrs. Forester, "but Hong Toy has been all over China. He was house boy for an English mining engineer. He told me all about it."

Forester reëntered.

"And now, beauteous cook," he said.

Mrs. Forester disappeared into the kitchen.

"I should call your wife a manager," remarked Mrs. Grantham.

"She's all of that," replied Forester, with just a touch of pride leavening his jesting tone. "I call this place the junk shop—no two things in it were bought at the same place."

"A good antique store might be called a junk shop in the same sense," said Grantham. "Where did she get it all?"

"It's a long dull story," said Forester. "When I came out of the Army and married we weren't exactly what you'd call flush. That Visalia venture had failed just before I went to the O. T. C.—I've told you about that. We got married in such a hurry that friends, relatives and the populace in general didn't have time to buy us wedding presents. They contributed cash, and Alice has been having her fun spending it. That couch, for example, and this table she bought at the auction of the Hotel Hamblen. That serving table she got from the aforesaid Greek fruit dealer, and she painted it with her own fair hands. I can't see it's anything but an old table, but she says she likes its lines."

"And these Windsor chairs?" interrupted Mrs. Grantham.

Alice entered at that moment, bearing a tray.

"Where exactly did you get those chairs, Alice?" asked Forester.

"A craft shop down on Fourth Avenue," replied Alice Forester. "No, they're not antiques. The proprietor was cleaning out some of what he called his fakes at the end of the season, and he let me have them at a bargain price." She set down from the tray a dish of celery, crisp and cool, and, "How do you like a steak?" she asked.

"Medium," said Mr. and Mrs. Grantham together.

"I must hurry back before it gets too well done," said Mrs. Forester; and disappeared again.

Three minutes later she was back, first with a bowl of steaming hot baked potatoes and then with the steak.

"How do you manage it all?" asked Mrs. Grantham as Forester settled himself to carve. "Now why do I ask you that, when I did it so many times myself in those early years when Jim and I were having such hard times? I know just what work it's been—scraping the grapefruit, getting rid of the pulp and scalloping the edges. I used to do it too. I have sixteen servants

(Concluded on Page 32)

WE have a comfortable feeling that the Hupmobile is one of the household possessions most pleasantly remembered in the home on Christmas morning.

All of us are prone, on the great day, to recall, in particular, our faithful friends; and, in the world of inanimate things which serve us faithfully and well, the Hupmobile may surely be included.

We renew our promise on this Christmas Day that everything that can be done, will continue to be done to make the Hupmobile worthy of the high position it holds as the car of the American family.

(Concluded from Page 30)

in my house, but I notice I never get a grapefruit with the fiber entirely cut."

Mrs. Forester laughed, but with some of the preoccupation of the hostess.

"One has to manage," she admitted. "Now here," she added with a little spurt of animation, "is some currant jelly I can boast of—my mother put it up."

Grantham, when he had buttered a hot baked potato to his satisfaction, took a mouthful or two of steak before he spoke.

"Mrs. Forester, it may interest you to know that I pay my chef four thousand dollars a year. He can make me sole margery so you'd think it had been transported by magic from Paris, and artichoke à la Romano so you'd think you were in Rome; but he can't cook me a plain steak with nothing on it but salt. It's been months since I tasted anything so good."

The steak finished, Forester rose in his capacity of bus boy. Grantham offered to help, but Forester brushed him aside.

"An expert like me can't take chances with the blunders of an amateur," he said.

While Forester cleared away the talk fell to the two women, Grantham, sitting back in his chair, occasionally brushing a glance across the face of Mrs. Forester, absorbed only glints and snatches of this conversation: "I used to say I hated morris chairs, but Sam wants to be comfortable." "Yes, you always have to consider their comfort—the brutes." "In the basement of Wanamacy's ——" "Upholstery stitch—oh, I learned that from a woman's magazine." He was piecing together his impressions, seeking the answer to his problem. It looked all right so far. These minute and pretty economies proved her an expert at the job of being a wife, as her charming, simple manner of playing the hostess argued her social gift. But was he any nearer to the woman inside?

Forester returned with the salad. The ladies dragged him into their discussion of woman's trade. Grantham still managed to hold himself aloof, while he pursued his path of reflection. His mind traveled back to those other women who had so troubled his career. Certainly she was not extravagant like Mrs. Howell—at least not yet. She had an appearance of physical wholesomeness which argued against the possibility of her going the route of poor Mrs. Davis. But there was Mrs. Smith, the trouble maker.

"Men see through a rosy haze," Grantham cautioned himself. "I am inclined to like this woman, but I mustn't let that blind me. She's inarticulate. Naturally at this moment she's trying to put her best foot forward. There is a lot under the surface, and I haven't touched it."

When, the dinner over, Mrs. Grantham was established on the couch with a coffee cup and her husband sat in the morris chair lighting a cigar, the two guests had a chance to exchange signals in the wireless code of matrimony. Mrs. Grantham shot a glance which registered decided approval. Her husband's expression showed nothing. Then Forester dropped down beside Mrs. Grantham and they fell into a tête-à-tête. Mrs. Forester, returning from the kitchen, encountered Grantham looking over her pictures. Quite simply he led her back to the story of her nest building.

"It's only a five-room apartment," said Mrs. Forester; "the two rooms you see, our bedroom, the kitchen and the little room off the kitchen which is intended for a maid's room. When—when the time comes for us to have a maid I think I'll make her sleep out, because I've found another use for the room. Would you like to see the rest of the apartment?"

So she led Grantham through the bedroom, through the kitchen, and finally into the doll-size chamber behind the kitchen, its single window opening on a light well.

"Sam's den—his workroom," she announced. "Has he informed you that he has a passion for old-fashioned roll-top desks? That's the one piece of furniture in this house that he was allowed to buy himself. He let me tidy it up to-night for company. That's a great concession on his part. Usually I'm not allowed to touch it until the floor is so deep in papers that you have to wade."

Grantham cast his eye over the open desk, its writing surface covered with neatly stacked papers, its top with books, reports, pamphlets; over the swivel chair, the wastebasket, the calendar on the wall.

Then his eye stopped, fixed on the one object incongruous with the businesslike neatness of the room. On a corner of the desk stood that vase which Johnny Deignan had given Mrs. Forester as a wedding present. Mrs. Forester went on, chatting of masculine ways and foibles. But Grantham's eyes remained on the vase.

He took a step forward, and—"That's a beautiful vase you have there," he said. "Would you mind if I examined it?"

He had turned his gaze now upon Mrs. Forester. She gave a slight start, and a blush as of confusion tinged her cheek.

"Oh—I—I forgot!" she said with a little more than her usual difficulty in finding speech.

Grantham did not wait for her permission. He picked up the vase, tilted it, looked at its bottom.

"And what did you forget?" he asked, as one who makes conversation.

His tone was casual, but his face had changed. His eyes had narrowed to points of light. His mouth had become a pale crease. His office knew that expression as the old man's fighting face; when he looked so, wise subordinates kept out of his way. But Mrs. Forester did not see the change, for her eyes were on the floor.

"Forgot and left it there after I washed it," she said. "Sam doesn't—Sam doesn't like it to be where it can be seen."

Grantham's expression changed again. All emotion went out of his features. It was now his poker face.

"And why doesn't Sam like to see it? It's perhaps"—here Grantham, with an air of conscious deliberation, tilted the vase to perpendicular, held it at arm's length—"it's perhaps the most beautiful object in this house."

In a voice so low that she seemed scarcely to breathe as she spoke, Mrs. Forester made a strange announcement:

"It's yours."

Grantham gave a little start, so that he almost dropped the vase. The quick, convulsive movement by which he recovered his hold saved him in that instant from betraying too much emotion. When he had set the vase down carefully on the desk his poker face had again veiled his soul. A question had rushed to his lips, but he bit it off—said nothing.

But curiously, as Grantham's poker face slipped on, Mrs. Forester's veil of reticence seemed to slip off. She was looking up now. Her eyes were bright. From mere prettiness she had blossomed in an instant to beauty.

"Would you take stolen property," unaccountably asked Mrs. Forester, "if someone you trusted gave it to you?"

"That depends," replied Grantham, utterly noncommittal.

"You see," said Mrs. Forester, "that is a stolen vase."

Grantham, sure of his muscular reactions now, picked up the vase again, and again tilted it.

"It is easily identified," he said. "'Wedgwood 43' is the mark. Possibly there isn't another specimen of Wedgwood 43 in this country." He turned on Mrs. Forester and asked casually, "How do you know that this vase was stolen?"

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mrs. Forester.

Grantham, still holding the vase, sank into the swivel chair. Mrs. Forester settled herself on a footstool, clasped her hands about her knees. As she looked up he perceived for the first time that she had grown beautiful; but he fought back this realization lest it blind his judgment.

"I'll tell you all I know," she began a little hesitantly. "You see, once just after I came to New York—my husband took me to a cabaret in the Tenderloin. He knew the proprietor—a really wonderful gentleman. They were boys together in Scranston. It was the first time I had ever been in such a place. I liked it—and I didn't like it. Did you ever hear music sound drunk, Mr. Grantham? That was how it sounded to me. It wasn't really gay, though it seemed so. I'm not telling this well. But I wonder if you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Grantham briefly, "I know."

"But I did like some of the people about the place itself. There was a big, fat contralto with a tinny voice—I could have hugged her! And as for Mr. Deignan—there, I shouldn't have mentioned his name—you won't repeat it, will you, Mr. Grantham? Well, he was a dear. I liked him on sight—perhaps partly because he seemed to like me. I felt quite sure that under the Tenderloin part of him Mr. Deignan was really fine.

"He wanted to give us a wedding present, so he brought out this. He told me frankly that it had been stolen. He hadn't stolen it himself—not that. He couldn't even prove that it had been stolen at all; but he was morally sure, and so was I. He bought it from the thief—never mind who—someone he knew was crooked—someone he wanted to help get out of the way, I suppose.

"I loved it as soon as I saw it. I've told you what blue does to me. That is the most heavenly blue I ever saw. But Sam didn't enjoy it. Sam is awfully honest, you know—so honest that he bends backward. I could see he didn't want me to take it, and I had a sort of feeling that I ought not. Then—Mr. Deignan said something that made me change my mind. He said it had probably been stolen again and again. At any rate, it had always been passed for money. This was the first time, perhaps, that it had been just given—because—because somebody liked somebody else. I felt that giving it like that was taking the curse off it, and the more I looked at it the more I loved it."

Mrs. Forester had been talking so fast that her breath was catching like that of a little girl. She paused a moment. Grantham did not take advantage of this opportunity to put in a word. He simply sat regarding the vase, with an occasional side glance at her. And after a moment she went on.

"Sam didn't like it at all—my taking what he called stolen goods. The old dear hates this vase now—partly, I guess, because he didn't want me to take it and I did. So I hid it away when he was round—on a shelf in my closet. But daytimes when he was away I put it where I could see it. I loved it more and more. Sometimes that blue gave me a feeling as though—as though I were crystal gazing. To-day when I was clearing up I washed it—and just by accident I left it in the very place where Sam would see it. I'm glad I did that, because now ——"

Mrs. Forester stopped, this time not from lack of breath but plainly from a little return of her shyness. When she spoke again she attacked her story from a new angle.

"But I began to wonder—if I'd been honest with myself. It isn't so hard, is it, to be honest with other people? But with yourself—you see, I loved it more and more. A thing as beautiful as that"—her eyes met Grantham's with a flash so compelling that an answering flash broke through his face—"is always—always alive, don't you think? It almost sings. But I'd made myself believe I was taking it to please Mr. Deignan, and to remove the curse—partly that at least. I began to wonder if I wouldn't have taken it anyway—just because I loved it and was greedy for it. Sam had hinted at that. I was a little—a little hurt at the time, but I began to wonder if he wasn't right. Even when I was enjoying it more than I can tell, my mind wasn't at ease. It wasn't exactly a guilty conscience either—if you know what I mean.

"And last week I said to myself that if I ever met anyone who liked it—who was capable of liking it as much as I do—I'd give it to him. You see, when Mr. Deignan gave it to me he didn't have any trouble in parting with it. He didn't especially care for it. With me it would be different; and if whoever got it wouldn't ever sell it—would give it away himself sometime—to someone who loved it—the curse would be laid. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Forester was looking at the floor now, but through her thick lashes her eyes were bright. Grantham's face had changed again. He wore his accustomed air of aged benevolence, but a curious little smile played about his lips.

"That's what I mean," concluded Mrs. Forester, "when I say—it's yours."

"I suppose," said Grantham, "you know the value of what you're giving away? It's worth ——"

"Don't, please!" broke in Mrs. Forester. "I don't want to know its value in money."

"Mrs. Forester," said Grantham, and his tone had more warmth than his words, "I accept and I thank you." He paused a moment. "I accept the conditions too. I will give it away sometime—when I find somebody who likes it as much as you and I. And may I say that you make me ashamed of being a collector?"

Mrs. Forester looked up with a little appeal in her eyes.

"I think I won't tell Sam until to-morrow. If you'll join the others I'll wrap it up and put it with your coat in the hall."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Grantham of her husband in the elevator.

"Wait until we are in the car," replied her husband.

As the limousine shot forward Grantham unwrapped his bundle, held up the vase.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Grantham. "Why—why!" she spluttered. "I declare to goodness!" she ended futilely.

Grantham turned up the butt of the vase, pointed.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "Wedgwood 43—the one you admired so when you saw it at Van Horne's, the one I bought you for a Christmas present—by the same token, the one that was stolen from my office."

Mrs. Grantham spoke in a choked whisper.

"Where did you ——"

She finished her sentence with a look of utter dismay.

"I recovered it in the Forester flat—a half an hour ago," said Grantham. But he chuckled as he spoke.

"In the Forester flat!" repeated Mrs. Grantham. "And he is—and I liked them so much!"

"Before you indulge in any conjectures, Lettie," said Grantham, "you'd better listen to the story. I'll give you the snapper first. To-morrow morning young Mr. Forester is going to receive a not wholly unexpected promotion. You see, Lettie, I've discovered the woman inside. And she's beautiful—very beautiful!"

JUNK

(Continued from Page 10)

About noon he ate a frugal lunch of milk and pie, and then after visiting sundry junk and secondhand stores he took the car back home; and about ten minutes after his arrival he opened the back door to the knock of a brown-skinned, earringed man in overalls, who grinned at him engagingly, with a fine show of white teeth.

"You got some b-r-rick maybe you like to trade for beans—or garlic, eh? I'm Joe Da Silva. Mr. O'Reill, he say see you."

Sam looked kindly, but doubtful.

"I was thinking of trading that brick for Persian rugs," he said. "Still ——"

It was a protracted struggle. A good deal may be said for and against brick—also beans. Da Silva had plenty of time on his eloquent hands apparently, and Sam was in no hurry whatever now. In the end the trade was made advantageously to both parties. The Portuguese got a trifle more than the market for his beans, and Sam priced his brick somewhat below the wrecking company's figure; but, on the other hand, Sam estimated that he would have either a credit of eight dollars and thirty cents at the general store, or a staple worth at current quotations twelve dollars, less transportation and commission, which he counted clear gain.

Back to the general store Sam trudged, and as a result of an interview with the storekeeper the original brick were transmuted into general merchandise to the value of twenty cents above estimate—to wit, an even eight dollars and a half.

"Provided them there beans grades up to these here," said the storekeeper.

"Not so bad for the first day's work!" Sam reflected as he left the store.

But the day's work was not yet done, for he arrived at his own gate almost simultaneously with a light wagon driven by a little, twisted person whom he recognized with a distinct thrill.

"Tho thith ith where you are, ith it?" hailed the little man, pulling his willing

(Continued on Page 35)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

A Test That Proves Quality

ALONG the waterfront, in addition to wind, sun, rain and snow, roofs are subjected to penetrating fogs and continuous dampness. Here the economy of Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing is constantly demonstrated. For, no matter how severe the conditions of service, this popular plain-surfaced roofing gives unqualified satisfaction.

The Everlastic line also includes three styles of slate-surfaced roofings—two in shingle form and one in roll form. The crushed slate surface, in a beautiful shade of red or green, is the finishing touch that gives distinction to even the most humble residence.

The moderate cost, attractiveness, fire-resistance and durability of Everlastic Roofings have made them the popular choice for *steep-roofed* buildings of all kinds.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement included.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

(Four Shingles in One) The newest thing in roofing. Tough, elastic and durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather- and fire-resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles

Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles, size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof, and costs less per year of service.

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati
Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans	Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas
Nashville	Syracuse	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth	Salt Lake City
Bangor	Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon	Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo
Columbus	Richmond	Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore
Omaha	Houston	Denver	Jacksonville			

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Look for the Everlastic Name. It's your protection against inferior roofings.

Illustrated booklets, describing the four styles of Everlastic, sent free on request.

L. V. CARROLL

The modern hotel is but one example of better service made possible through intelligent application of electrically driven appliances

Massage Vibrator equipped with G-E motor

Dishwasher equipped with ¼ H. P. motor

Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

Adding machine equipped with ⅛ H. P. motor

Floor scrubbing machine, ¼ H. P. motor encased

Knife cleaner driven by ¼ H. P. motor

Speeding Up Service with G-E Motors

IN the big hotel kitchen, the chef and his assistants press a few buttons. A food chopper here, a potato peeler over there, a mayonnaise mixer, a coffee grinder and an ice-cream freezer, all begin to whirr merrily. Everything runs like clockwork, for the public must be served, and with G-E Motors on the job service is simple.

It's the same way upstairs, where electric scrubbing machines and floor polishers keep halls and corridors spotless and shining. Or down in the barber shop, where electric vibrators and warm-air blowers help to groom Mr. Business Man. And in the hotel office electric adding and billing machines make accounting quicker and more accurate.

Without G-E Motors this work would be done, for hand or foot power would operate the same machines. But that would mean slower service, more servants, harder work. So the General Electric Company, in building and applying small motors to small tools and machines, have broadened the usefulness of these labor savers, and at the same time have established the fact that there are hundreds of other machines for various kinds of work which may profitably be motorized.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

5SB-15

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 32)

horse to a standstill. "I had thome buthineth down thith way, tho I thought I'd thtop and thee what you've got."

"I don't believe I've anything you want," said Sam indifferently, "but you can get out and look—if you don't take up too much of my time."

Again a long and stubborn fight; yet not so long as it might have been if Sam had yielded to his opponent's repeated requests to look at "thomething elthe you've got, ain't it? That marble-top table, now. My woman ——"

"Nothing doing," Sam answered firmly. "I told you what I was willing to let go. If you want anything I mentioned"—he caught a furtive but revealing glance—"anything but that sewing machine. I guess I'll keep that."

He had hit the mark. It was the sewing machine and nothing else that the little man wanted. Advancing, retreating, with feints at the cheval glass in the upstairs bedroom, at the box stove in the basement, at the old, broken-stringed harp with tarnished gilding that stood, mute-souled as Tara's, cheek by jowl with a music cabinet of Indian workmanship, at everything in sight, but returning always to the sewing machine, the little man did his best. But Sam met him capably at every turn, and in the final rally came off with spoil of two dollars and a quarter, plus the checked suit, which, it transpired, the little man had thoughtfully brought with him.

"Come again," said Sam cheerfully, after he had helped to load the machine into the wagon.

In any case, Sam was greatly exhilarated. In the days of his prosperity he had always taken clothes—and clothes of correct cut and superfine material—for granted. That he had insensibly slumped in the particular of dress was only a phase of his general slump. When Hobart's clerk had tapped him on the shoulder he had realized his own disreputable appearance for the first time, and from that moment his shabbiness galled him. But it had taken Miss Walling's recrudescence, her brief, indifferent look and nod, to make shabbiness insupportable. Miss Walling had stimulated him in more ways than one, but here in these at least decent garments was the first tangible result of her influence.

The next morning, attired in these decent garments, he strolled over to Mrs. O'Reilly's henhouses, and—not altogether fortuitously encountered that lady in company with Miss Walling. They had been searching for eggs, and Mrs. O'Reilly bore a basketful of them on her arm. Miss Walling acknowledged Sam's greeting with another slight glance and cool bow. Mrs. O'Reilly was more genial.

"Talk of the angels and ye'll see their wings," she exclaimed. "We was just speaking of you, Mr. Weatherbee, and I was telling Miss Mattie here that you would not want her to go back wanting her bunch of roses, and she ——"

"I couldn't think of depriving ——" Miss Mattie began.

"I hope Miss Walling won't think that she isn't very welcome to all the roses she wants," said Sam with grave politeness. "I shall feel deeply hurt if she refuses to take them."

"Didn't I say so?" cried Mrs. O'Reilly triumphantly. "Go you on, the both of you, and get them, whilst I take the eggs in and count 'em out."

Miss Walling hesitated. Sam looked her straight in her hazel eyes and smiled in an aggravating way.

"Since you are so kind, then," she said indifferently.

"Rather a surprise, meeting you here," said Sam as they walked along the path toward the house.

"It was a surprise to me," she answered.

"Gratifying, I suppose."

"Not overwhelmingly."

"I mean that it must have been gratifying, to a certain extent, to find your judgment of me confirmed—seeing the loafer in appropriate rags and tatters and suitable society."

"I don't quite understand. As to your society, Mr. O'Reilly is a friend of mine—whom I respect."

"I'll say one thing for you," Sam told her, "you didn't wait until I was down to jump on me. Still, why keep on doing it?"

"I was very sorry indeed to hear of your misfortune," she continued. "No, I wasn't though. I was glad. At least ——"

Sam had left her to cut a rose from a near-by bush. He gave it to her.

"I don't know the name of this one, but I like it," he said. "There are some more on the south side of the house. So you were glad? That sounds almost flattering. I didn't think that you honored me with an active dislike; I supposed it was merely contempt."

"Mr. Weatherbee!"

"Miss Walling!"

"You will remember that you were not very polite to me on a certain occasion. You said some things that ——"

Sam grinned.

"I did," he admitted. "But you began it, didn't you? You might have been satisfied to reject me in the ordinary, gentle way, but instead of softening the blow—padding the hammer, so to speak, you ——"

"I told you some plain truths about yourself, and you told me that I was silly and a romantic fool."

"I beg your pardon, but I think your memory is a little at fault. I told you that something you said was silly, and that something else was romantic foolishness. You must see the distinction."

"I don't," said Miss Mattie, her eyes flashing. "But I don't wish to discuss that and only referred to it to tell you that in spite of your abominable rudeness I wasn't glad because—well, I was glad because I hoped losing everything would do you good."

"Thanks," said Sam dryly.

The young woman colored at his tone and manner.

"It was a friendly hope—even if it has proved to be ill-founded," she said with spirit.

Sam turned so quickly that he almost lost his balance.

"Those were my working clothes that I was wearing yesterday," he said.

Mattie Walling laughed—not quite so agreeably as usual.

"What work are you doing?" she asked. "I certainly have not heard"—she checked herself and took the buds that he handed down to her. "Oh, please don't cut any more! Really, I mean it."

"Just as you say." Sam leaped lightly to the ground. "If you don't mind, I'll walk back with you and see that Mrs. O'Reilly doesn't give you all the eggs, and if you think you have more roses than you want, why, you might give me one—to show there's no hard feeling."

"Not the least," said Miss Walling sweetly, and gave him one. He took it and held it in his hand, looking at it meditatively.

"Yes," he resumed, "whatever you may think, I am working—seriously and with a definite plan and a definite aim, as you once recommended. I am engaged in a business for which I think I am qualified; for which I seem to have a natural taste and in which I am determined to make a success. Be kind, dear girl, and let who will be clever. Here, by the way, is my business calling me and I shall be obliged to forgo pleasure. *Au revoir!*"

Joe Da Silva had driven up to the gate with his beans, and stopped at an arresting gesture of Sam's hand. Sam had taken a step toward him when Miss Mattie's curiosity got the better of her.

"What is this business?" she inquired.

"Junk," Sam answered succinctly over his shoulder, and went on.

"Whatever it is, he has changed," the girl murmured.

And then she found herself wondering what Sam had done with that rose, for he was wearing no coat on which he might have pinned it before he got into the wagon.

After supper that evening Sam indulged himself in a little retrospection in which Mattie was the central figure. First, he recalled his recent conversation with her. Did the girl honestly think that on a certain occasion she had been the aggrieved and insulted party? When he had made his proposal of marriage or declaration of affection or whatever you call it, less than a year before, she had simply taken the hide off him. "Loafer" was the name that she had actually applied. She had talked about an aim in life, a serious occupation as a duty to society, reproved him for his extravagance and his waste of time in frivolous amusement and all that sort of rot. Naturally, he had told her that it was rot and romantic foolishness—which it was.

"At that, she may have been right," Sam reflected. "And, after all, there isn't a girl in the world who can smile like her or laugh like her. No reason in the world why I should try to dodge her if she wants to be friendly—as long as she's here. A friendly hope, eh?—even if it has proved to be ill-founded! I'd like to show her—just let her see that I'm not exactly a dead one. Coises on her! What did she want to come here for? I wish to the Lord she hadn't!"

Here he remembered that O'Reilly had told him that Miss Walling was visiting at the Coolidge "bungaloo," and he wondered why it had not occurred to him at the time that the Coolidges were a San Francisco family, and that the visit might have a certain significance. Dillingham Coolidge was the young man who had given Bill Tate that nasty, meaning look across the table when the three had lunched at Goby's Chop House and Sam had let the check get by him. Dillingham Coolidge had been a frequent caller at the Wallings'. The color of Dillingham Coolidge's hair had always been peculiarly offensive to Sam Weatherbee's eye, and the Coolidge conversation had impinged painfully on the nerves situated in the back of his neck. He, Sam, had never heard of the Coolidges owning a bungalow in this part of the state, but ——

"But what of it?" said Sam to himself. "Supposing so to be, what has it to do with the junk business? Let's see what opportunities the swap column offers to-night. Somebody may have a wheel that will fit into the débris of that old wagon."

With that, Sam relit his pipe and opened the evening paper. He went down the column very carefully and marked several of the advertisements with a stub of a lead pencil.

But no casual stranger, unless he had happened to be an efficiency expert, would have thought that Sam was economizing effort during the next three or four days as he worked at his stock in trade. One of the days he devoted to a tour of the immediate neighborhood for the purpose of extending his acquaintance. He picked up some useful information and a sound wagon wheel that matched the surviving three belonging to a dismantled wagon in his collection. That wagon needed only some repairing and reassembling to make it useful once more, and all that was required to restore it to more than pristine beauty was a coat or two of the red paint that he had painfully thinned and strained from its caked and dirt-incrusted three-gallon can. Except for that one day off, he was almost continually in the sheds or the barn, leaving them only to prepare and eat his meals, and working after supper as long as there was light enough to see. Then he would give his attention to the swap columns of the evening paper, and write a letter or two to advertisers, which he confided to the rural mail carrier by the medium of O'Reilly. As one result of the letters, he parted with a walnut hatrack that he did not want and acquired a stout set of harness that he had decided he would want, with a boot of three dollars and a quarter. The harness man came to the house in a car that he had recently bought.

"I don't believe I want that harness after all," Sam said seriously. "If I can pick up a little trick like that at anywhere near the price you paid it would pay me better than to get a horse."

Well, the outcome was that Sam got his three-and-a-quarter boot.

He was in the act of hanging the harness on a peg in the barn when a delicate cough at the door caused him to turn. A black-eyed young woman, attired in a rose-colored silk sweater and a prismatic plaid skirt that was cut so as not to impede movement in the least, stood peering in at him.

"I was looking for Mr. Weatherbee," she explained.

"Here he is, Janie," said Sam coolly.

The fact that he had recognized Dillingham Coolidge's sister with something of a shock was not apparent in the least.

"Why, of all things!" she laughed. "It's so dark in there I didn't know you. Are you coming out?"

Sam came out and offered her a hand that she declined to take.

"No, thank you. I could leap with joy at seeing you again, and I'm so thrilled I don't know what to do with myself; but I think you will have to excuse me until you get some of it off. So this is where you have been hiding from your friends!"

"This is the retreat," Sam told her. "I had a feeling that you would leave no stone unturned until you found me, and here you've done it."

"Mattie found you first," said Miss Jane Coolidge with a malicious smile. "Why haven't you called?"

"Pressure of business, for one thing; and for another, I didn't know you were here," said Sam. "Is there some black on my nose, Janie?"

"I can't see your nose, but there's a lot of black in the place where it ought to be," replied Miss Coolidge. "Well, come and see us. We're crazy to have you. And bring your racket—we've a good court."

"How's Pickles?" Sam inquired.

"Dill? Oh, he's all right! We expect him down here this week-end. He'll be awfully surprised and pleased to see you here. He has often talked of you since your mysterious disappearance."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Sam. "I'll be as glad to see him as he will be to see me."

"Funny you don't like him when you're so fond of me!" remarked Miss Jane. "You are fond of me, aren't you? Not that I have any doubt about it, but I like to hear you say so."

"I simply dote on you, but I'm very busy just now," Sam told her. "I'd let you watch me work if I wasn't making such a dust. After eggs?"

"And roses," said she. "You are as polite as ever. Your stable manners are perfect, Sammy dear."

"I'd better be going in and exercising them," said Sam, suiting the action to the word. "Help yourself to roses. By-by!"

There was quite a gathering on the spacious porch of the Coolidge bungalow when Mr. Samuel Weatherbee, dressed in all his best, arrived there a little before the canonical hour of four in the afternoon, some days after Miss Jane had paid him that visit. He arrived reluctantly, in response to a somewhat informal invitation from Mrs. Coolidge that was intrusted to Mattie Walling, but actually delivered by Judge O'Reilly, the day before. He had been painting his wagon at the time, and had at first returned a rather curt refusal; but O'Reilly artlessly—or artfully—happened to repeat some of the conversation that he had held with Miss Walling, in which conversation Sam conceived himself to have been misrepresented, so he finally decided to attend this tea fight and correct any erroneous impressions that the old mischief-maker might have conveyed.

So here he was, and here were three or four other young men in tennis flannels, and as many girls, including Jane Coolidge, who came forward to welcome him and present him to her aunt.

"Mr. Weatherbee, your neighbor and a friend of Dill's, auntie dear. Dill and Mattie are somewhere around. One never knows where." She gave Sam the malicious little smile that was one of her charms. "Miss Granby, Miss Reynolds and Miss King, Mr. Weatherbee. Mr. Parsons, Mr. King and Mr. Wycroft. And that's that. Sit down, Sammy. Milk, lemon, sugar—all or neither? Mattie, you know Mr. Weatherbee, I believe."

Mattie Walling and Dillingham Coolidge had come in from the garden, and had been heard to laugh consumedly in coming. Sam may have arrived at Malvolio's naïve conclusion, or he may have been—and most likely was—feeling aggrieved for another personal reason. At all events, his bow to Miss Walling was rather dignified than graceful, and his smile was bleak. It was with some surprise then that he became aware that her smile was entirely friendly and—he imagined—somewhat deprecatory; also that she was holding out her hand, furthermore, when he clasped it he felt a pressure, slight perhaps, but unmistakable.

"Of course I know Mr. Weatherbee," she said. "We are old friends, aren't we?"

Before Sam could answer Dillingham edged in. He was a young man who had a way of edging himself toward any desired object.

"I thought his face was familiar," he said with his peculiar idea of a hearty manner. "Well, old man, how have they been treating you all this long while? We've been thinking you were dead. Fellow told me that you were—only the other day."

"Dead broke, or cut dead, but not otherwise," said Sam. "How are you, Pickles? I don't see much change in you."

"You are as damnably dapper as ever," he might have added if he had spoken his not unbiased thought—"as sickeningly smooth-skinned, as pitiably pink-cheeked, as fatuously fish-mouthed as when last we met. Your supercilously high-arched eyebrows and your too closely set black eyes affect me with the same distaste. I suspect you of using a lipstick."

"No, I'm generally short of change," rejoined Dillingham smartly. "Fancy meeting you here! Gone into the junk business, the girls tell me."

"I didn't," Mattie broke in quickly, and then looked very much confused.

"Quite right," replied Sam coolly, but perfectly conscious of the general attention. "In a small way, but we hope to grow and extend our operations."

"We?"

"The West Coast Barter and Purchase Corporation, with branches about to sprout at San Diego, Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle," Sam replied, with a recollection of a suggestion of O'Reilly's. "How would you like to take the San Francisco branch?"

"Rags 'n' ol' iron!" Dillingham chanted nasally.

That brought a laugh, and Miss Granby, a fluffy little blonde, piped up, "O' clo', o' clo', o' clo'! Any o' clo'!" which increased the merriment. The young man named King kept it going by inquiring the price of empty bottles. He said that he had a large collection at his diggin's. Then Jane Coolidge, not to be behindhand, told her aunt that she must save her papers for Mr. Weatherbee. They had lots of sport with Sam.

Sam sat through it, his face woodenly expressionless. He was satisfied with one thing—that Mattie was out of sympathy with this baiting.

But Dillingham had not done with him.

"Well, I suppose there's money in it, old man," he said kindly, and then his eye roved appraisingly over Sam's attire. "You look prosperous," he continued, "but just the same, if you were a perfect stranger, and you told me that somebody had died and left you a million or two to be expended in charity, I'd holler for the police."

Sam's impassive face relaxed into a grin.

"Meaning these checks?" he inquired, looking at the sleeve of his coat with a complacency that he was far from feeling. "That's publicity work, Pickles. Keeps me in the public eye and stamps me on the public memory. 'Weatherbee of the West Coast—man in a loud checked suit—drives a red wagon.' Get the idea? I had a grandfather who was some little old trader, and he was famous all over San Francisco for his white waistcoats. People who wanted to trade found him easy to recognize, and the waistcoat always seemed to hypnotize them and make them soft picking. They were so busy kidding him about that waistcoat that they overlooked old Sam's snickersnee until he had got it into them up to the hilt. The red wagon is my own elaboration. I've just painted the first one, and I'm going to have all our wagons painted red and the men who drive them wear checked suits."

"Not a bad idea at all," remarked a new voice.

Sam looked round and saw an elderly gentleman who had been standing unobserved by the opening of a French window leading to the porch.

"I remember, as a young man, seeing your grandfather, Mr. Weatherbee," continued the newcomer, advancing and shaking Sam's hand. "I am glad to see you here and to know that I have you for a neighbor. Coolidge," he added with a smile.

"Another of them!" thought Sam. But he decided that he liked this one better than the rest. "A keen old bird, but he doesn't look mean."

Mr. Coolidge settled himself into a chair beside his young guest.

"I'm in the real-estate business myself," he said, "but that's the foundation of all enterprises, isn't it? So I'm naturally interested in yours. Or is all this I hear a joke?"

"It may or may not be," replied Sam. "I'm inclined to take it quite seriously, though."

"Is it really ——"

"Junk—yes, sir." He smiled at the attentive group as he said it. "I'm going to see if I can't get the junk out of junket. And that reminds me that it's about time I was getting back to it. I hope you'll look in on me sometime, Mr. Coolidge—when you haven't anything better to do." He got up and went over to his hostess, to whom he mendaciously made acknowledgment of her kindness and the pleasure it had given him. Then to the others: "Watch for the little red wagon, ladies and gents."

And with a farewell grin, a nod and a wave of his hand, he left them.

"Now I guess they will leave me alone," he said to himself grimly, as he walked, with a suspicion of a swagger, down the path that led to the gate.

He was mistaken in this, for Miss Mattie had preceded him, and, in a manner, waylaid him in a side path that was well screened by shrubbery. He pretended not to see her, but she called to him.

"Going?" she asked lightly.

"It doesn't look as if I were coming, does it?" Sam replied impolitely.

"I don't blame you," she said. "Dillingham Coolidge and Jane made me furious."

She twisted the tiny bracelet watch on her wrist nervously, and then raised her eyes to his with the expression that he had before noticed and which he had fancied was rather deprecatory.

"You didn't think I told them? Mr. O'Reilly told Jane the other day that you were in your junk shop, and she—well, you know Jane. I don't think that Mr. O'Reilly would have intentionally told her anything that he thought would embarrass you. And for that matter, I don't suppose—junk—I want you to know that I ——"

"Yes?" said Sam blandly.

"I was going to say that I had changed my opinion of you, and sympathized with you; but I can see that you need no sympathy whatever, and that my opinion is of no consequence or interest." She turned away from him angrily and abruptly.

"Mattie!" said Sam.

"Anyway, I've changed it again," she flashed out.

"Mattie!"

"And I think you have found a very suitable occupation."

"Thank you," said Sam stiffly. "So do I."

He walked quickly home, and passing Michael O'Reilly with a repelling nod, went into the house and changed to his working clothes with some violence.

"I guess they will let me alone now!" he muttered between very tightly clamped teeth, and this time he was right.

A few days after the tea party he acquired a horse that he had been dickering for; not much of a horse, but, as O'Reilly pointed out, it had four legs.

"And," added the old man, "I'll not be surprised if you find a bottle or two of hair tonic on some shelf you've overlooked, and with that and your jaynius for making old things new he may yet take a blue ribbon at the next horse show." Sam groomed this veteran and hitched him up to the very red and glistening wagon; and on this, his first trip, he passed the Coolidge bungalow, scorning to drive out of his way to avoid it.

There were half a dozen or so young people in the tennis court, and one of them saw him and called the attention of the others to the pleasing sight, upon which the game had instantly stopped and tennis rackets waved amid shouts and squeals that Sam rightly interpreted as derisive.

Sam humped himself over on the seat, his face a blank and his eyes fixed on a point between the horse's ears. "Rags 'n' ol' iron!" he intoned loudly. "Rags 'n' ol' iron!" and so passed out of their ken.

He wondered if Mattie had been among them and had waved her racket. He had deigned only the briefest glance at the silly bunch, and could not be sure; but he knew that she had not squealed at him. Later he learned from O'Reilly, with whom he was again on friendly and familiar terms, that Miss Walling had returned to San Francisco.

"So no more of her," said Sam to himself quite cheerfully.

Thereafter, month after month, he dogged away steadily at his business; and the once disorderly barn and sheds took the aspect of small warehouses, wherein was a large quantity of miscellaneous material, separated and classified, shelved and partitioned in the most convenient and accessible manner. From time to time various articles were taken from the stock and replaced by others. As necessity obliged certain things were sold outright, and with increasing frequency outright purchases were made; but in the main the West Coast policy leaned rather to exchange than to buying and selling.

It was a going concern, and a coming one. In the little red wagon Sam came and went, raking the immediate countryside and visiting the near-by towns until he became more and more familiar to country and town. People began to look for him, regarding him and his bizarre conveyance as at once an established joke and a more or less profitable means of ridding themselves of superfluous property. Sam had a way with him—a good-natured brusquerie and a readiness of retort that made him popular. He had a growing greediness for information regarding the number of things of which the world is so interestingly full; and whatever he learned he classified and shelved away somewhere in the back of his head, on the principle that O'Reilly had decried—that even if it seemed of no present value, it might come in handy some day. Junk of information. Inquisitive, acquisitive, active and incisive. Yes, Mattie, there was certainly quite a difference in Sam.

One evening, Mr. Coolidge—of the bungalow—called on Sam, and found him at a table in a corner of the veranda immersed in accounts. It was not Mr. Coolidge's first call. In a friendly, if casual, sort of way, he had shown quite an interest in the young man, and had taken in good part Sam's refusal to be sociable and neighborly and drop in once in a while. He had even prevailed upon Mrs. Coolidge to send Mr. Weatherbee an invitation to their daughter's wedding. He might not have been successful in this, but Mrs. Coolidge correctly opined that, after all, Mr. Weatherbee would have better sense than to accept.

"Well, how's business?" Mr. Coolidge inquired genially when Sam had welcomed him. "Showing a good return on the investment?"

"Yes, I figure out a fair interest on my capital," Sam replied with a grin. "I'm a rule-of-thumb bookkeeper, but I'm safe in saying that. One trouble with the thing is that I want a central location, and another is that I need help."

"What kind of help, for instance?"

"A bookkeeper, to begin with, and a handy man or two and a livewire to take charge while I'm hustling on the outside."

"Oughtn't to be hard to get," Mr. Coolidge remarked.

"I'll get 'em," said Sam confidently. "Oh, I'll get 'em in time and by degrees; but it's darned slow work, and I'm doing it all, and most of it I oughtn't to be doing. I want to get beyond the piking stage of the business."

Mr. Coolidge coughed and looked at his cigar.

"Excuse me if I seem impertinent," he said, "but isn't it rather a piking proposition? I don't say that it is, but—er—couldn't a young man of your ability and industry find something better to do? I think I could offer ——"

He stopped. Sam was shaking his head and smiling at him, and there was pity in the smile.

"A piking proposition!" Sam cried. "It's the biggest thing I know of! The more I get into it the more I see what a tremendous thing it is. Listen, Mr. Coolidge!" Sam's cool gray eyes seemed suddenly to blaze with enthusiasm as he bent forward and tapped his visitor's comfortably padded knee with an impressive forefinger. "What do we find—if we look—all over this loved land of ours? Garrets, basements, sheds, storerooms, packed, jammed and crammed with junk. We'll call it junk. What does it consist of? Things that the owner, A, hasn't a particle of use for; but which, from some instinctive, latent, rudimentary or atrophied sense of economy, he hates to throw away; and in some garret, shed, basement or storeroom round the corner B has the very things A does want, lying in profitless desuetude; and he spends his good, hard-earned money buying new what A has and would be glad to trade him.

"But do A and B ever get together? They do not! They keep their plunder or throw it out to rust or rot, and millions of dollars' worth of valuable material goes just that way every year. That may stimulate production, but so does all waste, in a measure, and it's no argument in favor of waste. Now and then A or B gets a glimmering of an idea and calls in a dealer in secondhand goods. But shucks, did you ever go into a secondhand store? Everything higgledy-piggledy and piled up—no system, nothing getatable. The dealers don't know themselves what they've got. Sometimes furniture and crockery is displayed with some attempt at order, but not often. A and B have just about half a chance of getting what they want, and if they sell the dealer gives them next to nothing.

"What then? Here, look at these advertisements!" Sam took from under a paper weight two or three clippings from the swap columns. "Here's an eyeopener to the needs of A and B. I do quite a little business with A and B through that medium. But unassisted, A calls for some specific article and offers a specific article in exchange. B hasn't got what A wants and doesn't want what A has. C might have it but perhaps C doesn't read the swaps. Anyway, there's a whole darned alphabet of potential swappers and buyers and sellers to be reached, and I propose to reach them, directly from A to B, or indirectly from Z to Q to M to C to A. Do you get me? In a small way, I'm doing it. It's a growing way, though. Like to come out and look at the sheds?"

Mr. Coolidge assented, and Sam conducted him through sheds and barn, pointing with pride as they went.

"You've certainly been working," Mr. Coolidge commented. "Where in the name of goodness did you get all this?"

"Here and there and round about," answered Sam with a grin. "I found a good deal of it here when I came, of course; but I've added to it considerably and put in some time fixing it up. That mower over there, for instance, was just junk; but I found a part here and a number of parts there to replace what were missing—picked up a pretty good sickle bar last week that made it complete; got it together, oiled it up and gave it a few licks of paint, and now it's a mower; and six weeks from now, when haying begins, I'll get a good price or a good trade for it—a price if I can, because I need the money. There's another side of my idea, you see, like A and B. Things get broken, but they've got to be pretty hopeless if you can't find missing parts. Get the parts together. You'll find parts everywhere, and parts make wholes. Get 'em together and sort 'em out.

"I'm going to have a place where a man can come and dispose of anything from a white elephant to a Hartz canary, cash or trade—departments, specialists in charge of departments, appraisers and repairers. I'm handicapped, and have to do the best I can with catalogues and asking questions; but I can get the men I want if I can get business, and there's no question about getting the business."

"But isn't that sort of thing—well, the junk business, the sorting of refuse and so on—already well established?" asked Mr. Coolidge.

"Sporadically, to a comparatively limited extent and with a limited scope," Sam replied. "Scrap iron, for instance, and scrap metal of all kinds, rags for shoddy and paper for reconverting; but even that only a tithe of what it should easily be. Some retrieving in the larger plants, especially where chemical processes are employed, and of course there is a utilization of by-products in many industries, scientific enough as far as it goes, but not universally practiced. As for any properly organized effort at collecting and redistributing to individuals things no longer needed by their owners, or that are in a state of disrepair, rehabilitating, renewing, assembling them, making them readily accessible to buyers and traders—well, it isn't being made. I'm going to make that effort."

"I take back what I said about its being a piking proposition," said Mr. Coolidge. "And it ought to be profitable," he added after a moment's consideration.

"Profitable all round," Sam assured him. "Good for the general public and good for me. I've proved that. When I get my Los Angeles establishment I'll begin to jump ahead where I'm only plodding now. But I want a little more capital."

"I think perhaps I can arrange to finance you," said Mr. Coolidge. "Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "I'm pretty sure I can. Suppose you look in at my office to-morrow at about one o'clock. We'll take lunch together and you can tell me some more about your plans. How much money do you think you need?"

"Not a cent," replied Sam promptly. "No, I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Coolidge, but this is my baby, and I propose to raise it myself. Can do—and there's more sport in it. I'll be fluttering among you city birds pretty soon. You watch me!"

"Well, if I can help you in any way just call on me," said Mr. Coolidge, laughing. "Don't be too independent, Weatherbee."

"I won't," said Sam. "And I thank you kindly, and I may call on you before very long. Did you see my car? Got it to-day. I'll show it to you a week from now and see if you recognize it."

"Trade for it?" Mr. Coolidge inquired surveying the wreck.

(Continued on Page 38)

The one demand always growing!

Entertainment.

The joy of forgetting business

The world and his wife and children were not made to work all the time

The harder the struggle the more *fine* entertainment you need.

You earn the right to the best—and you get it in Paramount Pictures:

The best in story, because the greatest dramatists of Europe and America are writing for Paramount.

The best in direction, because the finest directing talent is attracted by Paramount's unequalled equipment to enable it to carry out its audacious plans.

The best in acting talent, because Paramount gives histrionic genius a chance to reach millions instead of thousands.

With Paramount production marching forward on a tremendous scale in three continents at once, using the Alps as stage properties and tropical rivers and the capitals of Europe as backgrounds, and with the whole world agog to see the astounding screen results, little wonder that the best theatres everywhere and their patrons are supporting with enthusiasm this organization whose purpose is to deliver steadily the best in motion pictures—PARAMOUNT.

Reflect on all this and then you will really KNOW why it is worth while to find the words "A Paramount Picture" in the announcement of your theatre—and why the theatre that shows Paramount Pictures doesn't have to worry about empty seats.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

(November 1, 1920, to March 1, 1921)

George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
Heliotrope

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"

Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"

Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"

Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton

Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

*Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"

A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want?"

*A Thomas H. Ince Production

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 36)

"Traded for it," replied Sam proudly.

"It looks it," said Mr. Coolidge. "It certainly looks it!"

That was as far as their business talk went at the time, but it was renewed a couple of weeks later when Sam drove up to Mr. Coolidge's Los Angeles office in a smooth-running, glistening red roadster that attracted considerable attention. Sam pointed it out to Mr. Coolidge from a second-story window of the office, and Mr. Coolidge certainly did fail to recognize it.

"An ancient model, but a good make," Sam told him. "I knew the car. Owned one once, and I saw that there wasn't much wrong with the engine. A few parts, a little babbitt, the carbon scraped, a battery that I picked up in another trade, and a little wiring—and there she is, running like a watch. I'm painting a trailer for her."

"Going to retire the horse and wagon?" inquired Mr. Coolidge, much amused.

"Traded them for the car," Sam answered. "The man I traded with couldn't use the car—hadn't used it for over a year, except as a chicken roost—and he had some light hauling to do and plenty of horse feed. Well, here's the business that brought me here."

He had found a vacant lot on Figueroa Street that he thought would suit him for a location. What, in Mr. Coolidge's opinion, would be a fair rental for that lot? Mr. Coolidge considered and then named a quite nominal sum.

"Too little," said Sam promptly. "You see, I'll want a lease," he continued. "Of course, I don't intend to put up any permanent building—just a little box of an office and a shed or two—but I don't want to have to move away just as I get settled: say a five-year lease. Will you see if you can get it for me? Smythe & Grey are the agents."

"I know Smythe pretty well," said Mr. Coolidge. "Of course, if you want a five-year lease it will make some difference in the terms. Still, there's a good deal of vacant round there and—I'll call Smythe up."

Sam checked him as he reached for the telephone.

"Just mention it to him sorter casual and incidental and carelesslike when you happen to meet him sometime to-day," he requested.

Mr. Coolidge laughed.

"All right, I'll make a point of accidentally running across him this afternoon," he said.

"Fine!" commented Sam; and declining an invitation to lunch, he took his departure.

That evening Mr. Coolidge reported that Mr. Smythe, on the part of the owners, had consented to lease the Figueroa lot at a price that Sam felt he could afford. The following morning the lease was signed, and it is to be noted that Sam satisfied himself that it was, in form and substance, what he wanted. Within a month he had procured his permit from the building department, erected his box of an office and two long sheds, one fully inclosed, moved his stock in trade from his house, hired two assistants, and was doing all the business that he and they could handle on the plan that he had outlined. All this was not accomplished without almost incessant toil and some risk, for he had exhausted almost the last dollar of his small capital when the men were hired. But a lucky turn or two tided him over the peak of his shortage, and from that time his prediction that the business would jump was verified.

He continued to live in the old house, but as yet had done nothing to rehabilitate it. O'Reilly, perhaps spurred by the example of the young man's industry more than by promised profit, had taken the grounds in hand quite seriously; and now the lawns were smooth and verdant, the paths weedless and the fruit trees, cultivated, fertilized and irrigated once more, renewed their old vigor and were thriving amazingly. In the beginning Sam had stipulated for a third of all crops, but later in the season he broke the agreement, against O'Reilly's protest, by refusing to take his third.

"We'll make it a set-off against your landscape gardening," Sam told him. "You've had all the work of that and no profit."

"It's worth the work to see the improvement," said O'Reilly. "If you'd take your share of the money and fix up the house, now ——

"No?" as Sam shook his head. "Well, you may be right. Your wife will want to have something to say about how it's to be done."

Sam laughed; but that saying of the old man's stuck in his head, and for some time after that, when the mood took him and he had a little time to spare, he took to wandering about the deserted rooms with an imaginary companion, planning things to be done to them—sometimes aloud. On Sunday afternoons he would often sit by an open window in an upstairs chamber and look out at the silver gleam in the seeming merge of land and sky. That gleam was the great Pacific, over which one might pass without obstruction to the isles of love and song, or to other isles of steaming, fetid jungle and sluggish waterways where lurked pirate proas. Then he would descend the creaking stairs and perhaps pause for a few moments in the little back parlor, where stood Aunt Prudence's harp and the old square piano that he had never had the heart to trade.

These lapses were invariably followed by more than compensating work, but for a time they threatened to become habitual. They ceased abruptly one day after Sam received a certain letter from San Francisco; but it was rather odd that he should have had them at all. Not the sort of thing to be expected of a prosaic, sandy-haired young man whose junk business was growing by leaps and bounds.

Leaps and bounds was right. A large and increasing portion of the population of Los Angeles had by this time discovered that Sam had a place where a man could go and get almost anything he wanted usably secondhand or dispose of any superfluous personal property. The big sign over the gate—in red letters on a checked ground—marked that place; and red-and-check advertising in the street cars, city and interurban, spread its fame.

"As good as new for old!" "It's worth something! Ask us how much!" "Secondhand, but serviceable!"

Such slogans—not a big advertising campaign, but judiciously liberal, and effective. New warerooms went up, and a lady bookkeeper took possession of the busy little office—Miss Jessie Macrae, a hopeless spinster and glad of it; sharp as a tack and as tacky as a packet of them—an invaluable little woman. Sam kidded her a great deal, but she had a respect for his business ability that enabled her to overlook it.

In view of all this progress, Sam began seriously to reconsider his determination to get along without outside capital. An exceptional opportunity to buy out the stock, goodwill and premises of a bankrupt San Diego dealer in junk decided him, and he consulted his friend Mr. Coolidge as to incorporation and the selling of a little stock.

"I don't want to spread myself out too thin," he said, "and taking in a hundred-odd miles of coast and back country with half a dozen good-sized towns may look as if I would be doing it; but the fact is that I would rather mark time here just now, and forge ahead on the outside. The trouble is my location."

"What's the matter with your location?" inquired Mr. Coolidge. "It seems to me an even better one than I thought when you leased it. Business is moving up your way, judging from some transfers recorded lately."

Sam smiled.

"I anticipated that when I leased the lot," he said. "It occurred to me at the time that the removal of such institutions as Wasserman's and Pingree's would bring others trailing after them. Didn't you see it? Yes, I thought myself mighty lucky to get that lease, when the presumption was that I would be obliged to cancel it within a year or two, and would consequently be put to enormous expense and inconvenience and loss of business."

"I think I understand you," said Mr. Coolidge, "but you might as well be explicit."

"Well, we would naturally expect to be adequately compensated for our inconvenience and loss," Sam said, his smile broadening. "Yes, Smythe was in to see me the other day. A friendly call. He happened to hear of a location about five blocks north that he was pretty sure he could get for me on a long lease and very advantageous terms. He thought too that his clients could be induced to cancel my lease of their property if I cared to make the change. He wasn't sure, but he would do his best to get them to release me. Kind of him, wasn't it? I told him that I would think the matter over."

"Suppose you sell out and come into the real-estate business with me," suggested Mr. Coolidge.

"We've got to build if we keep on expanding," said Sam. "That much is sure—or lease a suitable building or buildings. We're really beyond the shed stage. Therefore I propose to start this San Diego branch, and, as I said, mark time here until I get the location question settled satisfactorily. Now, if I incorporate, do you still want stock in the concern? I propose to retain enough to give me absolute control, and I intend to give a bonus of stock to all employees on certain conditions and subject to certain restrictions. I think every man I've got is interested in the success of the business, and I want to encourage that interest and make it profitable to them. I think that's all. How about it?"

"I'll take a good slice myself, and I know of three or four good men whom I can interest," replied Mr. Coolidge. "That is, if your books make anything like the showing that I think they do. I don't think there will be any trouble in getting all the capital necessary to carry out your plans."

So in due course the business was properly incorporated and Sam had his livewire engaged to take charge of the San Diego branch. He was a plump, pasty-cheeked, red-lipped, blond young man with an ever-beaming countenance and eloquent hands and shoulders, and was named Daniels. Rather thick of accent, but as American born, y'unnerstand, as what you are, and, in his way, engaging. Sam had encountered him in a Main Street pawnshop, where an old-fashioned Mexican saddle had attracted his attention, and had conversed with him and watched him make a sale to a difficult customer. Daniels, too, was much impressed by Sam's personality and acumen, and soon after visited the Figueroa headquarters, where the impression deepened.

"You got an idee, Mr. Weatherbee," he told Sam. "What you need now is me to help you swing it, and it's a shame that I'm all tied up with Levinsky, who pays me big wages and treats me like I was his son and maybe gives me an interest in the business next month."

"Too bad!" Sam agreed. "But I wouldn't ask you to sacrifice princely pay and partnership prospects, even if my swinging arm was weak—not for what I could afford to pay you. And I wouldn't even agree to treat you like a brother—unless you were pretty rotten."

"How much could you afford to pay?" Daniels asked. "Maybe I could see my way to take stock in the company for the balance."

Sam tried him out under his own and Miss Jessie's eyes for a couple of days, and on the third morning took him in the red roadster to the scene of his future activities. And the branch in San Diego did well from the start.

"You ought to let me propose you for membership here, Weatherbee," urged Mr. Coolidge two months later.

Sam looked round the luxurious dining room of the club where the two were lunching, as if considering it; then he smiled and shook his head.

"No time for it," he said. "Can't afford it. Don't belong in scenes of splendor and ease like this. Tell me now what you want me to do about this lease."

Mr. Coolidge did not at once reply, but seemed to study the blank trading face that his vis-à-vis had assumed.

"'No time' is the pitiable excuse of the man who fritters and fools time away," he observed at last. "'Can't afford it' is piffle when you get more than the worth of your money; and as for not belonging, I've been told that you were a member of the Hacienda, the University, the Athletic, and I don't know how many more, in San Francisco. You forget that we have some mutual friends there."

"That's a mistake of yours," Sam told him, his face blanker than ever.

"It may be a bigger mistake of yours in thinking that we haven't. Let me ask you a seemingly impertinent question: How many friends have you here? When I say 'friends' I mean people who have a strong liking for you that you reciprocate, whom you find congenial—men you like to talk to, play with, eat and drink with and give a measure of your confidence. How many?"

Sam smiled faintly.

"Well, I count you one, Mr. Coolidge," he replied.

"Nonsense! You won't play golf with me, and you won't even put your long legs under my table. It makes me feel a little sore too. Who else?"

"Judge O'Reilly," Sam answered. "The judge and I are great pals, and Mrs. O'Reilly is mighty good to me."

"How many of your own age, class and tastes—men of the kind you would naturally associate with?" Mr. Coolidge persisted. "Your associates are ——"

"Junk dealers," Sam supplied quickly. "I'm a junk dealer myself. I—here, we are straying from the subject. I was kicked out of my class, as you call it. We'll let it go at that. What do you want me to do about the lease, and just where does your nephew Dillingham come in?"

"It's Dillingham's company that wants to put up the building," Mr. Coolidge explained. "It's a pet project of his own, and he's very peevish about the way you're blocking it. Confidentially, I may say that he regards you as a highbinder and hold-up artist of a peculiarly virulent type, and he is sustained in his opinion by Smythe & Grey. Smythe told me the other day that you were the toughest proposition that he had ever gone against in all his experience."

Sam knocked the ashes from his cigarette into a tray very carefully.

"Strange how things come round," he mused. "So Pickles is peeved! By the way, he's engaged to Miss Walling, who was at your house last year, isn't he? I heard so."

"No engagement has been formally announced, but I gather from what my wife says that there is an understanding of the sort. I gather, too, from the same and other sources that their marriage may depend on this deal of Dill's. Eh? Well, his father—my brother—has been boosting the young man pretty high against some strong and influential opposition in the firm. As I said, this Los Angeles scheme—and it looks like a good one—is Dill's, and if he doesn't put it through he's due to get a tumble; and Miss Mattie's father, who doesn't like Dill any too well, will be tolerably sure to drop a sizable monkey wrench into the proposed matrimonial works with that as an excuse. I am not passionately fond of Dillingham myself, but I can't help feeling a sneaking sort of sympathy for him."

"Then you would like to have me accept this last offer of Smythe & Grey's?" queried Sam, his face again wooden. "After the dirt they've tried to do us nearly putting us out of business?"

"I wouldn't dream of trying to influence you in any way," Mr. Coolidge said. He laughed. "I know better. No, you are running the business, as I wrote Dillingham, and I wouldn't interfere. It's up to you. Funny, you speaking of Miss Walling."

"How so?"

Mr. Coolidge laughed again.

"Be a good fellow and come over and take dinner with us to-night," he invited. "Come out of your shell a little, and don't repel friendly advances forever because you happened to get a jolt once. Don't play Timon of Athens. Ever read Shakspere?"

"In a checked suit?" grinned Sam. "No, thanks. I eat supper at night. I've given up dining."

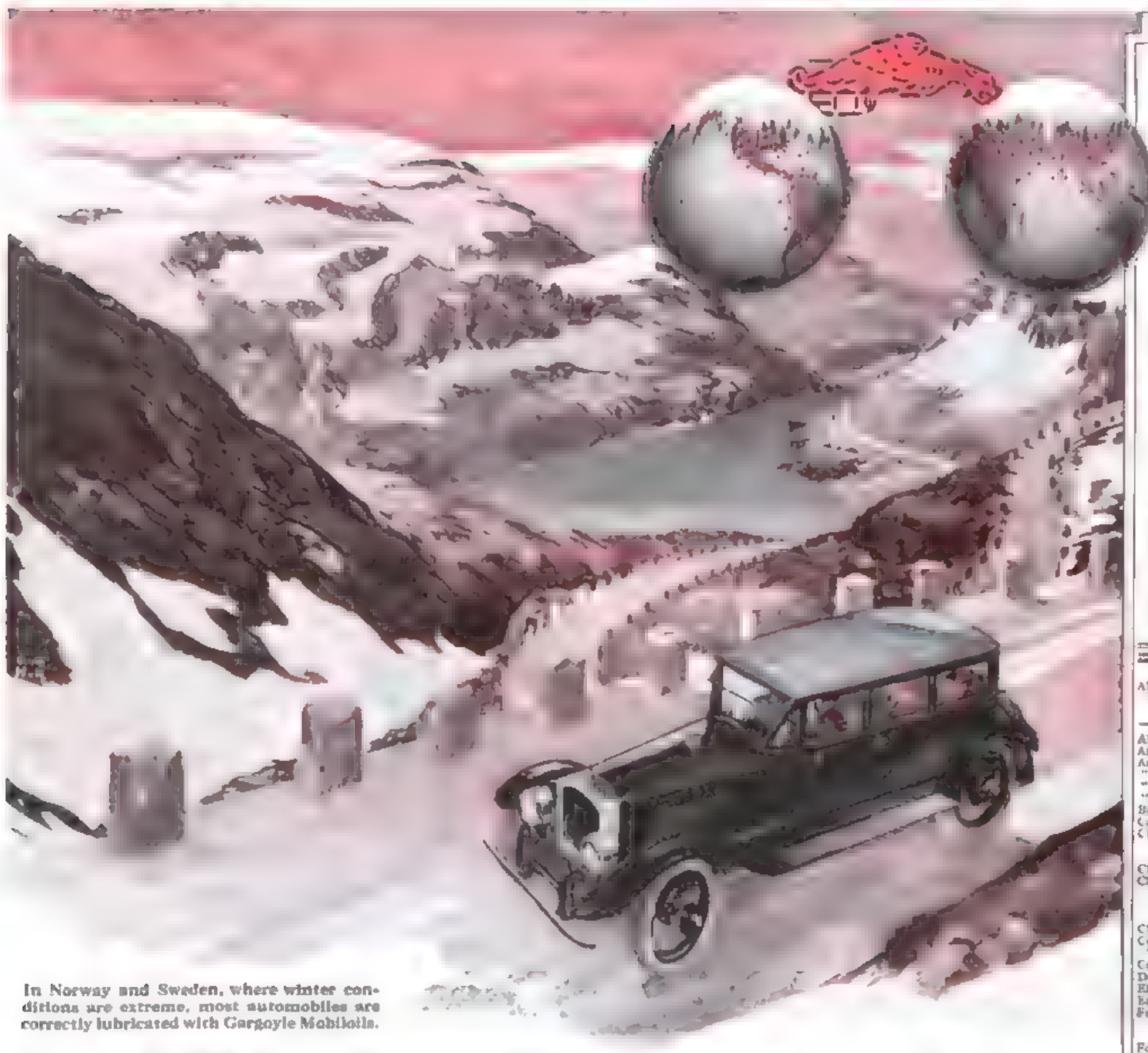
"Very well," said Mr. Coolidge with a slightly offended air. "I can't compete with O'Reilly, I see."

"Still, if Mrs. Coolidge will excuse my checks, and to show that my heart is good, I'll be delighted, and thank you very much indeed for the invitation," Sam recanted.

He regretted his concession almost as soon as he had made it, however.

It is an odd thing that the abandonment of any set purpose or habit, whether good or bad, is usually accompanied by a feeling of shame, a certain sense of disloyalty. A man likes to be consistent, and prides himself on his consistency, irrespective of circumstances that render it absurd. It is nearly axiomatic that we are all slaves of habit, and slavery is a thing clearly detestable and very properly abolished by the Thirteenth and Eighteenth amendments to our Constitution; but one doubts that any ebon-hued serf in the year oh jubilo ever left the plantation with his head up, his eyes flashing and his chest expanded with the glorious breath of freedom. He may have assumed that gallus attitude later on, but at the time he most likely had his misgivings and shunned ol' cunnel's eye less from fearful apprehension than from the guilty conscience of the deserter. It may be confidently asserted, too, that some of us lately freed from the

(Continued on Page 41)



In Norway and Sweden, where winter conditions are extreme, most automobiles are correctly lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloils.

Cold Weather Engine Troubles

What winter brings to the Automobile repair man.
Why lubrication must be watched with extra care.

Many repair men find winter their busiest season.

More electric starters are brought in for repairs. Garage men and service stations are called upon to recharge more batteries. More motorists come in, saying "My oil gauge is not working."

That is why correct lubrication is of particular importance to every car owner during the winter season.

That is why the Gargoyle Mobiloils Chart of Recommendations, shown in part on the right, specifies the correct oil for both summer and winter use.

Some cars should use the same oil in winter as in summer. Others should change to a lighter oil under winter conditions. It depends upon the design of the engine and the lubricating system.

To provide efficient lubrication, the oil must reach every frictional surface in the engine. In many cars, an oil thickened by freezing temperatures will not circulate freely and reach these frictional surfaces.

In such cases, the thickened oil means sluggish engine action. It causes balky action in starting the engine. Frictional surfaces rub against each other without the protection of a perfect oil film. Under such circumstances, all of the evil effects of incorrect lubrication may follow.

It is of no use to blame the oil pump if the oil does not circulate.

The Responsibility lies with the lubricating oil

A car owner cannot determine for himself whether or not his engine requires a different oil in the winter than in summer. There are too many determining factors entering into this question. It is a problem for technical experiment and analysis.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers has carefully analyzed the summer and winter lubricating requirements of every make and model of automobile. The result of this analysis is shown in the Chart of Recommendations.

▼

In changing from a summer to a winter recommendation, the proper method is to drain all the oil from the crank case when the engine is warm, pour in a quart of cream light lubricating oil (do not use kerosene), turn the crank over a few times by hand or starter to clear the crank case, drain out the cleansing oil, and then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for winter use.

The results will surprise you in engine efficiency and in freedom from "cold weather" troubles.

If your car is not listed on the partial Chart to the right send for our booklet "Correct Automobile Lubrication" which contains the complete Chart. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

In writing please address our nearest branch

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches:

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Kan., Des Moines

Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Anderson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (4 cylinder)									A	Arc.
" (6 cylinder)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-98 Lector H Eng							A	Arc.	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-48)									Arc	Arc
" (6-40)									A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (8 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (F. A.			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (F B & 1 Ton	A	Arc								
" All Other Mod.	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc								
Cole (6 cylinder)									Arc	Arc
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Eight	A	Arc.			A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Federal (Model S-35)					A	A	A	A		
" (Special)					Arc	Arc.				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Conv. Model 57)			A	A						
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" All Other Mod.									Arc	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc		
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (Model 6B)									A	A
" " (12 cylinder)					A	A	A	A		
" "All Other Mod.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Liberty	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marbolum	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 671)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Oldsmobile 4 cylinder	A	Arc.	A	Arc.					Arc	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	Arc		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (Light Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A								
Peerless (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Conv.) 5 ton	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
R. & V. Knight	B	A								
Reinar (1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
Rock Falls	A	Arc	A							
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth (4 cyl.)					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 & 8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Stewart Buffalo									Ar	Arc
" (") (Conv.) (¾-ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (") (") (3 ton)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (") (") All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (Model 30)	A	Arc								
" (6 cylinder)	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Conv. ton)			A	Ar	A	Ar				
" " All Other Mod.	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Westcott	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (6 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (3 ton)			A	A	Ar	Ar				
" All Other Models			A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Arc
Willys Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc

VACUUM OIL COMPANY — *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* — NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Hotpoint

This iron is the standard by which all other electric irons are judged. And the Hotpoint has held this leadership for all these years by frequently adding improvements and refinements. It always leads.

With the result that no other electric household appliance is so widely used. And "Hotpoint" has come to be a household word throughout the world, because women like these irons—

—women like an iron which always has a hot point no matter how damp the goods

—they like this iron that does not have to be lifted

—they like a handle which fits the hand and is always cool (no holder)

—they like the thumb rest because it makes it easy to guide the iron and "it rests the wrist"

—they like the Hotpoint connecting plug because it is easily put in and taken out, because it can be used on other Hotpoint appliances and because there is a minimum of cord breakage

—they like the feeling of perfect balance and poise

—they like the sheen of highly polished nickel which makes wax unnecessary

—they like to use the sturdy six pound iron for the average family work and to have handy the smaller iron for use on dainty work

Every electric lighted home should have both the irons shown above. And right near you, somewhere, is a Hotpoint dealer who will be glad to give you the opportunity to try them. He can also show you numerous other Hotpoint appliances which make work easier and, in many homes, render a maid unnecessary.

EDISON
News Notes

The U. S. Bureau of Housing estimates that the next three years must see the building of at least 5,000,000 homes in order to take care of the housing problem in the United States.

Due to the domestic help problem, it is essential that these homes be electrically equipped, including an adequate number of convenient outlets located on the wall where electric table appliances, vacuum cleaners and other labor-saving devices are easily connected without disturbing the lighting arrangement.

Norway most nearly approaches the United States in the use of electric household appliances, because 22% of the population lives in electrically lighted homes.

The longest high voltage transmission line in existence carries electricity from Mono Lake in California to the Mexican border —a distance of 418 miles.

When you build your house or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough electrical outlets are provided so you can enjoy the full advantage of the convenience and economy of using electrical household appliances.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

CHICAGO

New York — Ontario, California — Atlanta

In Canada, Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following
SERVICE STATIONS

Ontario, California
St. Louis, 1003 Pine St.
Seattle, Maritime Bldg
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Los Angeles 505 Equitable Bldg.
Boston, 138 Purchase St
Portland 412 Stark St
Chicago, 157 W. Lake St
New York, 140–142 Sixth Ave
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

(Continued from Page 38)

shackles of Ol' Marse Rum—and his kicks—have our misgivings for the future and regrets for the days of our servitude. Good old shackles! What?

So Sam, convinced in his heart of the good sense of Mr. Coolidge's remonstrances, yet came out of his shell reluctantly and walked over to the bungalow to keep his dinner engagement with leaden feet. He had made no vow of seclusion, but he felt as though he were breaking one; at least letting down—in a way, shirking. He had kept out of this foolishness for more than a year; and here, in spite of his experience on the last occasion, he was going back to the same place—for more of the same thing! No, not that. This time it could hardly be worse than a deferring of the hours for the undisturbed pondering of—matters and things that required freedom from distraction.

Mr. Coolidge waved to him from the lawn in front of the house, and came to meet him with a face of smiling welcome.

"Good boy!" he said. "I wasn't sure that you wouldn't back out at the last minute. Come round to the side porch. The folks are all there."

Sam stopped short.

"Is this a party?" he inquired.

"Not more than fifteen or twenty," Mr. Coolidge replied, chuckling. He raised his voice. "Leyton, come down here! I've got him, but I'm needing help to hold him."

"Coming, sir," answered a loud and cheerful call, and a young man stockily built, freshly pink-skinned ran lightly down the porch steps and walked briskly toward them, his pink face agrin. He caught Sam by the arm and shook him violently, addressing him with highly opprobrious epithets; and then seized his hand and shook that with no less energy. Sam, far from resenting this conduct, returned the hand grip with a responsive vigor that elicited an "Ouch, leggo, dammit!" from his assailant, and at the same time felt himself suffused with a strange glow of pleasure.

"Herbert, I'm simply tickled into hysterics to see you!" he cried.

"I think you are a remarkably smooth liar," said Mr. Leyton. "Mr. Coolidge here tells me that you have been in Southern California for a year or two, and you could have seen me if you had wanted to any time in the last six months, or before that. Why did you leave San Francisco without telling your friends?"

"The police didn't give me time, and I was afraid to write for fear they were watching the mails," Sam answered. "Down here for long?"

"I live here. I'm a los' angel. I was at the club to-day when you were lunching, but I was at the other end of the room, and you beat it just as I was getting up to see if my eyes had deceived me. Mr. Coolidge told me that it was indeed you, and I invited myself to dinner here. Now mark the hand of destiny: Who should I find on my arrival but another dear young friend of mine whom I had not seen for nearly three weeks. You know her too. Guess!"

Involuntarily Sam drew a quick, deep breath.

"Emmy Stryne," Leyton told him. "Wouldn't that concuss you! And not only Emmy ——"

Mr. Coolidge, who had been listening with pleased interest, interrupted here.

"Let's go," he said. "You take one of his arms, Leyton, and I'll take the other."

Held thus, Sam allowed himself to be conducted to the porch, where two young women were sitting and trying to look as if they had not overheard the conversation. One of them was Miss Emilia Stryne. Sam had met her once or twice in his previous existence, and had absolutely forgotten her. Nevertheless, he was extraordinarily effusive in assuring her of the pleasure it gave him to meet her again, and he retained her hand so long that the poor girl was positively almost embarrassed.

Then he forced himself to turn to Mattie Walling. It could hardly be said that he saw her as he ascended the porch steps. His glance must have been too rapid in its sweep to register anything but a blurred impression before it rested on Miss Stryne. But that he was instantly and acutely aware of her is certain, and with that cognizance he was seized by an emotion powerful and poignant beyond anything that he had ever experienced, and which, exquisite as it was, became intensified when he looked directly into Mattie's eyes and spoke her name. He wondered then that his utterance was even audible, and—to his relief—it was distinct and firm. Again he marveled at the self-control that kept him from crushing her hand in his grasp. The impulse to do so was hard to overcome. Then he was fearful that his manner and expression would betray him, not only to her but to the onlookers; and that was a perfectly groundless apprehension, for he succeeded in smiling quite easily, and there was nothing in his face to indicate any emotion whatsoever.

"I didn't expect to see you here," he said. He wanted her to know that.

"I am always surprising you by appearing at the houses of my friends," she returned laughingly. "I remember the last time you told me that."

Sam thought that at least she was not holding any grudge against him. She had changed—grown up. More beautiful than ever, and how dainty! He wished that she would look away from him so that his eyes could, without offense, examine every detail of her loveliness. He wanted to touch her hand again; he longed to drop his mask, burst the restraints that convention imposed upon speech, lay open and bare to her all that he felt and tear aside the defensive veils that obscured his knowledge of her heart. And all that he could say was, "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I was afraid that if I told him that there were to be young ladies he would be too bashful to come," said Mr. Coolidge jocularly.

"Is he really bashful?" asked Miss Emmy, widening innocent eyes. "Are you, Mr. Weatherbee? I never used to think so." She spoke, Sam thought, as if she had run about the braes and pulled gowans with him.

"Is he!" Leyton exclaimed. "He's the original blushing violet grafted on the sensitive plant. He's got the stricken hart and the startled fawn pushed up into the rhinoceros class. Don't look at him or you'll start the rich tide of crimson. Let me tell you something about that bashful bird. List!"

"I wouldn't start anything if I were you, Herbert," Sam suggested, pleasantly conscious of Herbert's hand on his shoulder. "I've got a pile of rocks by my front door myself."

"I'll tell it in private then," said Leyton. "Miss Stryne, will you let me speak to you apart?"

"A part of the time?" asked clever little Miss Stryne. "I don't mind that so much. The trouble with you is—well, I'll take Mr. Weatherbee's advice and won't start anything."

The awkward moment had passed. Presently Mrs. Coolidge came in to an apparently light-hearted and mirthful gathering, and gently reproached Sam for his unneighborly conduct of the past, which, she trusted, he now repented and would amend.

"Imagine that Mr. Weatherbee has not been here since your last visit, my dear!" she said to Mattie.

"Significant, I should say," remarked Leyton the irrepressible, and at that Mattie showed that her blushes came and went as easily as ever; not a rich tide of crimson, but enough to be discernible.

Sam observed that no special inducement was necessary to bring him to Mrs. Coolidge's house, and that he expected to make a common nuisance of himself henceforward; and then, speaking of neighbors, Mrs. Coolidge was happily reminded of the two new bungalows then in course of erection. She anticipated a building boom and a vicinage of really nice people. Mr. Coolidge, appealed to, considered this more than likely. This was a peculiarly favored spot, he said, owing to the conformation of the hills, which shunted off the sea fogs while admitting the sea breezes, and at the same time diverted the desert winds except in the chilly winter months; thus, with more than the usual intelligence and discrimination of hills, attracting the most desirable climatic conditions at all times of the year and repelling the undesirable.

"You talk as if you had bought up some of the property round here," remarked Sam when the laughter had subsided.

"I have," retorted Mr. Coolidge. "I was afraid that you might get in ahead of me and hold me up. He has an uncanny foresight, this young man," he continued, addressing the others. "Wherever he locates, real-estate values rise."

Sam felt that Mattie was looking at him with particular attention. Did she understand this allusion? It was more than probable. He thought that his host might have shown better sense than to have made it, and then a suspicion entered his mind that this meeting might have been arranged for the purpose of inducing him by a softer influence to give up his Figueroa lease. He rejected it at once. Coolidge was too square for that, and Mattie—it was inconceivable of Mattie. But the thought that she was even indirectly an interested party stabbed him sharply and painfully.

However, the others evidently supposed that Mr. Coolidge was talking about suburban property, and Emmy Stryne was announcing her determination to make a home in the neighborhood a condition of her acceptance of any matrimonial proposal, when the belated arrival of the Coolidges' married daughter and her nearly new husband created a diversion. Sam recognized the bridegroom as one of the men—Parsons—who had been present when, on that same porch, Dillingham Coolidge had led the chorus that yelped him from the pack. He bristled at the recollection; but Parsons was entirely cordial, and Sam recalled that he had not joined in the yelping on that humiliating occasion. In fact, when the women had convoyed Mrs. Parsons into the house and left the four men to themselves Sam found himself cottoning to Parsons extremely. A fine chappie! And Leyton—well, Leyton had not been exactly a bosom friend in the old days back in San Francisco, but Sam had always liked him—just as he had liked twenty other good fellows. Yet Leyton had just now hailed him with unmistakably genuine pleasure, and continued, in every look, as in numerous proposed plans for getting together, to show that he had no intention of letting old acquaintance lapse again. Coolidge—no question about Coolidge's friendship either. That had been shown from the first. Rather odd, too, that it should have been so!

But the great thing was that these men regarded him with respect, and that he had earned respect and knew that he had done so. It was good to be with men like these—heart warming. If he could have dismissed Mattie from his mind he would have been having a perfectly bully time. Women are always taking the joy out of life—or putting it in. Even when Parsons made a joking comment on the checked suit and explained it to Leyton, Sam felt no inclination to bristle now. For that matter, they were all in business suits, and the checks were not the checks of old, and had been made by a decent tailor.

Then they all went in to dinner, and Sam was placed next to Mattie.

"Are we going to quarrel again, do you think?" she asked him almost immediately.

"I hope not," Sam answered. "I don't see any reason why we should."

"Nor I; but somehow we always seem to, don't we? Let's be nice to each other this time."

"Don't be too nice," Sam cautioned her. "I might presume." He truly felt that there was danger of it.

"You are beginning again," she told him with a slight contraction of her brows. "But you apologized for the last time, so I'm going to try to be patient."

"Did I apologize?"

"Thank you for the roses. It was you sent them to me, wasn't it?"

"You don't suppose I would deny sending roses to any lady who accused me of it, do you?"

Mrs. Parsons spoke across the table.

"I saw Millicent Reid in at Wenzel's this afternoon, Mattie. She's crazy to see you before she goes to Santa Barbara. She told me to tell you."

"I'll call her to-morrow morning," said Mattie. She turned again to Sam. "Why did you stop sending them?"

"I had a chatty little letter from Jane Coolidge some time ago. She wrote to ask me if I thought that Mrs. O'Reilly could be induced to send her eggs by parcel post. Incidentally she gave me all the news about Dillingham and herself that she thought would interest me. I suppose you see a good deal of Jane now. A sweet girl! A dear, sweet girl!"

He was not sure that she had heard him, as she seemed to listen to something that Parsons was telling Mr. Coolidge.

"Oh, I read that," she told Parsons.

"What did you think of it?" Mr. Coolidge asked her, and a general discussion followed her answer.

Sam was the only one who took no part in it. Challenged by Leyton, he said that he had no time for books. To what followed he was inattentive. Even when Mrs. Coolidge, on his right, spoke to him, he answered more or less at random; and when she gave him up his mind returned to the contents of Jane Coolidge's letter.

You're missing a dollar's worth every morning by not shaving with an 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

$1.00 Complete

At All Dealers'
American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Little Barber in a Box"

"I don't like the way you look," Mattie said in her lowered voice.

"I don't think you ever did," Sam responded. "But I thought we were to be nice to each other."

"That might be considered nice. Perhaps I am concerned about your health."

"Are you?"

"Not a bit. You look very well."

"Don't you like me to look well?"

"Ye-es."

"Then you really like the way I look."

"You should have been a lawyer."

"Instead of a junkman."

"I am afraid that we are going to quarrel after all. Suppose you ask me if I have seen the play that you saw the other night. You say that you don't read books."

"Only trade catalogues and the newspapers. Yes, I do; I was reading a book the other night—The Ladies' Garland of Verse. Sentimental drivel from the poets. It was to laugh. I don't go to playhouses, so I'll have to talk to you about the poets, I suppose."

"I think you used to be fond of plays—of a sort."

"I used to dance; I've been known to sing—in tolerant society; I used to waste my time in many foolish ways. But theaters are expensive, and even movies cost money, directly and indirectly. A man can't dissipate and be at his best for work the next day. I like to be in a proper frame of mind for early-morning service in the temple of Mammon."

She looked at him curiously.

"You have grown to like money, haven't you?"

"I worship it, as I said," he replied, divining contempt in her tone, but defying it. "I love the musical jingle and the crisp rustle of it. Some of these days I'll have a mattress stuffed with thousand-dollar bills and roll in it, and dream sweet dreams of making more."

"You wouldn't dream—you would scheme."

"I accept the correction. You are right. If ever I dreamed, I'm wide awake now."

"I inferred that," she said coldly. "Burglars are very wide-awake people, too, aren't they?"

"Do I understand that you suspect me of ——"

There was another interruption here, and Sam had no opportunity to renew his question until nearly an hour later, as the party were strolling back to the house from a moonlight inspection of Mr. Coolidge's Japanese summer pavilion, lately built in the bamboo clump adjoining the tennis court. Then he deliberately took Mattie by the arm, but with a light touch, and detained her.

"Please let them go on," he said as she looked at him with an expression rather surprised than pleased. But she lingered, nevertheless.

"I just want to know why you seemed inclined to be friendly with me and then appeared to change your mind. I'm not very good at fencing, particularly with you. You see, I can't thrust at you wholeheartedly, and you have a skillful way of getting under my guard."

"You are too plain and direct to finesse, aren't you?" Mattie said sweetly. "You can call a girl a romantic fool, for instance, because that isn't a thrust. More of a blow with your manly fist, straight from the shoulder, isn't it?"

"Are you bringing that up again?" Sam laughed. "I explained that to you once."

"And you can turn your back on me and walk away while I am speaking to you," she went on.

"You told me that I had apologized for that. At all events, it wasn't because I didn't like the way you looked."

"Well, I'll tell you about that—plainly. As I looked at you, I saw that your face had grown hard. Just hard! Oh, I don't mean that it is when you are smiling or talking to people, or even when you are trying to look inscrutable—but in repose. I realized it then, and I spoke impulsively and impolitely. Really, I was sorry to see it. I was sorry to hear you talk as you did about money and giving up everything else to make it, and—to hear of your making it the way you do. All that I am sorry for, Mr. Weatherbee, if you insist on plain speaking."

"Let me get my slow mind round that," said Sam gravely, after a pause. "Once on a time you objected to me because I was an idler and a spendthrift. Now you accuse me of being an earnest worker and a moneymaker. I was soft—now I'm hard. But really I'm making my money honestly. I told you that I wasn't very good at fencing, didn't I? You don't think that I am a fence, do you—a partner of burglars and a receiver of stolen property? Is that what you meant? I was going to ask you."

"Do you think it honest to take advantage of the necessity of -of other people by standing in the way of their enterprises and refusing to give ground unless you are paid an impossible and ridiculous sum of money—practically blackmailing? I don't pretend to know anything about business, but I shouldn't think that what is called sharp practice is necessary to success."

Sam was usually slow to anger, being rather of the temperament hard to heat through, but retentive when heated; but at this it seemed that all the blood in his body mounted with a rush to his head. He was so long silent, fighting against the rage, disgust and despair that threatened to overwhelm him, that Mattie felt some compunction, or perhaps misgiving. Silence is a good weapon of defense, and women find it particularly baffling in an antagonist.

"Perhaps I am doing you an injustice," she said in a slightly altered tone.

"Not the least," Sam assured her. He had the same lack of confidence in his own voice that he had felt when he had first spoken to her that evening. Yet, as before, there was no tremor or other hint of passion in it. "Not the least," he repeated. "I see now very clearly how utterly devoid of principle I must appear to you and Dillingham Coolidge—in the light of your common interest. Dillingham, failing to oust me by having my building permit revoked, and by other means of righteous coercion, each of which has resulted in a felonious raise of my price—Dillingham calls me a highwayman; you call me a burglar. Sweet unanimity of opinion! Two souls with but a single thought, as the Ladies' Garland hath it."

"You are behaving detestably—as usual," cried Mattie. "I shall just tell you that ——"

"Don't!" Sam interrupted roughly. "I think you have told me enough. I admit everything—my bad manners and my moral obliquity. I offer you my congratulations, and when I see Dillingham—and it isn't unlikely that I shall—I'll congratulate him. Let's walk on."

"You ——"

Mattie stopped on a gulp.

"Let's walk on, shan't we?"

"Oh, very well," said Mattie.

It became perfectly evident to everybody that something of a serious nature had happened during the few minutes that these two had detached themselves from the party. Mattie was rather excessively gay, with fits of abstraction at intervals, and Sam was cheerful and loquacious beyond reason, except now and then when he thought himself unobserved. Also, he unhesitatingly accepted an invitation to a beach party that Leyton proposed, pledged himself to play golf at the country club with Parsons on the following Saturday and arranged a theater party of his own, with a supper in a Mexican restaurant in Sonora town after the show.

"And you, Miss Walling?" He beamed amiably at Mattie.

"It will be delightful, and—thank you so much. I love enchiladas."

"Just the same, she hasn't the least intention of going," Emmy Stryne confided to Leyton.

"What makes you think so?" asked the young man. Not that he doubted her. They had already agreed that Sam had proposed to Mattie and been refused.

"She is going back to San Francisco on the night train to-morrow, and then she has a house party on at the Stanleys'," Emmy replied.

The young ladies, it appeared, were going to stay with Mrs. Coolidge, and Mr. Coolidge was to drive his daughter and her husband and Herbert Leyton back to Los Angeles.

"Want to come along, Weatherbee?" he asked Sam. "We'll make a quick trip."

"Right into my hand!" said Sam. "If you've got room, I'd enjoy the drive."

And so the arrangement was carried out, and in the bustle of departure no farewells were exchanged between Sam and Mattie—just one look. Hers, troubled, defiant, scornful and quickly averted; his, stern and sustained.

The run was a quick one, as Mr. Coolidge had promised. After he had dropped Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and Leyton he drove past the lot on Figueroa Street on the homeward route. The buildings and the lumber piles bulked imposingly in the moonlight.

"Quite an establishment," he remarked to Sam. "You've a right to be proud of it, Weatherbee. Want to get out and see if the night watchman is on the job?"

"No, thanks," replied Sam, who had been sitting silently by his side since the others had left the car. "He's a good man and I trust him. Think I have a right to be proud of it, eh? You probably haven't stopped to consider that all I have accomplished has been by taking advantage of the necessities of other people—of their ignorance, want of ingenuity and lack of skill. Don't you think that's highly immoral, and a cause for shame?"

"If I did I wouldn't be your partner in crime," replied Mr. Coolidge.

"In your business, doesn't your conscience ever reproach you for buying land and options on land and selling at vastly enhanced prices to people who want that land to build their houses and fortunes on? Yet I believe you take advantage of their necessities to soak them."

"I do—most cheerfully. Why not?"

"And does this principle, or lack of principle, apply to leases?"

"I should say it does. Why?"

"Ask Miss Walling," replied Sam. "And now I'll ask you another question. It may sound rather insulting, but it isn't meant to be. Did you invite me to your house to-night to give Miss Walling a chance to persuade me that I should let Dillingham have our lot on his own terms?"

"Yes, that does sound rather insulting," said Mr. Coolidge quietly.

"I beg your pardon," cried Sam, instantly repentant. "I'm—I'm considerably wrought up over—over something that Miss Walling said to me a little while ago. I see it was a rotten thing to ask you, but I'm hardly accountable. Please forget it. I know very well that you didn't. I—the fact is—oh, the devil!"

Mr. Coolidge gave him a quick side glance.

"It was a foolish question, at least," he said. "You have only to recall our talk of this morning, when I told you that I had no wish to influence you. That has been my attitude throughout, and is now. I knew that Miss Mattie was to be with us when I asked you to come. She had telephoned to Mrs. Coolidge from the hotel where she was staying with her friends, and it was arranged that I should bring her and Miss Stryne down with me; but it never occurred to me that the subject of this confounded lot would be broached. I wasn't sure that she knew about it. I invited you for precisely the same reason that I have invited you a score of times before—because I had a liking for you, and I thought that you were leading a too solitary life."

"Oh, I know!" cried Sam. "I ought to be kicked."

"Another thing," Mr. Coolidge went on: "I think I told you once that I had met your grandfather in my youthful days. I didn't tell you that I knew your Aunt Prudence." He sighed and laughed, and then sighed again. "Poor girl! I was younger than she, but ——"

He sang unmusically and off the key:

"Ah, had I but loved with a boo-oyish love——

"It was really a calfish love. She used to sing that song at me, playing the accompaniment on her harp and looking sidelong at me and laughing, the puss!"

"I think I can show you the harp, sir," said Sam.

"I didn't know that she had been living within a stone's throw of me until after she died and the house was closed—about a month before you came. Well, you remind me of her at times. Little tricks—and it hasn't made me like you any the less."

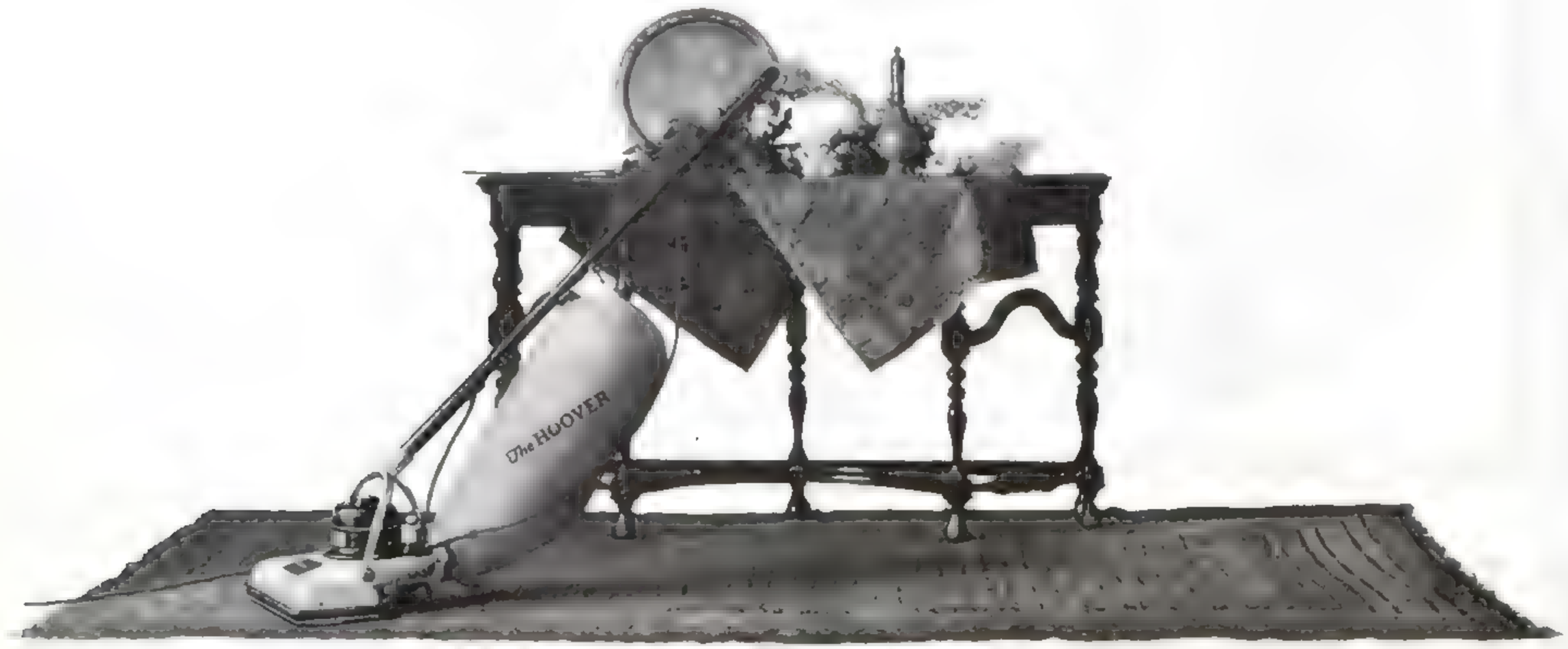
"I'm a thousand times over sorry, sir," Sam told him remorsefully.

"So Miss Mattie said some things that got under your skin, did she?" Mr. Coolidge kept his eyes on the road, but his tone invited confidence for confidence.

"I used to know her in San Francisco. You know that," Sam responded. "Perhaps you haven't heard that I proposed to her there, and was turned down. Very properly, I think. Still, I wanted to have her good opinion, at least, so it was rather a disappointment to me to-night to find that she not only regarded my occupation as decidedly low, though suited to my sordid peasant cunning, but regarded me as a blackmailer—a very dishonest and unscrupulous sort of person indeed. Standing in dear Dillingham's way, of course. Natural, I suppose, but—er—disappointing."

(Continued on Page 44)

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Every rug is a constant collector of three kinds of dirt: embedded grit, clinging litter and surface dust. Three cleaning processes, therefore, are constantly necessary. Only The Hoover performs all three. It gently beats, to dislodge all the destructive embedded grit. It swiftly sweeps, to detach all the stubbornly adhering litter. It powerfully suction cleans, to withdraw all loose surface dirt. It is guaranteed to prolong the life of rugs. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

For operation on farm lighting or private electric plants The Hoover is equipped with special low voltage motors at no extra cost. Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner."

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest makers of electric cleaners

Also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

Greater
HOTEL SHERMAN
CHICAGO

Now One Thousand Rooms with Bath

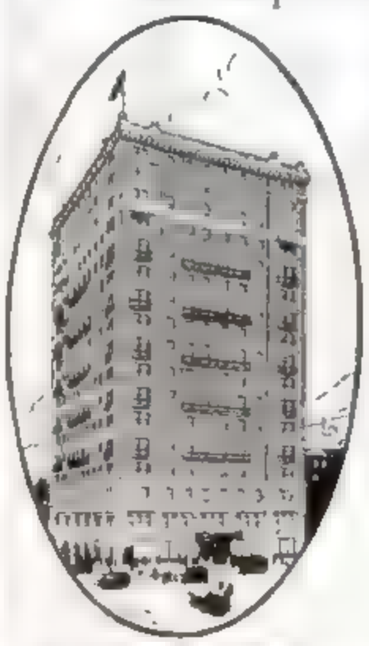
THE growing patronage of Hotel Sherman has made necessary the addition of three full stories—now ready for occupancy.

This increased space will enable us to accommodate the traveling public without annoyance or delay in securing reservations.

Each floor in Hotel Sherman is a separate unit as to clerk and attendant service. This is only one example of the finer details of modern management which have made Hotel Sherman so popular.

Hotel Sherman is the home of the College Inn, one of the world's famous restaurants, widely known as the gathering place of prominent people for dinners and after-theatre entertainment.

Rooms with bath, from $3.50 to $5 per day for one person—from $5 to $8 for two.



Fort Dearborn Hotel
Van Buren at La Salle

Five hundred and fifty rooms, all with outside light and air. In the heart of the wholesale, financial and general business district, directly across from La Salle St. Station. Rates $2.50 and $3 a day.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY
Owner and Operator

Fort Dearborn Hotel, Chicago

(Continued from Page 42)

"But what do you care?" said Mr. Coolidge after a pause.

"Not a snap of my fingers," replied Sam. "Only I'm going to call a stockholders' meeting sometime next week, and you fellows can either buy or sell back to me; run the concern yourselves with Daniels for manager, or let me dispose of it. I can engage to get a good price within a couple of weeks for the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, and one that will let you all out with a good profit on your investments."

"And what do you propose to do after that?" asked Mr. Coolidge, showing no surprise at this amazing declaration.

"Bank my money and set out for a tour of the world on my nerve, with a fifty-dollar bill sewed in my shirt for emergencies," Sam replied. "Honolulu first ——"

"According to your carefully considered plan."

"And then the Philippines. China, perhaps. Wherever, by keeping my eyes open, I can see a good opportunity for an energetic young man with a little capital."

"And what are you going to do to-morrow?"

"San Diego. I'll see how things will stack up there, get a statement ready for the meeting, sound Daniels and be back the next night. Then I'll have another talk with you."

"H'm!" observed Mr. Coolidge, and made no other observation until he stopped his car at Sam's gate. Then he said, "Think it over, son," and gave Sam's hand a quick, hard grip.

"Oh, one thing more," said Sam. "I suppose Dillingham's father is backing him in this. Financing him, I mean. Dillingham's company wouldn't be willing to pay what Smythe offered yesterday—not if there's a division of opinion as to the advisability of the scheme."

"I think you are right," Mr. Coolidge said after a moment's consideration. "Anyway, I'm out of it. You do as you please; only I wouldn't cut off my nose to spite my face if I were you—and I wouldn't sit up to worry. Things always look better after a night's sleep."

"And—and is Miss Walling making a stay of any length with you?"

"She leaves us to-morrow to go north with her friends. Good night."

As the car started off Sam walked slowly to the house and let himself in. At last he had his desired solitude for the concentrated pondering of matters and things.

There was one small consolation that the events—or event—of the evening had brought. It had simplified his problems. In fact, there was no problem left. Mattie was out of his life—finally. He felt no regret—absolutely no regret. To be sorry for the loss of a woman who was, first, vindictive, nursing for years the rankling remembrance of imagined slights; second, snobbish, despising all callings not sanctioned by her caste; third, and for the same reason, narrow-minded; fourth, unsympathetic—under which head might be included her heartlessness, her cruelty that found delight in the infliction of pain by poisoned words; fifth, a woman who was illogical as unfair, in condemning the basic principle of all business, namely, getting the best of the other fellow, but condemning it only when its application was against the interests of her affianced, who was doing his level best to apply it himself; a woman so shallow, so purblind, so infatuated as to choose a Dillingham Coolidge for her mate! Why, to lose a woman like that was nothing to regret, even if she had been his to lose!

But there was the loss of his ideal Mattie. That was different. And because of that it became necessary, for his soul's sake, to get away from the house that she had tenanted, from the work that she had, in a sense, inspired. And that simplified things. An easy way out. As to the lot, stick Mr. Dillingham Coolidge for the ultimate obtainable nickel, then sell out and get out.

"Over the world so wide, 'somewhere east of Suez.' Mate me with some savage woman who will rear my dusky, goat-catching race. No, not that either. Plenty of sweet, lovable white girls in the world, and I'll have one. 'Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? . . . If she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be?' as the garland hath it. Fair enough!"

A sharp, twanging sound startled him. He listened for a moment or two until its vibrations had died away, and then picked up the lamp and went into the next room, whence the sound had seemed to come. His eye fell on Aunt Prudence's harp, and he remembered that a day or two before he had removed the broken strings with the intention of replacing them, and had tightened those that were left. A closer examination showed that one of these had snapped. He laughed, and then set down the lamp, struck a match and relit his pipe.

"Poor Aunt Prudence!"

And old Coolidge had watched her fingers as they had plucked these same strings, and had no doubt wished for the courage to hold and kiss them.

"There seem to be ghosts in the house to-night," Sam said aloud, and took himself and his pipe outdoors.

A faint wind stirred and rustled the dry gray aprons of the palms. Sam's eyes lifted to the spreading crowns of the noble trees whose giant fronds were sharply etched in black against the deep neutral blue of the starlit sky. The vastness of that gold-flecked vault, the peace and almost unbroken stillness of the night shamed his mood. What sort of a tempest could rage in the trivial teacup that he called his soul? Did Coolidge rage against pretty Prudence Weatherbee? Did he do the tinhorn scoundrel, disreputable Bill Jevins entire justice?

Why not Dillingham? Many people considered Dillingham an agreeable young man. He had some mean traits perhaps, but who hasn't? Be fair, Sam. Dillingham is young, good-looking in his way, intelligent, of good social position and prospects. Would you consider any other girl shallow, purblind and infatuated for accepting him?

"I'd come pretty near it," Sam muttered, answering his own question. "But then, I'm prejudiced."

He paced the paths among the trees until he suddenly felt himself overcome by weariness; then he went to bed and slept like a log until very late the next morning. After making a hurried toilet and a still more hurried breakfast he went to get his car, and on his way encountered Judge O'Reilly, who was pottering among the fruit trees.

"You're late up this morning," said the judge. "More by token, you was not home last night. I saw you go out, but I wouldn't stop you. 'Tis little devilment comes into his life to brighten it,' I says to myself. 'Let him have his fling for wanst.'"

"Don't stop me now, judge," said Sam. "I'm hurrying. Won't be back to-night either. Be good."

"Tell me before you go what rules there is about visitors—women visitors that comes in and walks on the grass and picks the flowers and asks questions. Am I to permit it promiscuous, or will you set visitors' days?"

"Are we having visitors?" Sam inquired.

"We're like to have any day, the way the grounds is looking," the old man answered.

"If they're women, don't encourage them; they're dangerous," said Sam.

"So is food and drink if you don't use discretion with 'em," observed the judge. "Otherwise, they're pleasing to the taste and necessary to happiness. You can get along without them for a while, but you'll not feel comfortable. I'd rather have an attact of indigestion than go hungry, mind you that."

"I'll argue it out with you some other time," Sam told him, and hurried to his car. As he drove off O'Reilly hailed him and beckoned, but Sam only smiled and waved his hand.

The smile cost him some effort, for notwithstanding his sleep and the glad morning sunshine, cheerfulness had not come to him. He was in no enviable frame of mind when, after what should have been an exhilarating drive, he entered his office; but in spite of that he smiled again, and broadly, for sitting on the bench outside the dividing rail and tapping the arm of it with nervous fingers was Dillingham Coolidge.

"Well, well!" Sam exclaimed genially. "Pickles, as I live! Dear old Pickles come to see me! This is indeed a treat!"

Dillingham got up from the bench, but his face showed more relief than pleasure. He offered his hand, but Sam must have been too busy with the catch of the barrier to see it.

"Walk into my parlor," Sam continued in the same cordial tone. "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy. Sit down. Been waiting long?"

"About half an hour," replied Dillingham petulantly. "Nice business hours you keep." He took out his cigarette case. "May I smoke?"

"I told him he couldn't," said Miss Macrae sharply over her shoulder.

(Continued on Page 47)

The area of roofs yearly covered with Certain-teed is greater than that covered by any other kind of prepared roofing. Certain-teed comes in rolls—both in the staple gray kind and the mineral-surfaced green or red, and also in green or red mineral-surfaced shingles for residences. Light, medium and heavy Certain-teed Roofings are guaranteed for five, ten and fifteen years respectively. The mineral-surfaced Certain-teed is guaranteed for ten years

How Dealers' Stocks Affect the Price You Pay

LARGE stocks which remain on the dealers' shelves for a long time cost more to handle than small stocks that are sold rapidly.

For this reason, Certain-teed makes it possible for dealers to carry stocks of Certain-teed Roofing, Paint, Varnish, Etc., small enough in size to be sold rapidly.

Certain-teed has accomplished this by placing ample stocks of all its products in conveniently located warehouses and distributing centers throughout the country. From these points dealers can obtain needed supplies quickly.

By making use of this service, dealers can sell you these highest quality products at a real saving in cost and still make a fair profit on the transaction.

See your dealer about Certain-teed. If he hasn't enough of what you want in stock, he can get more for you quickly from a nearby Certain-teed distributing center.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

General Offices, Saint Louis

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed

CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

819

The one hundred and eighty-eight Kresge Stores throughout the country have done all they could to make this holiday season memorable; now let them wish you very sincerely a Merry, Merry Christmas.

S. S. KRESGE Stores

5¢ - 10¢ - 15¢ Red Front

25¢ - 50¢ - $1.00 Green Front

(Continued from Page 44)

"Quite right," said Sam. "Sorry, Pickles, but it's the rule. We have to be very careful about fire here. As it is, and careful as we are, people have complained that our inflammable buildings were a menace to surrounding property. They got an order to tear us all down not long ago, and tried to enforce it. Luckily I was here when the gang walked in. But that doesn't interest you. What's on your mind, Pickles?"

"My name isn't Pickles, you know, Weatherbee," Dillingham said with some irritation.

"An affectionate nickname," Sam told him blandly. "Something piquant and puckery to the mouth about you too. But let that pass. What's on your mind? I know, of course, that you were passing and thought you'd drop in for a little chat; but—Miss Macrae, will you oblige me by stepping into the tool department and asking Johnson for a left-handed monkey wrench? And wait until he finds one please."

Miss Macrae, who had forgotten herself so far as to snort, departed meekly on her errand, merely inquiring, *sotto voce*, if the monkey were left-handed. When she had gone Sam swung round on his chair and looked at his visitor very intently, trying to decide whether his high-arched eyebrows or his very red and wet-looking lips disgusted him the more.

"Well?" he said abruptly.

"I came to see whether I couldn't induce you to be reasonable about this lease of yours," said Dillingham. "Of course, you know what my interest is. My uncle told me that he had wised you when I called him up this morning. I was a prize idiot to give him the chance, but I thought he might help me out. If I had kept dark and left it to Smythe & Grey I believe you'd have taken half what I'm offering now—and that would have been an outrageous price."

"What are you offering now?"

Sam took a match from his waistcoat pocket and began to shave it into symmetrical toothpick form.

"Smythe made you our final offer the day before yesterday."

"I know, and I turned it down. Now how much are you willing to raise the bid? You came here prepared to raise it, didn't you?"

"Certainly not," Dillingham replied.

"Thanks for calling," said Sam, snapping his knife shut and tossing his match away. "I've enjoyed your visit." He got up.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Dillingham. "You put a figure on it. That's something you haven't done yet. I might stand for a small advance to get the thing settled, but ——"

"But you haven't another dirty trick left in your filthy bag," Sam interrupted sternly. "Not another special ordinance or injunction or any other suit that you think you might make stick, eh? Can't make skulking, sneaking or bulldozing work any—you sit down, or I'll telescope you into a chair cushion. You can't bluff, so you'll buy, will you, Pickles?"

That was a mistake of Sam's. Dillingham did not use a lip stick. The color of his lips then proved it. Sam laughed reassuringly.

"Excuse my violence, Dillingham," he said, lowering his voice. "I admit that your methods have irked me, but I shouldn't have lost my temper. We are talking business now, aren't we? How about ten thousand additional? I know you can get another location without being robbed, but I know that your competitors, Carey & Jacobs, have got the next best to this corner, and that it's well worth ten thousand more to you, even if your firm doesn't think so."

Dillingham, not entirely recovered from the shock of Sam's outburst, cogitated for quite a few moments, and then forced a rather ghastly grin.

"I didn't expect to go to over five thousand above what Smythe told you," he said, "but ——"

Sam interrupted again.

"Make it fifteen thousand," he said.

"I'll see you damned first!" Dillingham snarled with unexpected spirit. "And I'll say that of all the robbers ——"

"I know it," Sam admitted. Then he dropped his voice persuasively. "Say fifteen thousand, and I won't try to raise you another cent. You were willing to go to ten. Now what's five thousand more to you, looking at the matter dispassionately? Fifteen thousand added to Smythe's offer. Think of it—and think quickly, because I should have been on my way to San Diego by this time, and in five minutes I'll be starting."

Dillingham took one of them to think dispassionately.

"Leave me my watch," he said at last. "It's a gift from a dear dead friend. You're on! Fifteen thousand goes!"

"I won't take it," said Sam calmly.

"What?" Dillingham almost shrieked in his rage and exasperation.

"I won't take it," Sam repeated. "But I'll tell you what I will do. If you want to pay me my actual moving expenses, four blocks up the street, including the time it takes to get the stock arranged and ready for business, and then add a bonus of five thousand dollars, which I reckon is only a fair and moderate compensation, we'll forget what you offered by Smythe and let it go at that. I'll cancel my lease and start moving at a week's notice."

"You're joking," Dillingham whispered huskily, after a pause. "There's some infernal catch in it."

"Not a bit of it," Sam replied. "I'm not given to joking in business affairs. If it suits you, tell Smythe to fix up the papers and bring them to me to sign the day after to-morrow. Now get out! Oh, I nearly forgot. I have to congratulate you on your engagement, which I do herewith."

"Thanks," said Dillingham. "Weatherbee, this—this is p-pretty white of you," he stammered.

"Get out!" roared Sam.

He went quickly to the telephone, called Mr. Coolidge up and told him what he had done.

"Hello," he called. "Hello, are you there?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Coolidge's voice. "I was thinking."

"Do you approve?"

"I think I do—yes. Listen, Weatherbee, my boy! I don't want you to do anything definite about selling out. Put off your San Diego trip and come over here and see me. I've something to tell you that may interest you."

"Sorry, but I'm just starting," said Sam, and hung up the receiver.

As he was getting into the car he heard the telephone bell ringing violently, but Miss Macrae was just entering the office and he decided that he would let her answer it.

"Tell 'em I'll be back to-morrow night, Jessie," he called.

Once into Stephenson Avenue and clear of the city traffic, Sam drove with a reckless disregard of the law governing speed, and miraculously arrived at the San Diego branch well within four hours of his starting time, without accident or arrest. Accompanied by Mr. Daniels, he at once began a preliminary survey of the stock, store and renovating shop, all of which seemed to be arranged and conducted with admirable efficiency in accordance with his own ideas. Then the two plunged into the books, with which they were busied until a late hour of the night. In the morning they went at it again, and continued their labors, with brief intermissions throughout the day and again into the night, until Sam had the material he wanted. A long conference followed, so that it was nearly one o'clock when Sam, after fortifying himself with coffee at an all-night lunch wagon, started back to Los Angeles.

His visit of inspection had given him a great deal to think of. For one thing, it had shown him that he had made no mistake in picking his branch manager. Daniels had proved to be pretty thoroughly imbued with the Weatherbee conception and methods, which he was carrying out with enthusiasm and efficiency. He had ideas of his own, too, had Daniels. He had been reaching out lately into the marine business—dealing with worn and discarded items of ship equipment in a small but profitable way, and he wanted to extend that department. Sam had been intensely interested in what he had to say about it. With half a dozen lieutenants of Daniels' capability, Sam thought—and they were to be found, if a man kept his eyes open—well, no use thinking about what he might do with those men. He had decided to get out. Daniels could at least run the concern at a profit if the stockholders wanted to keep it going.

Nevertheless, Sam continued to think about it; and when he got home he continued to think about it as he sat struggling with drowsiness in a large easy-chair. No use going to bed with the dawn already

(Continued on Page 49)

Quaker Flour

A super-grade—
No fancy price

Not for All

Only careful buyers get it

To get Quaker Flour you must show that you want it. Specify it when you order. If your grocer lacks it, have him get it.

Quaker Flour requires a special grade of wheat. Then only about half of the kernel goes into it—just the choicest parts.

We make two lower grades ourselves, from the flour we omit from Quaker.

For our friends

Quaker Flour is made for the lovers of Quaker cereals. For the women who want supreme quality.

It is white and fine and flavory. It makes lighter, better bread.

But only certain wheat will make it, and then only part of that wheat.

It requires modern mills and expert millers. Chemists must constantly analyze it—bakers constantly test it in the mill.

Millions want it

Millions want this grade of flour. The demand is amazing. And it comes from users telling others, for we do little advertising.

One mill has grown to four mills—to a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. Yet not one-tenth of those who would enjoy it even know of Quaker Flour.

Get your share

Make an effort to get it—show that you want it. Users pay no fancy price. It costs your grocer little, if any, more than ordinary flour. Our profit is very small.

Learn what Quaker quality means when applied to flour. It will increase your respect for all the Quaker cereals.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

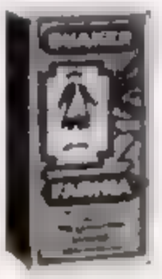
Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Quaker Biscuit Flour

This is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. Use for biscuits, pancakes, sweets, etc. The leavening is in it. The sealed round package keeps it ever fresh

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the sweetest, choicest bits. It is fancy farina without a fancy price. No better grade is possible. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc., where the granulations add delights



YOU need only the evidence of your eyes to be convinced that the Paige "Lakewood" Model is a supremely beautiful motor car.

But go just one step farther, please, and take a single demonstration behind the power plant that is capable of seventy-five miles per hour.

Then you will realize that this car represents one of the most important developments in the field of six-cylinder engineering.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

PAIGE

(Continued from Page 47)

breaking and a certainty of oversleeping into the middle of a day that he needed the whole of. Smythe would be coming about the lease; then the preparation for the work of removal would have to be begun at once. He would have to superintend the work of removal and settling—unless his stockholders wanted him to sell out, and then he would be under no obligation to whoever bought. Yes, Jessie Macrae would have to get busy; and, by the way, he would see that Jessie was taken care of in the new organization, whatever it was. That marine stuff looked big. The ungodly price of all new equipment and the general lack of system among the marine-stores dealers generally—much the same opportunity as was presented by the general junkers and secondhanders. But it would mean a sail loft to begin with. More capital—well, no. Let San Pedro alone for the present and—the meeting first. That couldn't be any too soon. Sell out and get out. Couldn't get out any too soon. This haunted house ——

Rotten old jungle! Hot—blazing hot! And he would certainly have to kill that betel-chewing little dato with the red, wet lips. The slinking scoundrel must not be allowed to marry Mattie, even if the empire was at stake. He was a Mohammedan, too, and they wouldn't allow him to own a corner lot in California. Thump, thump, thump—thump, thump! He must be summoning the tribe. Hark, 'tis the Indian drum! The woods and rocks around echo the warlike sound. Hot! Phew! Now they are coming along the upper deck. Footsteps—stealthy footsteps! Quiet again now, but they are coming! Got to make an effort—make an effort ——

He made the effort and sat up, blinking in the sun that scorched his face. Then sensing a human presence, he turned quickly and saw Mattie Walling standing in the doorway, holding in one hand a little cluster of roses.

She started back as he rose, but only a half step, for he made no movement immediately after that; but still dazed and heavy with sleep he continued to stare at her until, laughing a little nervously, she spoke.

"I—I knocked," she said.

"Won't you come in?" Sam invited. His tone was very gentle, for she was looking at him appealingly, and her smile was tremulous. Sam next noted that her face was pale and that her bosom rose and fell rapidly. She made no response to his invitation; but standing there, she held out the roses, still with that pathetic smile.

"I don't think you will ever send me any more, so I am picking them myself," she said; and, strangely, her voice was as tremulous as her smile. "Mr. O'Reilly told me to help myself," she continued. "The—the door was open. I knocked, but you didn't answer; so I helped myself, and then came back and knocked again."

Sam nodded dumbly.

"I will come in," she said, and entering the room, laid a hand on the back of the chair that he had placed for her and leaned as if she needed its support. "You are very angry with me, of course," she resumed.

"No," answered Sam; and, stooping, he picked up the papers that in his sleep had fallen from his relaxed hand. "No," he said again.

"You have a right to be. I said some things to you that I am very sorry for and for which I want you to forgive me."

"Please don't!" Sam begged, greatly moved

"But I must. I had a long talk yesterday morning with Mr. Coolidge, and he told me so much of what you had been doing. And he showed me how wrong I had been about you. He was so kind too." Mattie's hand sought her belt and plucked forth a handkerchief. Her eyes were bright with the moisture of tears, but she dabbed them quickly and went on with what she had to say:

"And in the afternoon, when he came back from town, he told me of something else that you had done—I had already heard of it or a version of it—and—and I stayed to see you. I had meant to return to San Francisco last night, but I stayed—to see you."

"Don't distress yourself," said Sam, himself distressed and puzzled.

One thing he gathered—that Mr. Coolidge had put him right; but to him that hardly explained Mattie's agitation, her broken utterance and tear-swimming eyes. This was a new Mattie altogether.

"It hurts me to see you so," he continued. "After all, I don't think you were at all to blame. In the old days you knew me as a pretty worthless sort of fellow. I may have had some good stuff in me; I like to think that I had; but it was spoiled. I was"—he hesitated and smiled—"junk. When you saw me again I was about ready for the scrap heap. It was after I saw you and, I think, largely because I had seen you, and because of what you said then, added to the remembrance of what you had said before, that I decided that I was worth making over, and determined to do it if it were possible. I began in my own way as I saw it open to me. You couldn't see it with my eyes, naturally. It seemed a contemptible way to you. I can tell you, though, that I have found it broadening as I have traveled it. It is useful work, and bigger than you might think."

"Oh, please believe that I understand now!" she said. "I've been stupid in that—stupid and blind in many ways, but I understand that now."

"Then that's all right," Sam told her cheerfully. "No harm done. In fact, you have done me a great deal of good—because I have always kept the idea of your approval before me. Did you know that? So, you see, there is no reason for you to feel apologetic. You have made me feel much happier by coming here and telling me what you have; remember that. If you and Dillingham Coolidge ——"

"I want you to understand one thing," Mattie said quickly, her color rising, "I have never been engaged to Dillingham and there has never been any possibility that I would be, because—he has asked me to marry him more than once, and I think that he must have given his family and other people the impression that my refusal was not final. Jane, I know, has always laughed at me when I told her that it was. You know that our families have always been intimate, and—and I liked Dillingham, in a way—until yesterday."

"Why until yesterday?" asked Sam, trying to speak calmly.

"He was down here yesterday," Mattie answered, the red in her cheeks deepening. "He told me that he had made you come to his terms—boasted of it, and seemed to think that I would be pleased. He—he asked me to marry him again. Do you think I am awful, telling you all this? Because his uncle had already told me what mean, despicable things he had done to carry his point, and I knew that if you had made any concessions it was because you thought it right and fair to make them. I—I think that I hurt Dillingham's feelings, and I wasn't sorry when Mr. Coolidge came back from town and told me what had really happened. Mr. Coolidge likes you. He told me a great deal about you—about your work and how pluckily and cleverly you had accomplished things, toiling so incessantly—so incessantly!

"Can you imagine how I felt and why I stayed to see you? Oh, you poor, lonely, obstinate, brave, silly, silly—man! Why didn't you tell me? Why did you harden yourself against me when I wanted to be your friend?"

"Did you want to be my friend, Mattie?" asked Sam.

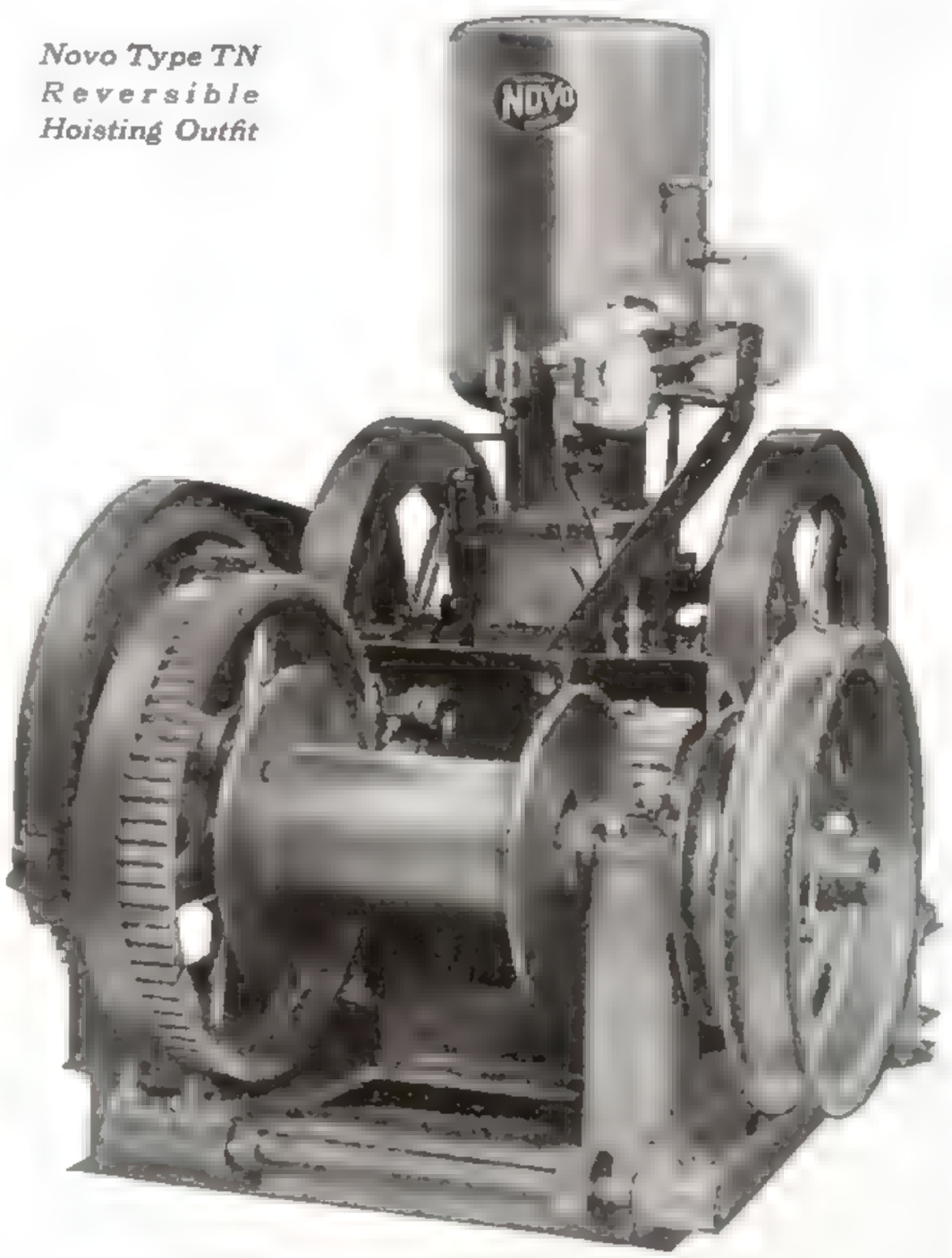
Oh, those clear hazel eyes of hers, looking at him now so pityingly! And with the pity in them was there nothing else? Could that be too?

"Do you know that I love you?" He could tell her that at least.

"I sometimes thought you did—a little. Do you? Is that why you have made me afraid of you, hurt me, tried to make me think the worst of you? Did you imagine that I could possibly love you when you did all that? I suppose you did. I suppose you thought I did because I was so unhappy when you disappeared and so absurdly happy when I found you again here, and then so unhappy when I found you changed, though I had wanted you to change. They say that women are never more illogical than when they love. Possibly you thought I loved you because, after you had stopped sending me those roses, I schemed to come down here with the Dawsons and schemed again to get Mrs. Coolidge to invite me to her house so that I could see you—even if you had treated Dillingham as shamefully as they told me, and as I half believed. That was illogical too. Perhaps you think I love you because I loved you long ago when I was a romantic little fool and made you angry—and suffered!"

"Mattie! Mattie!" cried Sam. "You mustn't say things like that—unless ——"

Novo Type TN Reversible Hoisting Outfit



You Needn't Believe Us

You like to have people prove for themselves the reliability of your goods. So do we.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
420 Porter Street Lansing, Mich.
New York Office: 1617 Woolworth Building
Chicago Office: 800 Old Colony Building
London Concrete Machinery Co., London, Ontario, Canadian Distributors

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing.

NOVO RELIABLE POWER

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW, wonderful invention, ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years—price $5.75.

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finished, $5.75; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* $6.25. *Far Western prices,* 25c *per lamp higher.*

Dealers: Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

He took the hand that had rested on the chair and put that slight barrier aside.

"Wait, please," she said, repelling him with her free hand. "Unless what? Unless I tell you that I am here because I love you, and because I think you are the most dense and dear—oh, Sam, do you think you can make over the junk that is me?"

"I don't want to," Sam replied.

But that was so long after she had asked the question that it seemed a perfectly irrelevant and incomplete statement.

And a little later, Judge O'Reilly, puttering in the garden, happened to look up and saw them standing together by the big bush of Gold of Ophir. They were looking at the old house. The old man's eyesight was not what it had been, so that he lost the expression of their faces as now and again they turned to each other and spoke—which was a pity. But his grin widened and still widened, nevertheless, and when a mocking bird near by suddenly burst into song it became almost ecstatic.

"Pipe up, ye cute little devil!" he cried, apostrophizing the bird. "'Tis all that we need, more power to you! I'd sing myself, had I the voice and could I carry a chune. Sunshine and roses, the song of a bird and the building of a nest—and who would have thought it but me! I'll tell the madam."

He dropped his hoe and scurried into the cottage as Sam and Mattie walked down the path hand in hand; and with madly pulsing throat the little brown piper piped them to the gate, and then stopped.

IS ITALY GOING RED?

(Continued from Page 23)

Had the government made an ill-advised attempt to recapture by force—and inevitable bloodshed—the factories on behalf of their owners, the red revolution in the North of Italy, at least, might now be a fact. Giolitti, who is certainly neither a Washington nor a Napoleon, but who is, nevertheless, practically the government in himself, has been much blamed for his act in surrendering, or apparently surrendering to the insurgent workmen; but for the moment, at any rate, he averted civil war.

Will there be a revolution in Italy? I do not know. No one knows. But one thing is obvious. The entire industrial population, and to a large extent the agricultural population, is in a state of ferment and discontent which may easily lead to revolution. Suffering acutely under the present high cost of living, which has risen fabulously in Italy, and excited by long-continued socialist and anarchist propaganda, both during the war and since, it believes firmly that a revolution—*tipo russo*, as they say—means the millennium for the proletariat. You cannot walk twenty yards down any street in Italy without seeing "Viva Lenin" scrawled upon the walls. You cannot any day pick up an Italian newspaper without reading of sanguinary conflicts between armed workmen and the civil power.

The events of September, as I said, were in the nature of a dress rehearsal; but they bring to a focus some at least of the more important problems which Giolitti's intervention left in the air rather than settled.

Comparative Wage Scales

The trouble started in that great metallurgical industry which during the past thirty years, under the tutelage of banks in close connection with the financial magnates of prebellum Germany, has grown up in the North of Italy. Before the war Italy was certainly a paradise, despite occasional trouble in such storm centers as Turin, for the employer. The wages he paid would be regarded by an American or British captain of industry as fantastically ridiculous.

It must, of course, be remembered that before the war the standard of life of the Italian workman was very low. He practically never ate meat—macaroni and vegetables were his staple diet. He drank very little. He was, on the whole, laborious and moderately contented. He worked from ten to twelve hours a day, and for a day's labor he received less than his American brother for one hour. Here is a list, from official sources, of the wages paid during the last few years to skilled mechanics in metallurgical industry of Turin:

	LIRE PER DAY
1914	4
1915	4.25
1916	4 to 9
1917	4 to 17
1918	6 to 25

Four lire a day at the prewar parity of exchange equaled about eighty cents. This was for a skilled mechanic in an arduous industry, and was the highest rate in Italy. In Milan it was slightly less. In other centers and in other industries it was often considerably lower.

It will be noticed from the foregoing list that wages in what was, of course, a munition industry did not, as in other countries, increase fabulously during the war. There is a very slight expansion. Yet those great metallurgical factories were feverishly busy on vast war orders, and certainly, as corporations, they were making those vast profits which war contractors pocketed the world over and which were as notorious in Italy as elsewhere. The reason seems to be that, emigration being stopped, the employers had an immense reservoir of labor on which to draw. There was, in fact, a great migration of labor from the other parts of Italy to the north, where the already existing establishments were expanding to colossal undertakings never dreamed of by their founders, and where entire new industrial towns, manufacturing every sort of commodity, sprang up like mushrooms in a night. Wages did not even rise in proportion to the increase in the cost of living, which for Italy began even in 1914, before the country itself entered the war, and which has since mounted to heights which to the Italians seem incredible.

By 1920 the daily wage of the Italian metallurgical worker had increased to an average stated by Giolitti, the Italian Premier, to be about seventeen lire a day. This is certainly somewhere near the truth, and it must be remembered that the total cost of living in Italy has increased from the prewar level by something like five hundred per cent on the average—in some cases very much more.

At the actual rate of exchange with American money seventeen lire represents only about seventy cents, and the American seventy cents of 1920 represents only about thirty-five cents of prewar purchasing power. Prices in Italy for the working-class housekeeper are about half those of America. So the net result of the vicious circle for the Italian workman is that he is slightly less well off with his seventeen lire than he was with his four lire a day before the war.

But in the meantime a change has taken place in his habits. Army rations gave him a taste for meat to such an extent that the increased consumption of that commodity is a matter of serious preoccupation to the Italian Government. From various causes, army rations, the strain of excessive war work, and so on, he now drinks alcohol to an extent unknown in 1914. Constantly straining to attain to a higher standard of life by a higher wage, he finds himself mocked by a constant diminution in the purchasing power of the wages he receives. And, like the industrial classes in other European countries, his moral fiber and possibly his physique weakened by the strains and stresses of the war, he himself contributes to that diminution in the purchasing power of the tokens he receives for his labor by a diminution, often deliberate, in the production of commodities exchangeable for the elementary means of life.

The Employers' Stand

But the wage worker and those leaders who make his discontents articulate obstinately persist in seeking the remedy in terms of wages. In June of 1920 the F. I. O. M.—the Federazione Italiana Operai Metallurgica—the trade union of metal workers, put forward a demand for an increase of seventeen lire a day—about double, in other words. The employers—they also acting in a federation—refused these demands on the ground that higher wages would prove but an illusory benefit, but agreed to coöperate as far as possible in a reduction of the cost of living, and to establish various cooperative institutions which would assist their workmen to live more cheaply. They also maintained that the industry could not support the burden of a further increase. They had already, after considerable industrial strife, granted the eight-hour day demanded by the operatives, and they were undoubtedly and not without reason resentful of the drop in production which had ensued.

It is at least doubtful whether the Italian employer considered his workmen's point of view with any sympathy. Practically every workman is a socialist, and for years past the war between labor and capital had been preached by the socialist agitators and the Socialist Party, which until recently was the only well-organized political party in Italy. Employer and employee mutually regarded one another, in a vast majority of cases, as declared enemies.

Whatever the position before the war, the position of the great Italian industries in 1920 was certainly somewhat precarious, and it is possible that, as the employers asserted, they would not stand an increase of operating expenses. The terrible depreciation of Italian currency made the importation of raw materials both difficult and expensive, and the price of coal had jumped from the prewar level of about thirty-five or thirty-seven lire to anything between eight hundred and eleven hundred lire the ton. In June, 1920, the metallurgical industry, despite its low average of wages, was certainly working on a very narrow margin. The Metallurgical Federation, admitting to a certain extent the point of view of the management, reduced its demands to something less than half; but still the employers were definite in their refusal. They maintain—with what truth it is impossible for me to say; but in view of later events the allegation is one of their grievances—that the government secretly encouraged them to persist in their uncompromising attitude.

The White Strike

The result was a more and more violent and bitter agitation, fanned in the factories by the socialist and anarchist orators and the socialist and anarchist press. It is doubtful whether the majority of the socialist leaders had more than a vague idea of whither they were tending; but undoubtedly the more extremist, inspired and probably financed by the Russian Soviet Government, began to organize for a coup.

On September fourteenth the Italian newspapers published a Bolsheviat circular, issued more than a month previously, in which different sections of labor were told to be ready for a revolutionary uprising on August twenty-eighth. They were out in their date, but behind the scenes wire pullers were probably from the first plotting to convert the industrial unrest into a political movement. The rank and file of the Italian workmen, however, were concerned only with their demands for more wages, and conscious only of their vague if bitter discontent. Few of them—few perhaps of their leaders—contemplated the action on which they subsequently embarked.

During the month of August and the first days of September the hostility between masters and men mounted to the crisis. The employers were firm in their refusal to give an advance. The men responded by a white strike—the *ostruzionismo*, as it was called. They remained in the factories and drew their pay, but they did as little work as possible. They reduced output; in fact, as their leaders boasted, by fifty per cent. Whispers of a retaliatory lockout by the employers began to circulate, but the Federation of Manufacturers, keenly alive to the dangerous situation which would thus be created, utterly and absolutely forbade such a drastic step. They hoped that with patience the agitations would subside of themselves.

In the beginning of September, however, the management of the great Romeo metallurgical works in Milan, exasperated by the deliberate and serious damage that was being done to the machinery by its employees, lost its temper and ordered a lockout in direct defiance of the orders of its own federation. That was the signal for trouble. The workers in the Romeo shops refused to evacuate them. They remained in possession, announcing their intention to work them for their own benefit.

The movement spread like wildfire, for the Italian is a highly excitable and suggestible person, with a distinct tendency

(Continued on Page 53)

miller

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Tires

Price-per-Mile Lowered 46%
Mileage Increased 115%

Miller's crack tire builders who are held accountable for every tire they make are now building Miller Cords to a uniform 15,000-mile average in factory tests, and Miller Fabric Tires to a gain proportionately large.

Careful tabulation of Miller Cord records in the entire State of California shows an average there of 16,250 miles

Of course the mileage a tire gives in one State may vary somewhat in another according to road conditions. But even on the factory test basis this increase of 115% in mileage has lowered the price-per-mile 46%.

In 26th place in 1913, Miller has grown at a faster rate than any other important tire company in America, until Miller is today one of the "Big Four" of Akron, Ohio, the tire and rubber center of the world. This inspiring success is due to the fact that tire users want Miller results, and have found there is only one way to get them.

Adopted by 20 car makers
For sale by leading dealers everywhere

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers also of the Miller Inner Tube—
A worthy team-mate of these champion tires

Why is the Maytag the admitted favorite?

WHY are women everywhere—women whom nothing else could convince—being converted by the *Millrace Principle?*

The answer is easy. Go see a demonstration. Witness the action of this scientific machine.

Like other women, you will recognize in it the *perfected* washing machine—a studied, scientific device—which actually produces results—which actually does everything the hands and washboard could do—yet without the rough handling.

Prove it by visiting a neighbor who owns a Maytag. Note how quietly it runs—practically no vibration. Note how little water and how little soap is required. Note, too, how quickly the work is done. Batches usually requiring 15 to 20 minutes are ready for the line in 10 to 12 minutes.

These things mean real washing service. They are due to the scientific *Millrace Principle*. And the principle is an exclusive development in the Maytag Cabinet Electric.

Go see a demonstration. If you do not recall a local Maytag dealer, write us.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Portland, Ore., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and The Maytag Company of England, 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

The Millrace Principle

The Maytag aluminum cylinder has only 5 openings. Each of these is designed on the principle of the millrace. As the cylinder revolves the water rushes through these millrace gates. It breaks into the interior with great activity, where it thoroughly flushes the dirt from the soiled fabric.

(Continued from Page 50)

to gregarious action. In one factory after another the hooters sounded and the employees rushed en masse to the gates and secured control of all entrances and exits. As far as they could they prevented the departure of the technical and administrative personnel and compelled them to continue their duties. The workmen then hoisted red flags on all the chimneys and proceeded to elect a workers' council to manage the factory. In only a few instances were the technical staff detained for long. By some means or another most of them speedily managed to make their escape, and the factories were left in the hands of the operatives.

Whether the original movement on the part of the Romeo workers was spontaneous or no, the leaders of the F. I. O. M. and the Italian General Confederation of Labor speedily perceived the advantage to be derived from the situation. To one factory after another in Turin, Milan, Brescia, Bologna, Leghorn, Genoa and elsewhere, first only in the metallurgical industry and subsequently to the textile and other works, they sent orders for seizure. Everywhere the orders were obeyed with enthusiasm. Carried forward on the crest of the wave and instigated by the extremists who believed that their hour had at last struck, the labor organizations then took the step which lifted the situation out of a local industrial quarrel and converted it into a national movement for the transformation of the established conditions of industry. They proclaimed that henceforth the Italian industries would be run by the workmen for the benefit of the workmen, and announced that until the principle of administrative control by the workmen was conceded the occupation of the factories would continue.

There were many and conflicting theories held by the different sections as to the precise kind of control ultimately desired. Some—a few—desired merely that while the masters should continue to be responsible for the management of the factory the men should benefit by a profit-sharing arrangement. Some looked rather to a control which, though allowing the masters to retain control of the commercial and technical side of the undertaking, gave the workers power over internal management and discipline. Some, looking to the day when the interest of capital in the concern could be abolished—and this soon became the most popular battle cry and developed into more or less definite schemes officially adopted by the socialist organizations—asked for such a measure of control as would educate the workmen in the technical side of the factory management. All agreed that if the metallurgical industry was not in a position—as the masters asserted—to pay its operatives a living wage, they were going to look into the matter for themselves and see if that were indeed the case.

The Government's Attitude

In the meantime the factories continued work, more or less, under the management of the workers' council in each. From every available point in each was flown a red flag, and declarations of sympathy with communist Russia were everywhere rudely but largely scrawled upon the walls. Red guards were organized and armed to resist any attempt of the authorities to recapture the factories. Sandbag barricades, wire entanglements—even in one case, as I myself saw, an attempt at an armored train—were prepared. Each factory became a fortress garrisoned by men in a high state of excitement and only too ready to use their weapons.

The government, called on by the factory owners to protect the rights of property, remained apathetic, frightened, or at any rate neutral. Giolitti, in whose hands all power is concentrated, quietly left the country for a conference on Russia at Aix-les-Bains. Certainly the authorities made absolutely no attempt to turn the workmen out of their fortresses. Yet blood was shed in only too many cases. Particularly in Turin the red guards came into sanguinary conflict with the *guardie regie*—a kind of quasi-military police much in evidence in Italy—and stories were common of shots being fired into passing trains, aimed at the first-class coaches, by red guards from factories abutting on the railroad. The authorities indeed concentrated armed forces in Milan and Turin for use in case the reds attempted to seize strategic points in those cities; but so long as the revolutionaries confined themselves to the factories they were left utterly alone.

To the simple Italian workman revolution and proletariat ownership of the factories meant, of course, himself becoming one of the rich, doing no work and drawing high pay. He was speedily disabused. The revolutionary leaders organized the factories on the latest Leninist model. Those of the workmen who were not chosen as red guards found themselves working twelve hours a day under a discipline to which they had long been strangers. Theft and damage to machinery were punished with a stern severity by communist tribunals, which had established prisons within the factories. Dishonest and incapable workmen, of whom the employers had long tried in vain to rid themselves, were dismissed. Work was continued on whatever raw materials or partly finished products were on hand, and it is stated that the total production during the period of occupation—from ten to fifteen days—amounted to eighty per cent of the normal.

Helpless Without Technical Men

But, of course, no new work was initiated, no attempt was made to place orders for a fresh supply of material, to obtain new contracts or to dispose in the regular market of products completed. Without the aid of the technical staff, not more than ten per cent of whom remained in the factories, the workmen were impotent to start fresh jobs. Their acute consciousness of that impotence, then so forcibly brought home to them, produced a bitter resentment against the technical employees which was expressed in acts of violence against the engineers and clerical staff when the factories were once more taken over by their owners, and which may yet lead to trouble between these two categories of workers, irrespective of the conflict between capital and labor. At works in Milan, for example, after the factory had been surrendered by the invaders and the men had returned to normal work, the entire technical and clerical staff went on strike until, as they said, the anarchist element troubling the industry should be dismissed. The factory was perforce closed; but the two partners themselves remained at their posts, the only individuals in the works, as a sign of their own attitude in the matter. It was a quarrel between employees only.

It was equally impossible for the workers' councils in each factory to have traded regularly with the outside world. Revolutionary organizations openly subversive of property cannot deal in markets which exist by the recognition of legal liabilities. Outside the factories they occupied they were powerless. The commercial world, of course, stood aloof and left them isolated. Such help as they had was derived from the feeling of solidarity among the workers in all industries. The railroad employees, for instance, not only vetoed the movement of trains bound for North Italy with military and police reënforcements, and in some cases forced troops actually en route to descend, but they sent into the factories raw materials in transit which were consigned to them, and also quantities of coal bound for other destinations. But that could not help the Fiat or Bianchi workers to sell motor cars or the Ansaldo mechanics to sell locomotives. Left to itself, despite the large funds undoubtedly possessed, from whatever source, by the socialist organizations, the movement must have collapsed—unless indeed it spread to such an extent as to involve Italy in one common ruin. On this point opinions differ.

For those who believe that the fiber of the Italian nation is still sound the attitude of a large proportion of the Italian workmen, apart from the designs of the leaders, during this time so exciting for them, is full of significance. Once the Italian workman realized that he had to work anyway, he was almost childishly anxious to give a good account of himself in this new position of responsibility.

To take one example out of many, at a shipyard in Leghorn the men worked sixteen hours a day to complete and launch a four-thousand-ton ship that was almost finished when the trouble broke out. Normally the concern paid one hundred thousand lire in insurance premiums to cover the risks of such a launch. The workmen, of course, neither could nor did insure the vessel, but they launched her perfectly. When, after the intervention of Giolitti, the management returned to those works the

Col. E. M. House

is on the editorial staff of the

PUBLIC LEDGER

His recent visit to Europe was as an observer and advisor to the Public Ledger's Foreign News Service, of which Carl W. Ackerman is chief.

For several years Col. House has been in almost constant conference with the leading statesmen of Europe. He has a basis for inside knowledge of European affairs such as is possessed by no other living American.

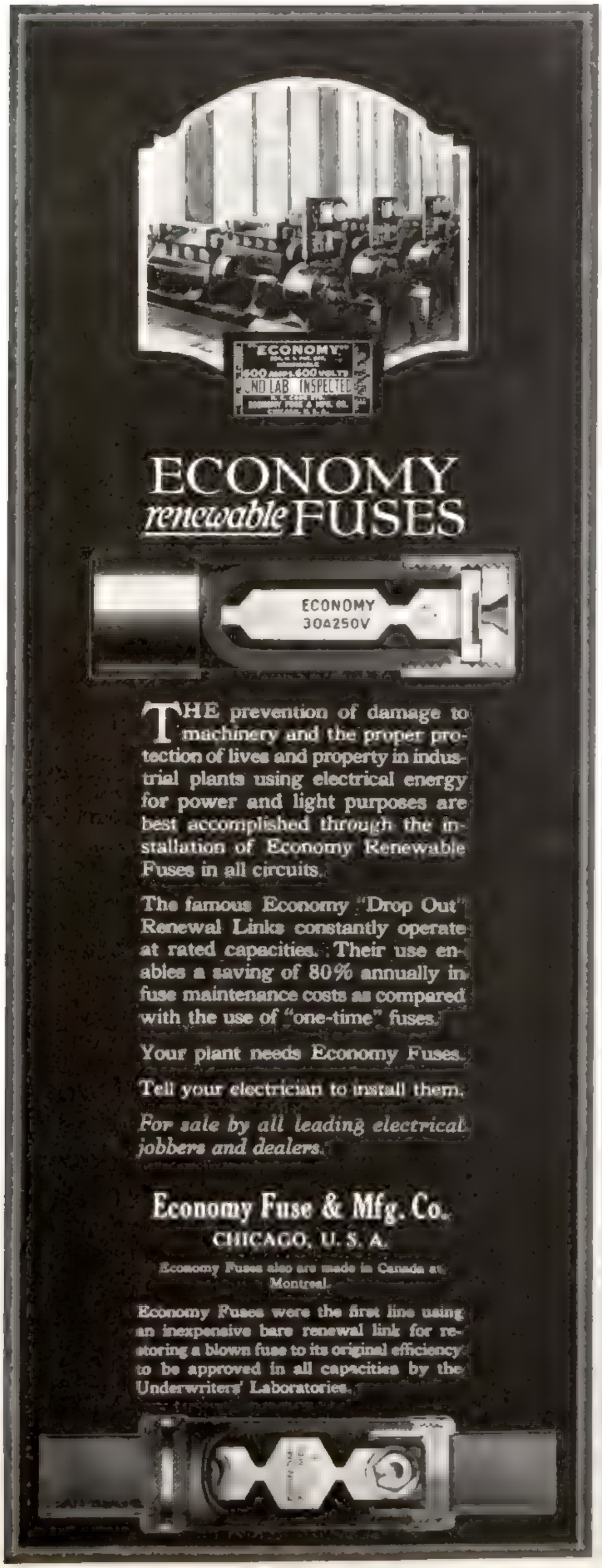
He will soon visit Europe again in the interest of the Public Ledger.
He is also contributing weekly articles on international subjects.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

At your club *At hotel newsstands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Col. House's statements, and Public Ledger Foreign News, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.


"ECONOMY"
600 AMPS. 600 VOLTS
NO LAB INSPECTED
ECONOMY
renewable FUSES
ECONOMY
30A250V
THE prevention of damage to machinery and the proper protection of lives and property in industrial plants using electrical energy for power and light purposes are best accomplished through the installation of Economy Renewable Fuses in all circuits.
The famous Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links constantly operate at rated capacities. Their use enables a saving of 80% annually in fuse maintenance costs as compared with the use of "one-time" fuses.
Your plant needs Economy Fuses.
Tell your electrician to install them.
For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers.
Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Economy Fuses also are made in Canada at Montreal.
Economy Fuses were the first line using an inexpensive bare renewal link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be approved in all capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

operatives pointed with pride to their achievement, and did not forget to impress upon the firm that they had saved them one hundred thousand lire. In almost every case, in fact, when the managements returned, they were presented with exactly kept accounts. In some instances even they were also presented with flowers—red flowers, it is true; but still flowers.

But this more pleasant aspect, reflecting the naive candor which is the best side of the Italian workman, is shadowed by the deliberate policy of the great organizations which directed the movement, once it had commenced. The extremists—and they are many—in the Socialist Party saw in it the longed-for opportunity to force a revolution after the Russian model.

Two organizations competed for the control of the movement: on the one hand, the General Confederation of Labor, relatively moderate, which aimed rather at ameliorating the conditions of industry than at the destruction of the social fabric; on the other, the Socialist Party, which sought to extend a local industrial struggle into a nation-wide revolution, and which formed an executive committee composed of its more violent members to deal with the situation. A National Labor Convention of five hundred delegates met the executive of the Socialist Parliamentary Party in Milan, and after a fierce discussion, prolonged for twenty hours at a stretch, on September eleventh and twelfth the more moderate—by comparison only—policy of the General Confederation of Labor was carried by 591,245 votes, as against 409,569 votes polled by the resolution of the extremists, which demanded that all factories should immediately be seized by the workmen.

The resolution passed declared that the present situation no longer permitted the continuance of the present relations between masters and men, and that the real object of the struggle must be the recognition by the masters of syndicalist control of industries. The steel workers were to remain in possession of the factories, which were to pass ultimately under the direct management of the workmen in the interest of the community—an interest, it may be remarked *en passant*, somewhat difficult to reconcile with the syndicalist control which looks only to the interests of the workmen in their particular industry. The resolution added that the workmen were to resist with all the forces at their command in the positions that they had conquered, in strict obedience to instructions to be imparted by the General Confederation of Labor—*i. e.*, the moderates. But, nevertheless, the Socialist Party was invited to take steps to insure that the solution of the struggle should not be upon the simple lines of the metal workers' memorial—*i. e.*, chiefly a readjustment of wages but in such a way as to guarantee the direct management of the factories by the working staffs and the enjoyment by them of the profits accruing.

Giolitti Intervenes

The resolution passed by the convention was, it will be seen, in the nature of a somewhat self-contradictory compromise; but its net result was that, although the socialist extremists were deprived of direct control of the struggle, the conflict was definitely lifted out of the narrow confines of a wage quarrel into a demand, supported by the entire forces of organized Italian labor, for the control by the workmen of all industries.

The employers, meeting also in federation, of course instantly rejected this suggestion, which they maintained would be fatal to any industry, and demanded the evacuation of the factories and the recognition of the legitimate rights of property as a preliminary to any concession. There was a deadlock, during which the workmen continued in occupation of the factories they had seized. Other factories, hitherto undisturbed, in the chemical and rubber industries were also invaded by red guards from other localities, acting under the orders of what was now practically a triumphant revolutionary organization.

Then the government—or rather Signor Giolitti personally, who had now returned from Aix-les-Bains—intervened. So far during the struggle the government had proclaimed an attitude of neutrality which, of course, necessarily favored the men rather than their employers. Thousands of armed men cannot be ejected from factories by the unaided efforts of a handful of directors. Its intervention was a bombshell for the employers.

Giolitti summoned to Rome delegates from the masters and the employees' federations and the prefects of Milan and Turin. They met on September fifteenth. After some discussion, the Prime Minister informed the employers that they must agree to the principle of syndicalist control of their industries, and drafted a conciliatory formula. The employers replied that they could not accept the formula, but would submit to it. The Italian Premier immediately published a decree to the effect that, "since the General Confederation of Labor demands that relations between masters and men shall be modified so that the latter shall exercise a control over the industries with a view to improving discipline in the works and increasing production, and since the General Confederation of Industry—the employers' organization does not oppose the introduction of such control with the aforesaid objects, the president of the council takes note of this accord and decrees ——" Briefly, that a commission of both parties shall be constituted to formulate a law giving the workers technical, financial and administrative control of the industries. In the meantime the factories were to be evacuated by the workmen, an increase in wages of four lire a day was to be granted, payment was to be made for work done during the period of occupation and work was to be resumed on a normal basis.

A Gloomy Outlook

This euphemistic accord, from the point of view of the employers, was, of course, an absolute surrender of a vital principle; but thus abandoned by the government they had no option but to submit. The workmen's organizations submitted the government proposals to a referendum of their members, which accepted them. Despite the clamor of the still unsatisfied extremists, they ordered the evacuation of the factories.

Within a week the red flags, the red guards, the barricades and entanglements had disappeared; the managements had returned to the factories and work on a normal basis was once more resumed. Had the workmen really enjoyed their period of occupation it is possible that they would not have reverted so easily to the discipline of their employers, for, it must be remembered, the control by the workmen is still a mere project which yet awaits exact definition. Their taste of the rigid discipline of a red régime must have been a sore disappointment to many of them. Any way it is regarded, the peaceful resumption of work, in the vast majority of cases, is a significant testimony to the implicit obedience yielded by the workers to their leaders.

The accord thus reached is, however, felt on all sides to be merely a truce. The more optimistic among the employers are counting on the evaporation of the aggressively revolutionary spirit among the workers during the long period which must elapse while the terms of the new law giving syndicalist control are being discussed by the commission of representative employers and labor delegates, preliminary to its being placed before the Chamber of Deputies next year. Other employers, however, and they the majority, take a much more gloomy view.

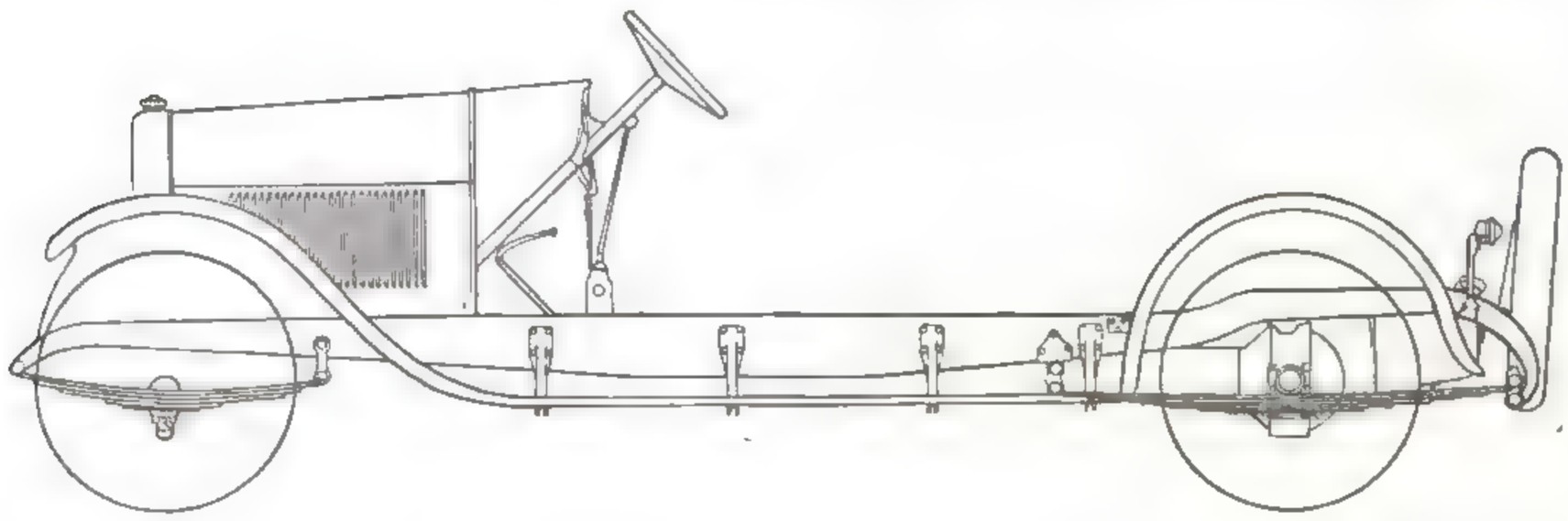
Immediately after the intervention of Giolitti the Italian public was startled by the resignation of Signor Agnelli from the presidency of the F. I. A. T. works. Signor Agnelli is the creator of the great F. I. A. T. concern, the pride of industrial Italy, and has always been regarded as a sympathetic and generous employer. He resigned because, as he said, no one can run an industry with twenty-five thousand enemies at one's back. His twenty-five thousand employees, he was forced to admit, regarded him as their personal enemy. His action profoundly impressed the Italians, and it is, without the least doubt, symptomatic of the feeling generally prevailing among the directors of industry.

In the metallurgical and engineering trades Italy possessed an administrative and technical personnel of first-rate ability which within thirty or forty years has created from nothing a vast industry which is of prime import to the economic welfare of the country. That personnel is now exasperated and discouraged.

The socialists and revolutionaries are, of course, proportionately exultant. They have won, in principle at least, a first victory on a big scale, which they regard as

(Concluded on Page 56)

Why this Evolution in Spring Suspensions makes for Better Roading in THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR



PURPOSING that THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR shall provide the measure of riding ease which motordom long has hoped for, and make traversable those highways which motorists have been prone to avoid, LINCOLN engineers and those co-operating with them accorded due consideration to a multitude of factors which had a specific bearing upon the roading qualities of this particular car.

It was realized, first, that if the springs were fully and effectually to perform their functions as springs, it would be imperative that they be not handicapped by having to perform any additional function.

By driving through a torque member rather than through the rear springs, it is possible to shackle the latter at their forward as well as the rearward end, hence obtaining the maximum of flexibility. If the car were driven through the rear springs, they would have to be stiffer and to be attached more rigidly at the forward end.

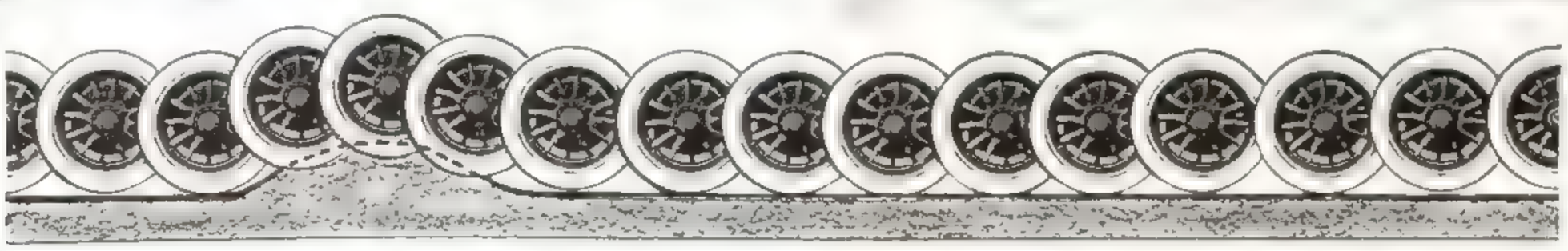
The spring bolts are especially large, being one inch in diameter, making them conducive to better lubrication, to easier action and to longer life.

Pliancy in springs, however, is by no means the sole objective. That in itself is easily accomplished and, too, is easily overdone.

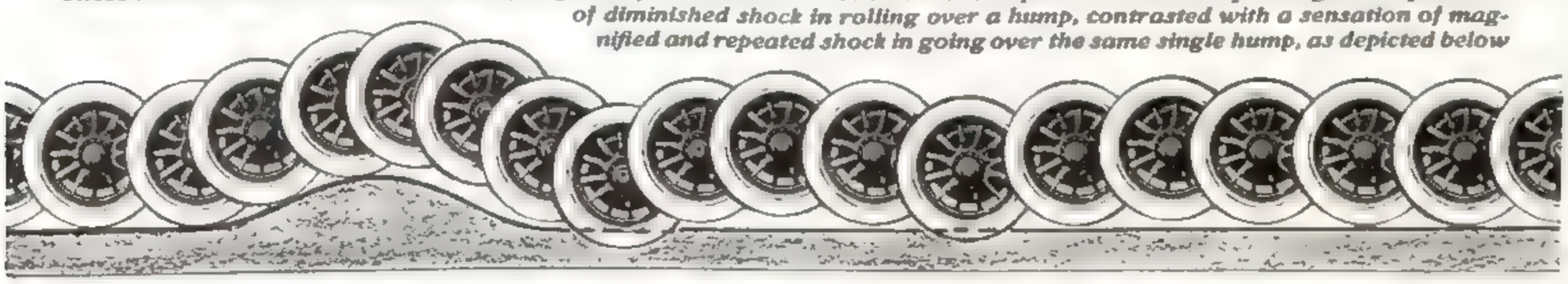
It is observed ofttimes that springs which are effectual in neutralizing the minor inequalities of the road, may be too flexible successfully to withstand impacts with the larger humps and depressions. On the other hand, springs which are reasonably effectual on the rougher roads may not be sufficiently yielding to make for comfort on surfaces which are but slightly undulating.

Again, springs which are conducive to a degree of comfort under some particular load may not be suitable for a lighter or a heavier burden.

In bringing the LINCOLN spring suspension to its present high efficiency, the long devotion to development took place over a wide variety of highways, under a wide range of conditions, and with varying loads. Then were determined the various factors which, in correct combination, would produce the greatest possible number of desirable results.



These illustrations are intended merely to portray sensations: the one above to depict the LINCOLN *passengers' impression of diminished shock in rolling over a hump, contrasted with a sensation of magnified and repeated shock in going over the same single hump, as depicted below*



Of the several advantages achieved, one of the most influential is the non-synchronization of the front and rear springs which materially reduces their tendency to yield and rebound in unison. The result is, that in going over a hump or into a depression—while there is naturally one yield and rebound—that is usually all there is to it, rather than repetitions which impart the sensation of several humps or depressions. And, too, the roughness of the road appears greatly diminished.

LINCOLN advantages are also due, in a measure, to the fact that by driving through a long torque member, a more nearly constant wheelbase is maintained; that is, the distance between the front and rear wheels does not materially vary. If the car were driven through the rear springs, the wheelbase would continually vary, to the extent that the spring flexings were influenced by the variable application of power.

The marked extent to which LINCOLN engineers have improved upon conventional practice can be appreciated only by riding in the car, especially over some piece of road which other experience has shown to be quite discomforting.

The manner in which the car holds the road at speed, and its comparative steadiness when traversing wriggly ruts or tracks in the sand, impart a sense of security quite uncommon.

That "riding the waves" sensation, sometimes experienced even on smooth and level surfaces, is agreeably absent.

Those acquainted with its riding qualities are in accord that the car provides the measure of roading comfort to which motordom has long looked forward.

And its superlative comfort is just one of the outstanding qualities which serve to distinguish THE LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Chats with an EXPERT on FORDS
No 5.

"Well, look what's here! No wonder his Ford wouldn't run with a freak timer like this on 'er.

"If a fellow only knew how important his timer is, he'd never think of trying one of these 'rat-traps.' After I put a *Milwaukee Timer* on this bus, she'll start without spinning and will run like new—no missing or bucking, and darn little carbon."

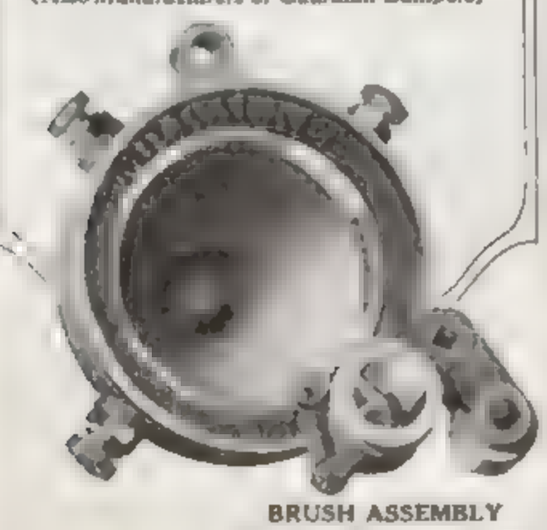
MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

—the standard replacement timer for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors. Built Ford-style—simple and sturdy. Only two moving parts; nothing to get out of order; guaranteed to outwear any other made. Designed and built by timer experts with 15 years' experience.

Over 3,000,000 Fords use the same type of timer. Once *you* use a *Milwaukee*, you'll never use any other kind. Ask your dealer.

Sold by 75% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers and by most good dealers. 1,000,000 made and sold this year. Retail price, $2.25.

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)



BRUSH ASSEMBLY
Made of fine bronze with tool steel roller finished like a ball bearing.

(Concluded from Page 54)

merely the prelude to the complete socialization of industry and the advent of the Socialist Party to power. Why, however, did they not, as revolutionaries, force the situation in September to a definite and final trial of strength with what they term the bourgeois régime?

The socialists refrained from pressing to extremes for various reasons. One—the chief, possibly—is that they are divided among themselves. The more moderate section, which asserted itself strongly at the socialist conference held at Reggio Emilia immediately after the resumption of work in the factories. looks forward with confidence to capturing political power by parliamentary representation in the near future. The party also, as a whole, was exasperated by the twenty-one points of Lenine's conditions for admission to the Third International and the Russian demand that some of the most trusted leaders of the party should be ejected from it. This arrogant document produced a reaction by which the Moderates profited. Furthermore, the Italian Socialist Commission had just returned from Russia, and its report on the result of soviet government undoubtedly scared the Socialist Party. Apart from those insensate extremists for whom the red revolution is an end in itself, regardless of its consequences, those leaders who had the welfare of the masses really at heart shrank from plunging Italy into a condition of anarchy and starvation analogous to that of Russia.

A Trial of Strength

They had no illusions as to what would happen if a soviet régime were proclaimed in Italy. The secretary of the Socialist Party, explaining somewhat apologetically why his party had not proceeded to immediate and complete revolution but had accepted Giolitti's proposals, said: "We have to consider the attitude of other countries, and particularly of England, which could blockade us with ten soldiers at Gibraltar and four at Suez." He added that not only would France be ready to intervene. but that the South of Italy was insecure. With the separatist wind, which for some time had been blowing there, it might easily become the field of operations for some Italian Wrangel.

Evidently, also, the socialist leaders did not feel confident of the continued support of their own battalions, for in the same statement Signor Balessi remarked that the Italian proletariat was not like that of Russia, for centuries habituated to an iron discipline.

"We are a people," he said, "that will only momentarily submit to any dictatorship, whether of individuals or a party."

This sounds like an echo of proletariat dissatisfaction with the iron discipline imposed by the organizers, *tipo russo*, during the period of occupation of the factories. To sum up, the Italian socialist leaders in September were not prepared for the social revolution they had so long preached, and were not a little frightened when it loomed up on the horizon.

But that they have renounced their revolutionary ideals there is no sign. Despite the destructive report on the Leninist régime, published by the Socialist Party in the beginning of October, they nevertheless decreed for October fourteenth a two-hour stoppage of work all over Italy as an expression of sympathy for soviet Russia. The stoppage duly took place. From three to five o'clock of the afternoon of that day the factories ceased work and the public services of Italy were paralyzed. The railroad trains, the street cars stopped wherever they happened to be. The postal employees chased, with violence, the public from the post offices. Electric power was cut off at the stations. Demonstrations took place and were attended by conflicts which cost the lives of several people in Milan, Bologna and other cities. This stoppage of work, under the cover of the flimsiest of ostensible pretexts, could have had no other purpose than to test the functioning of the revolutionary machine for later requirements. The organizers must have been well satisfied with the result; every branch of industry obeyed orders and the paralysis was complete.

Whatever may be the future, in the meantime Italy is suffering heavily. Public confidence in the power of the government to protect property has received a rude shock. The proposals of the socialists with regard to the syndicalist control of the factories provide, whatever their modifications of method, for the extinction of the capitalist interest in all industries, and there is a strong possibility of these proposals being carried into legislative effect. The result is that, even if the present shareholders' interests are not summarily confiscated, there will be no possibility of bringing fresh capital into industry—and without fresh capital any industry must inevitably die.

The damage done to public credit is significantly reflected in the bourse quotations. Here are a few: At the beginning of the month of September the three and a half per cent Rendita—the premier government security—stood at 70.15; at the end of the month, after Giolitti's decree, it stood at 67.20. The five per cent Consolidated dropped in the same period from 74.70 to 70. The shares of the Banca d'Italia fell from 1330 to 1285, and a few days later to 1270. The Banca Commerciale d'Italia fell from 1038 to 970, the Credito Italiano from 697 to 640.

The quotations of metallurgical stocks, of course, registered the diminution in their security. The shares of the Terni concern fell in two days from 720 to 570, the Ansaldo from 164 to 110, the Fiat from 276 at the end of August to 194 at the end of September.

The exchange on the United States rose—or fell from the point of view of Italian money—from 21.65 to 25.10 at the end of September and 26 before the end of October. And the limit of depreciation of the Italian lire is not yet in sight.

Italy, like every other Continental exbelligerent, is urgently in need of credit to finance the importation of raw materials, without which manufacture and subsequent exportation is impossible. Immediately after the government had conceded the principle of syndicalist control foreign countries took steps to minimize their commitments, and not only refused further credits, but in some cases at least withdrew credits already granted. One such case—to which the moderate socialists themselves referred as an example of what might be expected if the extremists had their way—was that of an important manufactory which had just arranged for a credit of one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling in London. As an immediate sequence of Giolitti's decree, that credit was cancelled. British capitalists feared to risk their money in a concern with such an uncertain future.

The Coqué and the Rodosto

Further grave damage was done to the interests of the country by the seizure of the two ships, the Coqué and the Rodosto. The two cases are dissimilar, but both are indicative of the insecurity to which Italian commerce is exposed at the hands of extremist organizations fanatical in their admiration of the ways of soviet Russia. Both cases attracted a great deal of alarmed attention abroad.

The Coqué left Genoa on August twenty-eighth bound for South America with a cargo valued at thirty million lire. As soon as she was well out to sea she was captured by seven men of the crew and navigated to Fiume. There she was held by D'Annunzio as a pledge during the financial negotiations that he was conducting with the Italian Government. The Italian Government was apparently powerless to insist on restitution. The Seamen's Federation, an extremist organization, whose leader, Giulietti, seems to be, somewhat incongruously, at the same time an avowed Maximalist and a partisan of D'Annunzio, was suspected of complicity in this act, which suggests a return to the anarchic maritime conditions of the Middle Ages and would have been unthinkable a few years ago.

In the case of the Rodosto the Seamen's Federation was openly involved. The Rodosto is an ex-German ship, captured by the Imperial Russian Government at the beginning of the war. Subsequently, with the alleged assent of the soviet government, she passed into the hands of a Russian company which transferred its offices—and with its offices, presumably its allegiance—to Constantinople. This company chartered the ship to an Italian company, the Societa Marittima Coloniale, a concern controlled by the Banca di Roma. Whether the Russian company was faithful to the revolution, or whether, as was asserted, it had dealings with Wrangel, since the soviet government is not recognized by other powers, Russian ships at sea must perforce fly the old imperial flag. The Rodosto flew not only the Czarist Russian ensign as a symbol of ownership, but also the Italian flag of her charterers.

Now the soviet government has a distinct objection to the old Russian flag being shown upon the high seas, and it kept an agent in Italy who was in close relation with the Italian Seamen's Federation and who made it his business to create trouble for those few Russian ships which still fly the old ensign.

The Rodosto arrived at Genoa on September first with five thousand tons of grain. On the ninth the Italian Seamen's Federation, confessedly acting in sympathy with the Russian soviet government, took the ship by assault. About a hundred demonstrators came on board, overpowered the resistance of a few *guardie regie* on deck—the authorities were not ignorant of the coming trouble—warped the ship out of dock and moored her at the Ansaldo wharf, then in the hands of the insurgent workmen.

The Genoese authorities could not well allow such a flagrant act in the port itself to pass unnoticed. They arrested a number of the ship's captors. Immediately the whole force of the Italian socialists was mobilized in favor of the victims. Agitations, convocations, threats of general strikes followed until the accused were set at liberty. In the meantime the Italian charterers clamored for restitution of the vessel, and the matter was referred to the government. The solution of the government—and it is symptomatic of their attitude at this time—was to put the ship under sequestration and to choose one of the extremist members of the Seamen's Federation as the official sequestrator! There the affair stands at the time of writing.

The effect on the Italian maritime industry was immediate. The underwriting rates for vessels flying the Italian flag rose at once. Italian as well as foreign merchants canceled freights for Italian bottoms and embarked their cargoes in foreign ships. A number of ships in the Mediterranean, bound for Italian ports, were diverted to Marseilles.

The Effects of Genoa's Lawlessness

Genoa very speedily felt the effect of its own lawlessness. It is the port through which most of the Swiss traffic passes, and normally it handles about one hundred and eighty carloads daily of imports alone destined for Switzerland. The Swiss took alarm at the conditions prevailing in the port and diverted a number of floating cargoes to Marseilles and Dutch and German ports. Genoa at once experienced something like stagnation. and the Genoese protested to the Swiss Government.

The Swiss sent a federal representative to confer with the executive committee of the port, and that gentleman gave the Italians clearly to understand that Swiss traffic was being diverted, first, because of the prevailing insecurity of which the cases of the Coqué and the Rodosto were examples; second, because of the high cost of discharge in the port; and third, because of the constant thefts on the Italian railways.

Not only foreign merchants, but also Italian importers are suspending their operations. For example, in the first half of October, before the British embargo became effective, only eight thousand tons of coal arrived in Italian ports on private account. Normally England alone allots three hundred and fifty thousand tons a month to Italy, of which the various industries use about one-half.

The situation in the industrial north, as I have sketched it—and I have exaggerated nothing—is ominous enough for Italy. The forces of revolution have gained a great accession of strength. Will they triumph over the hated bourgeois régime which—hitherto vacillating and feeble—seems at last to have awakened to its danger and to be embarking on repressive measures? The conflict between the North Italian factory owners and their employees is only one phase, if recently the most dramatic, of the difficult position in which the country finds itself. There is, in addition, the agrarian unrest; and there is also—perhaps ultimately the decisive factor—the attitude of the middle classes. The political aspirations of all classes of Italians are now being crystallized into political organizations as never before. All of them will figure more or less in the conflict which has now clearly defined itself. A consideration of the wider field must be left for a later article.

Use these forms for your inventory

USE them, because they will put speed and accuracy into your stock-taking, and will give you at a glance any information you desire about your stocks of merchandise and materials.

The smaller form is filled out and attached to stock. Entries are then transcribed to the larger sheet. These individual forms may not apply exactly to your particular business, but you can quickly work out, with their aid, the ones you require.

Write us, and we will send you a portfolio containing these forms, together with others which are in use by big business houses the country over.

More and more, business routine is being standardized on printed forms. Time is saved, mistakes are avoided. Paper does the work of people, and does it economically.

Many business houses, as a further step in economy and efficiency, standardize their office printing on Hammermill Bond—known as "The Utility Business Paper" because it is equally suited to the printing of letterheads, circulars, forms, and business stationery of every kind.

You will find Hammermill Bond unvarying in quality, cleanness, toughness, and clear printing surface. Its twelve colors besides white give you a wide color-variety for your office and branch office letterheads, your various forms.

And Hammermill is today the lowest-priced standard bond paper you can buy.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

RIGHT style isn't a thing of a few months; the good styles last.

A *Highland Heather* overcoat will not only wear twice as long as most overcoats, but will stay in style twice as long. And it will give you double service—rain or shine—all the time.

Divide the price by two—that is the cost of a *Highland Heather* compared with cheaper overcoats.

Sold by good dealers everywhere.

HIGHLAND HEATHER R&W RAIN PROOF

Write for our illustrated booklet

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

FRESH FISH

(Continued from Page 17)

He removed the Prince Albert impediment and resumed his feast. He ate until his eyes bulged out a mile. He would have been eating yet had not the effort of retrieving reënforcements for his fish banquet become too difficult to accomplish while lugging round a stomach three sizes too large for an elephant.

"Now I sees kin I sleep me some."

He put on the parade-leading Prince Albert as a protection against the chill air of the night. The twinkling stars rattled in their orbits in cadence to the Wildcat's snores. Sufficient unto the night was the evil thereof. Here, except for a few sand fleas, was peace. He snuggled deeper into the intimate environment of the sand about him. His lower jaw dropped and his tongue lolled out less than a foot. Three or four mosquitoes landed on his tongue and did a little boring, but the Wildcat slept on. He mumbled in his sleep:

"Lady Luck, you sho done noble."

Digestion induced an assortment of dreams wherein the Wildcat lived again some of the lurid chapters of his days and nights in France. In his dreaming a fish ten feet long carrying a small rapid-fire gun blared an announcement to the effect that he craved action for a hundred francs.

"Shoots a hundred francs!"

The Wildcat rolled over.

"Roll 'em, youse faded!"

Bam! The rapid-fire gun carried by the ten-foot fish went off with a roar. A pair of dice floated out of a crimson horizon. They seemed to fall at the Wildcat's feet. From each of the dice sputtered a smoking fuse. The Wildcat had time to notice that the two top sides read seven. Then the dice exploded. In the muffled boom of the explosion rang the mocking laughter of the ten-foot fish.

"I lets it lay! Fade that, big boy! Shoots two hundred francs!"

Another pair of explosive dice clattered out of the air and fell within a foot of the Wildcat. The fuses of these two gallopers were red hot. In his sleep the Wildcat got to his feet and ran madly away from the shrieking fish. The dice exploded heavily behind him. The next thing he knew he was swimming in cold water.

"Don't point dat gun at me, ole whale fish! Spluff!" The waters of the Columbia River closed over the remonstrating Wildcat. Four feet under the water he woke up.

"Lady Luck, whereat is us?"

He came to the surface and started away for some place else as fast as the panic crawl could impel him. The tails of the parade-leading Prince Albert coat trailed out on the surface of the water. Like some monster amphibious bat he straightened out on a course which presently swung him into the zone of influence of a half-mile eddy whose perimeter at one point skimmed the leading fences of a fish wheel moored against the south bank of the river. In the night the wire mesh on the plunging bucket arms of the great wheel dived perpetually into the black currents and lifted with a gamble of eighty-pound salmon. Punctuating the monotony of the Chinook background, now and then a fleet of leaping steelheads, with an occasional king salmon, fought their way down the wire channels to the storage tanks in the hull of the fish wheel.

Above him, dimly outlined against the night sky, the Wildcat saw the descending frame of a bucket arm. He tried vainly to escape from the falling cage of wire netting, but he was captured like a moth in a butterfly net. He dragged in a deep lungful of air as the wheel carried him under the surface. Five seconds later, in company with three violent salmon, he slithered down a trough which launched the catch into the storage bins. All about the Wildcat were plunging fish. He fell prone on an active bed of uneasy fin wavers. He struggled to his feet only to dive again into his lubricated environment.

"Where is us?"

A hundred-pound salmon sliding down the trough struck fairly against the Wildcat's equator.

"Fish, how come?"

A leaping salmon slapped the Wildcat with his tail.

"Don't kick me wid yo' tail! I'll bust you in de head!"

He struck wildly at the offending salmon. He slipped and fell once more into an agitated mass of fighting fish. He wrestled with fins and tails. He called loudly for Captain Jack and for Lady Luck. Once he thought his call was answered. For half an hour he floundered round with his intimate and unstable companions. Finally he sought a bed of inert fish, only to rouse a dozen gasping demons that flopped upon him heavily. Time and again he reached for the hatch coaming five feet above him. Each time with the deck timbers almost in his grasp his feet skidded from the wriggling fish beneath him.

"Dog-gone you, stand still! Git pacified!"

He hauled off and slammed a kick at a salmon that had kicked him.

"I'll bust you in de belly!"

He landed with his southern hemisphere submerged by nine nervous fish. He sought to embrace a giant Chinook. The salmon slapped at him with its tail.

"You heah what I said? Don' kick me wid yo' tail! I'll bust you in de nose!"

His fist landed heavily upon the salmon, and an instant later he was buried beneath a mass of panic-stricken fish. He came snorting to the surface.

"Whuff! Fish, git calm! How come you so crazy? Does you keep quiet I does too."

The Wildcat and the salmon declared an armistice.

On the deck of the fish wheel above the Wildcat Mr. Olaff Skooglund, proprietor of the establishment, massaged his front teeth with Copenhagen snuff and figured his winnings.

"If salmon fish ban running lak dis three day more I cleans oop aax t'ousan' dollar."

With the slap of each fish falling from the end of the trough leading from the fish wheel Mr. Skooglund batted his eyes with mercenary satisfaction.

"Sax t'ousan' dollar, hooray!"

From the shadows along the bank came an echo to his triumphant cry. The echo evidently had a mind of its own. It disdained the duplication of Mr. Skooglund's hooray.

"Hello!" the echo called. "Where's the gangplank?"

The proprietor of the fish wheel yelled an answer into the darkness, and presently down the bank into the circle of light cast by a dim lantern came a fat man and a skinny individual whose ears extended like the handles of a loving cup. The fat man carried a wheat sack slung from his shoulder. The heavy contents of the wheat sack jingled when the fat man set it on the deck of the fish wheel.

The owner of the fish wheel stepped forward to try his English on the visitors.

"Hello, fellers," he said.

"Evenin'." It was the fat man who answered. The skinny man tightened up on his ears for an instant and swung at Mr. Skooglund with a short club.

"Good evening," he said.

Bam! The swinging club accented his greeting. Mr. Skooglund took the count with a grunt.

The two bad actors picked up the Swede and carried him to the open hatch. Feet first they dropped him on the active aggregation of salmon in the hold five feet below.

Some instinct against extreme violence, or some fear of consequences important enough to include a hemp rope in the program, inspired in the fat man's mind a remonstrance against the excessive technic.

"What did you want to hit him so hard for? He might drown."

"No chance. I hit him light. He's out o' the way for two hours anyhow. It's a cinch the sheriff'll be here any minute now. Git ready to talk fish. You an' me owns this boat. We ain't seen nobody."

The sheriff appeared a little ahead of schedule time, for hardly had the skinny actor in the hold-up drama ceased speaking when another visitor boarded the fish wheel.

"Throw that sack into the hold!"

The fat man obeyed the order whispered to him by his associate, and an instant later the wheat sack with its clinking contents was cast into the open hatch.

In the hold the Wildcat made another futile leap at the hatch coaming just in time to catch the impact of the wheat sack and its jingling contents. His head was suddenly festooned with a cargo of tinkling metal and lumpy watches.

"How come?" Then in his battle with the leaping salmon his hands encountered Mr. Skooglund's moist features. Fear froze him.

(Concluded on Page 61)

America's Largest Furniture Makers

SHOWERS

Showers furniture is built to meet the demand of the great American public, in the mass, for correctly designed and substantial furniture at low cost—through the efforts of this institution, good furniture has been brought within the reach of all.

We have attained astoundingly low production costs, not at the expense of quality, but through building in great volume and by cutting out all intermediate profits through owning our own mirror works, veneer plant, saw mills and standing timber.

Furthermore, it would be difficult to find in any line any factory better laid out from a cost-cutting standpoint than are the three big Showers factories. They are nationally recognized as models of cost-cutting efficiency.

The style correctness and authoritativeness of Showers bedroom and dining-room furniture make it satisfactory even to the most discriminating.

The three big factories shown below produce a complete piece of furniture every nineteen seconds—five hundred thousand pieces a year.

And it is all *good* furniture—inexpensive, but always in good taste.

Best of all, it will last, because it is rugged and staunch.

No matter how much you are able to pay for furniture you can select none more beautiful, more simple and more *enduring* than that produced by America's largest furniture makers.

SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

SHOWERS
Always in Good Taste

Showers Brothers Company operates three big plants —the one shown at the top is the main plant at Bloomington, Indiana. In the oval is the Showers kitchen cabinet plant, also at Bloomington, and below is shown the big, new Showers plant at Burlington, Ia.

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

THE Sewell Cushion Wheel is represented by a national Sales and Service organization that operates in all the principal American cities. In addition to these sales and service stations the company maintains its own assembly plants and warehouses at New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago and San Francisco.

The advantage of such nation-wide organization is quite apparent. It means immediate and expert service for the Sewell user wherever he may be located. It means adequate stocks at all important trucking points and close, personal supervision of installations.

This service plan, in brief, means wheel and truck insurance of the most positive kind. It is an expression of a definite sense of responsibility and at the same time a guarantee of satisfaction to the many thousands of Sewell users.

These Concerns Protect Their Truck Investments with Sewell Cushion Wheels

Tidewater Oil Co.
Continental Motors Corp
Chandler Motor Car Co.
Whitaker Paper Company
New York Times
Miller & Hart
Francis H. Leggett & Co.
Bell Telephone Co.
Edison Company
Marshall Field & Company
Ford Motor Co.
Sears, Roebuck & Company
Carnegie Steel Co.
Hudson Motor Car Company
Eastman Kodak Company
Continental Oil Co.
National Cash Register Co.
Washburn-Crosby Company
Texas Company
Sun Company
National Sugar Company
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Joseph Campbell Company
Solvay Process Company
Jones & Laughlin
Bethlehem Steel Company
Standard Oil Co.
Coca Cola Co.
Timken-Detroit Axle Company
Western Electric Company
Delco Laboratories
Dodge Brothers
Kingan & Co.
Liquid Carbonic Company
Crane & Company
Indian Refining Co.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities

Sewell Cushion Wheels

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Salmon wid a man's face! I sho is haunted!"

He twisted away from his position and groaned a groan in which rumbled the anguished accents of horror.

"Mebbe Ise crazy."

Then to the Wildcat's ears from the deck of the fish wheel came a hated voice which he had heard before.

"'At's 'at dog-gone fat boy what did de shootin' on de train."

With the fat man's words the Wildcat's reason steadied. He listened for a moment to reassure himself, and then the motive of revenge was added to the various sources of his muscular inspiration which tensed the tendons of his legs. He leaped again for the hatch coaming, and this time he made the riffle. He hung for a moment by his arms, summoning his strength, and then with all the stealth of his namesake he swung himself to the deck. For a little while he lay panting from his effort, and then he turned his head slowly to where in the dim lantern light he saw three men standing on the deck of the fish wheel. The fat bad actor was speaking.

"Naw, sir, we ain't seen nobody. What did them fellers look like, sheriff?"

The Wildcat snaked himself forward toward the fat bad actor. On his journey his hand encountered the flat blade of an oar. Thereafter for the next twenty feet he trailed the oar after him. He came within range of the fat bad actor and lifted the heavy handle of the oar high in the air.

Punk! The oar caught the fat man fair on the top of the head. On the instant the sheriff leaped for the shadows and out of the darkness came his voice.

"Don't move! Nobody!"

The Wildcat answered.

"Cap'n, suh, heah us is! Us ain't movin', an' de fat boy kain't."

Out of the night as cold as the stars came the sheriff's voice.

"Tie that man's hands!"

The Wildcat was a little slow about tying a white man's hands, but he glanced at the blue nose of the automatic in the sheriff's hand and obeyed orders.

"Tie him to that man lying there on deck."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Dey's a dead boy in de cellar."

"Drop a rope into the hold, tie it under his arms and come back and haul him up."

"Ise skeered to touch 'at boy. 'Fraid he'd come back an' trail me."

The sheriff swung at the Wildcat with the blue gun

"Do what I tell you!"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat made a line fast and threw the end of it into the hull of the fish wheel. He retrieved Mr. Skooglund from his bed of flapping salmon and tied the line under the arms of the white man. He scrambled back on deck and hauled the Swede up.

"Throw a bucket of water on him!"

Under this energetic treatment Mr. Skooglund presently opened his eyes. He reached an unsteady hand to his head and inspected a transient wen which had blossomed thereon.

"The little angels began to sing, den de earthquake threw de church down on me."

He saw the sheriff and the Wildcat standing near him.

"Was any salmon saved?"

The sheriff spoke words of reassurance.

"You're all right now. So's the fish. You had a wallop on the head."

The sheriff abandoned Mr. Skooglund for a moment and turned to the Wildcat.

"Where's the junk?"

"Cap'n, how come?"

"Watches and rings and money. These two birds got enough stuff from those passengers to sink this craft."

"Mebbe it's in de bag what hit me in de cellar."

The Wildcat descended again into the open hatch. For twenty minutes he plunged round in the salmon before he found the wheat sack. He emerged presently into the lantern's light with the sack swung about his shoulder. The sheriff inspected the contents of the sack.

"That's it, all right. All the watches ruined." He turned to the Swede. "You able to walk?"

Mr. Skooglund declared his ability to navigate on his hind legs.

The fat bad actor lay unconscious on the deck. The Wildcat had done a good job with the oar, and it took six buckets of water to bring the fat man out of his trance. Presently, followed by the sheriff, the quartet walked down the narrow gangplank to the bank.

An hour later the Wildcat rode beside Mr. Skooglund in the smoking car of a train headed for The Dalles. In the seat facing the Wildcat were the two bad actors. Across the aisle from the quartet rode the sheriff. Dawn was breaking as the party marched up the street from the railroad station at The Dalles. Presently in two cells apart from the main tier the two bad actors heard the clanking bolts which sounded the knell of their enterprise.

In the sheriff's office the Wildcat was enjoying the status of a robber catcher. Invisible but close beside him stood Lady Luck.

"I know'd dat boy was de robber what raised de ruckus on de train. I snuck up on de ole fish boat an' I picks me up a oar. I says, 'Oar, find yo' meat.' Bam! Ole bad boy's head hit de ole oar. Ain't hurt de oar none. I sho is a gran' robber ketcher."

The sheriff agreed with the Wildcat.

"I'll say so! How about some breakfast?"

"Cap'n, suh, breakfus' is what I mos' craves."

"Come with me." The sheriff led the Wildcat to a restaurant near by and left him there. "Soon as you finish breakfast come on back to my office."

"Cap'n, yessuh. I'll come back providin' dis rest'rant boy lets me. Ise 'quipped complete wid front teeth an' back teeth, an' Ise got de rampaginist appetite I ever seed, but when de grub ruckus is oveh an' de time comes for payin' de bill, whereat is I?"

The sheriff smiled and spoke a few words to the proprietor of the restaurant.

"That's fixed. You don't have to pay for your breakfast."

"'At sho soun' noble. Whereat's de rations?"

The Wildcat dived into his breakfast and accumulated a financial obligation amounting to something less than a million dollars. An hour later he got up from the table.

"Whuff! Whereat's de toothpicks? Six mo' eggs an' I'd 'a' bust."

He made his way back to the sheriff's office.

"Cap'n, suh, 'at sho was a noble breakfus'. The man give me dis papeh fo' you."

He handed the sheriff a bill for eight dollars and sixty cents. The sheriff looked at the invoice.

"Lord gosh! How do you expect to live for the rest of the day?"

"'Ain't figgered 'at out yit. Guess ole Lady Luck'll ring de dinneh bell when de time comes. I eats when I kin git it."

"I'll say you do!" The sheriff reached across the desk and picked up a telegram. "What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it all at once?"

"Thousan' dollahs! Spec I'd buy me a gol' watch an' some yaller shoes an' git me a hat. Den I'd go back to de rest'rant an' surroun' some mo' rations whilst I had de price. Den I'd buy me a ticket an' start for Poteland an' go on down whereat mah mascot goat got took to wid de blue-fezant boys. Den I'd ——"

The sheriff looked at the telegram in his hand.

"Well, you've got a thousand dollars. The railroad is paying a two-thousand reward for rounding up those two train robbers. Half of the money is yours. Here is a letter to the railroad people in Portland. You can go down there and get your money."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Thousan' dollars! Hot dam! Fish always was lucky wid me!"

Mr. Olaff Skooglund, seated near the sheriff's desk, augmented the reward with a personal offering.

"Here ban ten dollars railroad fare. Any time you want a salmon fish I give you one free."

"Cap'n, suh, 'at sho sounds noble, 'ceptin' de fish part. I seed fish enough las' night to las' me from now on. Does I nevah see a fish again dat's twice too soon fo' me."

Fine floors need protection

It costs money to walk on unprotected floors. It ruins them. Why sacrifice the beauty of fine floors when the proper surface coating will save them? *Save the surface and you save all.*

Acme Quality Varnotile is a floor varnish made to withstand the hundreds of hammering footsteps a day and the hardest kind of floor usage. This tough, durable surface protector will stand between you and serious loss.

Acme Quality Varnish, of one kind or another, has protected the woodwork of many a home from the wear and tear of indoor life. It has given many a piece of shabby furniture a new lease on life. After all, furniture is just as good as it looks.

There's not a surface that requires finishing but there's an Acme Quality Paint, Varnish, Stain, Enamel or Finish that just fits the job.

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

DEPT. A Detroit, Mich.

Boston, Cincinnati, Dallas, Birmingham, Chicago, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Nashville, Fort Worth, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Portland, Topeka, Lincoln

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture. Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

MY PAST AS I RECALL IT

(Continued from Page 15)

only meritorious but beautiful. Ladies' internals—if indeed they had any—were theoretically made of collapsible elastic webbing, nerveless and indestructible. I mean to say it was the theory if one went so immodestly far as to have any theory about 'em at all.

But, of course, this was a long, long time ago, around 1905–06, way before Professor Freud had excavated Greenwich Village from under the ruins of Knickerbocker New York, laying bare to view the Pompeiian frescoes of Bohemian tea shops and wising up our mothers and maiden aunts the way they are now. I am aware that few of us ladies are willing to confess remembering those days of our shameful innocence. But there was a time when the shimmy was a garment of a private nature and it was considered better form to—er—well—as it were—shake it in private. In fact one usually allowed the laundress to attend to it for one.

Speaking of which I am led to recall the dances of yore. In my time dancing was imparted to the youth of the nation by a dancing teacher, usually a genteel female who hadn't brains enough to earn an honest living, but whose instruction was happily as innocuous as her bean. She was nothing if not refined—literally nothing. And instead of slipping over to the nearest roadhouse, turning on the phonograph and expressing oneself, as is the modern scientific method of learning to dance, we were caught young, before our skirts or pants had attained their full growth, and herded more or less unwillingly of an otherwise sunny afternoon to Miss Hoosis' dancing class, because she had to be supported somehow, my dear. And there we were somewhat initiated into the mysteries of the mazurka, polka, schottische, two-step and waltz.

Not that we ever used them in later life. They were merely a tradition wished onto us by the passing generation. By the time I was big enough to come out, a long-forgotten dance called the Boston dip had become the rage—we were dippy over it, in the language of those days.

The only serious rival of the Boston dip was the cotillon, which in my mother's time had been called a german and which was a sort of sublimated barn dance where the sexes were separated by the width of the ballroom—dances were held in ballrooms in those days instead of in restaurants—the modern form being an evolution of what used to be known as a dinner dance. Well, anyway, the width of the ballroom separated the ardent spirits of my youth, and they remained so until the bucks rushed the squaws with a barrage of useless presents greatly resembling the modern Christmas gift and quite as impractical. There was no privacy about a cotillon, and the performance of it—although occurring after the supper dance, at which an invigorating drink called champagne was usually served—had none of the chumminess of the modern cat-walk. It was all in the open and gave the servants lots of work cleaning up confetti next morning. There were lots of servants to do it in those times, and the success of a cotillon was gauged largely by the number of scent bottles, fans and paper canes a girl brought home from it. The institution also provided a profession for a species of near-male then existent who became cotillon leaders and were in great demand by the ladies.

There were ladies in those days, too, as well as servants. These cotillon leaders have, I believe, been largely absorbed by the menageries, where they are now known as lounge lizards.

The cotillon was a dance which required more space and less contact than do the modern terpsichorean personalities. If a beau—ancient synonym for sweetie—had danced the new way with me father would have had a talk with him. Nowadays he'd merely look him up in Dun's. We have outgrown so many of our silly scruples, don't you think? But, of course, one must be careful about money. One really must, with prices the way they are.

Which reminds me of the ancient and comparatively obsolete custom of imbibing alcoholic beverages. Curious, isn't it, how almost anything, and in point of fact, sometimes absolutely nothing at all, reminds one of liquor?

Now I am old enough to remember the days when drinking was done openly by the American Navy as well as by common citizens. Of course I realize it is quite a confession of age to hark back to the days when W. J. B. was a political figure, but nevertheless I can recall the days when grape juice was anathema, and before it had become nationalized, as the Russians say.

Nina Wilcox Putnam at the Age of Seventeen

In those times, incredible as it may seem, practically every corner on the lesser avenues of our great cities and several of the corners on the main streets of the lesser cities were occupied by what was known as a saloon, or bar. These places were generally long narrow rooms furnished something after the fashion of the modern soda fountain, only less so in one way and more so in another. They had large plate-glass windows as do the ice-cream dens, but these were screened at the rear with a carved screen of wood, sometimes inset with opaque glass of the old tobacco-juice design, and so arranged that only the merest glimpse of the picture over the counter and the stoppers in the top row of bottles could be obtained from the street. The windows were generally otherwise unadorned save for a few bottles of phony booze, the same as may still occasionally be seen, and a free-lunch advertisement—which is never seen to-day at all, having wholly passed out of existence and is found practically nowhere in America, even among friends.

These free lunches were worth more than a fleeting mention, and constitute one of the most remarkable of our obsolete institutions, and one of the most obsolete. I have been told on excellent authority that these meals, for which no charge was made, provided elaborate hors d'œuvres of breath-taking strength—onions, cheese and herring being the principal components. But the menu did not stop there—oh, no! It went right on to soup, stew, and so on, to nuts. The nuts were the ones who patronized the places, and I believe that the principal, most conspicuously featured item on the bill of fare was called Choice Of. However, there was nothing to pay except for the drinks, and the food was almost universally good and generous. At least so it seemed after a sufficient number of appetizers. That free lunch was a great institution and is a fearful loss to the bums who used to try to beat the bartenders for a meal—and a great loss to the bartenders, too, as both types are now obliged to work for what they eat.

Another quaint and curious item about the saloon was the architecture of its doors; particularly those which were employed at the entrances during the summer months, or in those latitudes where mildness of climate is prevalent the year around. These doors, which swing on strong springs in such a fashion as to keep them closed excepting during the very instant of ingress or egress, were very small, like a shutter in construction, and hung at such a point in the aperture of the doorway as to conceal, when closed, only the central portion of the anatomy of the patrons within, and leaving the top of the hat and the bottom of the trousers visible to the passer-by on the street.

It is thought that this gave rise to the standardization of male dress, and is the main reason for hats and shoes being made of a conservative indistinguishable design. Indeed in the old days convention in clothing was carried to such a point that only a man's dog could tell on which corner to wait outside. Thus it came about that men dress in the dull, all-of-a-pattern fashion of to-day, while sweet innocent woman has developed her sense of the decorative. Perhaps in time we shall see a great change in the male plumage and our men will come to feel more free to indulge their secret love of finery and individualism.

It is strange, almost incredible, but true that in my girlhood, almost five years ago, drunkenness was regarded as a subject for humor, and a drunken person was an object of mirth, even as insanity used to seem funny to our medieval ancestors, when the lunatic was a butt for ridicule instead of an object of pity.

Ah, yes! Many quaint and picturesque institutions have passed out with the going of the saloon, and if the visitor to the big city wants to see the sturdy laborer on Saturday night he no longer looks in the bread line or the municipal lodgings, but in the motor line and the good hotels. It is less interesting and picturesque, but then, so much beauty has disappeared with modern sanitation!

In considering the manners and social customs of my youth I realize that the country has come a long way in its progress toward the perfection of civilization, and that the modern young folks would not tolerate the restrictions which were put upon us back in 1912. For example, there then still existed a person—nay, I had better say a personage—in every social gathering, whose function will seem strange indeed to modern readers. The sex of this functionary was usually female and she was called a chaperon. I do not recall the exact derivation of the term, but rightly translated it meant kill-joy, or one whose duty it was to prevent too much pleasure from creeping into the party. Marriage qualified a female for the part of chaperon, or the extreme reverse of marriage would do as well. If the possibility of marriage was far in a woman's past she was eligible, even though she might be called Miss. On the other hand, even the youngest married woman would do. The bride of nineteen could give the required propriety to a dance or a straw ride. And believe me those young ones were in demand. They had for the most part just got their own freedom through marriage, and they were never stingy about letting the rest of us have a little liberty. A divorced woman never was allowed to chaperon; in fact a divorced woman wasn't allowed anything that she didn't get for herself.

Well, anyhow, I can recall these chaperons and the cramp they put in one's style. Also how they put the kibosh, as we used to say, on the pocketbook of any attendant swain. Theater tickets used to be saved out in threes at the box office when I was a girl, and occasionally people made the extra effort of going around to the box office to buy them, too, instead of tipping a boy to pay an extra half plus the tax to some hotel for 'em. When you had to buy three in order to take your honey out you had to think of these little things. And if you sent violets you had to send them to the chaperon as well. Take it all in all the old method was excellent training for the handling of and by the mother-in-law to be. She went with the gay young couple in the coupé; she ate her full share of dinner at Sherry's or the old Martin's, and sat overhearing the conversation all through the show, undistracted by Frank Moulan's witticisms or James K. Hackett's romanticism.

She even sat on the porch in summer while the gang crowded on the front steps, clad in duck trousers or starched shirt waists, and harmonized Baby, Come Kiss Yo' Honey Boy to an atrophied moon. She wrecked the possibilities of horseback rides and straw rides alike. She kept a watchful eye on the exits to ballrooms and the porch corner where the rope hammock hung. She was a pest and a nuisance and she never did any real good anyhow, because lookit all the people who have got married in spite of her! The only way to foil the chaperon was to go and visit a girl friend whose chaperon didn't have any real authority over you, and go buggy riding over her head, if you know what I mean.

And now she is extinct. She's good riddance and I'll bet she's glad to be shelved, for it must have been an awful bore to put up with all those vicarious good times.

I remember that in the days when I was anxious to be mature we dressed in a very different manner from my present girlhood. We didn't array ourselves in the brazen fashion of 1920. Not on your tintype; you bet your life we didn't! How do you like those quaint terms? Very zippy, are they not? Yes, they are not! But we used to consider that they had all the pep in the world back in 1910. The American language has acquired a lot of jazz since then—there's more kick in it now, don't you think? Since the days when young folks sat around and made more or less close harmony of an evening instead of dancing in it, when divorce was frowned upon and woman suffrage the fad of jay freaks, we have progressed in our clothing as in other things. We have simplified it greatly—almost to nothing, in point of fact, as far as women's evening clothes are concerned. With the elimination of backs to the bodices of evening gowns and the shearing of their sleeves and the negligible not to say negligée quantity of their skirts, one would suppose the price would also have become abbreviated; but everyone knows that this is not the case; and yet the modern debbie will face with shocked incredulity the statement that I did not come out half so far from my coming-out dress as she did, and I paid less than half as much for twice the goods.

It may be of historical interest to note that my wedding gown was a quaint affair, reaching way down below my ankles and boasting a train which was part and parcel of the five-gored skirt. Irish point was the material used, the wedding having taken place before any Irish point got to be so much discussed both in Washington and London. I know that it will seem strange, almost incredible, that anyone ever wore a train which bore any relation to the dress itself. Nowadays I notice that if there are any goods left over from an evening gown the dressmaker tacks the remnant on to the shoulder straps and lets it drag around on the floor. In my youth this was also the fashion—but mostly in the attic among the younger set—those, say, around eight to ten years old. Do you get the picture? Calico pinafore to the knees, and one of the old parlor curtains a-hanging on behind.

Speaking of trains, I can remember something even worse than the above—something almost unbelievable. When I was a very wee child—very wee indeed and speaking only nursery French—I can recall my mother's street gowns. They had trains. Trains, I repeat, which were dragged upon the New York pavements, and only lifted at the crossings. One blue

(Continued on Page 67)

"Here's the Plug"

—A Written 3-Year Guarantee with Every One

Standard Sizes
$1.25

In Canada
$1.50

On Sale by Better Dealers Everywhere

Be Sure You Get the Spark Plug

GUARANTEED 3 Years

Here's the plug that takes all the guess out of spark plug buying. It's a Splitdorf—"The Plug with the Green Jacket." You can put in a set of Splitdorfs today and *know* that you won't have to pay for replacing broken or defective plugs for three years.

Ninety percent of all spark plug trouble is due to breakage. Splitdorf Plugs are guaranteed not to break for at least three years—most of them last much longer. If one does break or prove defective, you can *exchange the 3-Year Written Guarantee Bond* at any Splitdorf Branch for a *new plug free.*

LOOK FOR THE GREEN JACKET —GET THE GUARANTEE BOND

No other spark plug is guaranteed like Splitdorf because no other spark plug is made like Splitdorf. We use rolled India Ruby Mica Insulation, instead of breakable porcelain. Splitdorf insulation *never* breaks! See here—

> "I had a set of Splitdorf plugs in a motor for five seasons without renewing a plug and the car made from three to five thousand miles a season."
>
> J. H. Timm Co., Plymouth, Wis.
> By O. W. Timm.

You, too, can get this remarkable spark plug service. Put in a set of Splitdorfs today.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

World's Largest Makers of Ignition Equipment

Magnetos—Spark Plugs—Peened Piston Rings, Etc.

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

ESTABLISHED 1858

Dealers: Your customers will demand our written 3-Year Guarantee. Send coupon for details of this new selling plan.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
Newark, New Jersey
Please send me details of your 3-Year Guarantee and new selling plan.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

The "Ansted," America's Greates

WHAT engineers said was impossible is now a proven success!

An altogether new measure of value is introduced. Motor car standards must be revised. Economy records of yesterday are surpassed. Hill-climbing, endurance, and speed performances give way to this new marvel of efficiency—the Ansted Engine!

A new design of engine, which gives 50% *more* power than conventional engines of same size, and *more* power even than engines of considerably *larger* size, in which is incorporated another exclusive Lexington feature—the "rocking chair" rocker arm. Even at 3200 revolutions per minute, vibration is hardly noticeable. Temperature remains the *same* during the *entire* range of speed, due to the improved oiling and cooling.

After more than two years of constant perfecting, the new seven-passenger Lexington Touring Car is offered to the public at this opportune time.

Both dealers and customers—*present* and *prospective*—will be interested in this announcement of such a splendid addition to the already comprehensive Lexington line.

Its excellent road performance is largely due to the fact that there are only 44 pounds of car-weight per horsepower.

It climbs a 10% grade "on high" and accelerates like a greyhound!

It is well known that the great racing cars get their power mainly from a *greater valve lift*, but until now this meant *noise*. Here is where Lexington achieves an almost unbelievable engineering triumph—*a much greater valve lift, together with*

Lexington Line for 1921

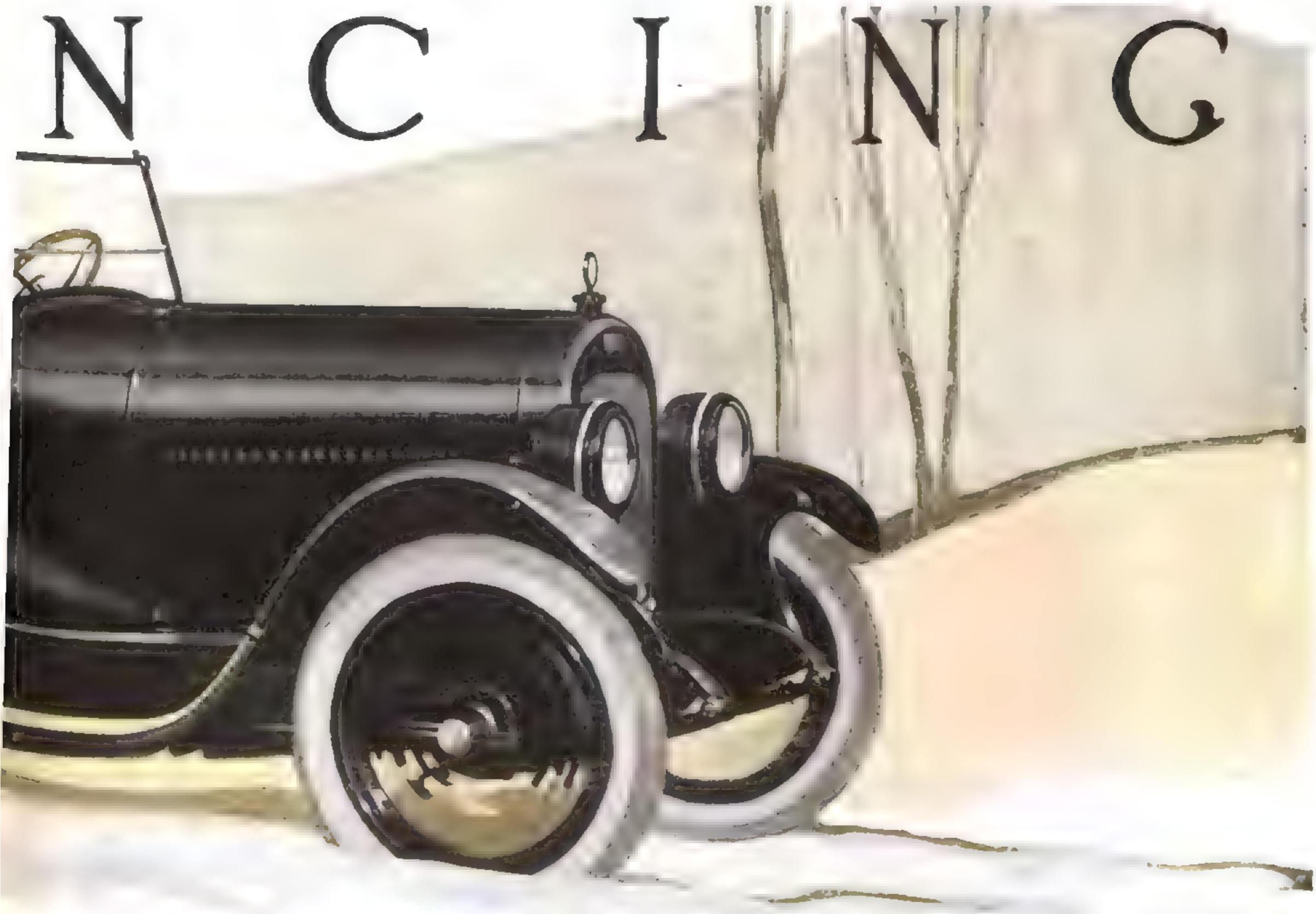
Series "S" Models:
Five-passenger Touring Car
Four-passenger Thorobred
Five-passenger Lex-Sedan
Four-passenger Coupé
Five-passenger Sedan

Series "T" Models:
Seven-passenger Touring Car
Seven-passenger Salon Sedan
Four-passenger Sedanette

All models equipped with cord tires

Lexi

MINUTE MAN S



t Stock Car Engine, We Believe

extraordinary quietness. One does not have to be an engineer to be astonished by the significance of this achievement. Engine efficiency is raised to a much higher degree. Its smoothness of operation is unprecedented. Equally remarkable, there is *increased economy*, possible only because of the Lexigasifier in conjunction with the Moore Multiple Exhaust System—two exclusive Lexington features.

This Ansted Engine was used in the two Lexington specials that won first and second in the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, less than six seconds apart—one of the greatest demonstrations of power, efficiency, and *consistency* of performance ever witnessed.

Only a company with the resources at Lexington's command could pioneer and perfect this epochal improvement. The Ansted Engine was designed and built in our own new motor factory, one of the ten companies specializing in motor parts that work together and make possible *greater value* for *less money*.

Those who have been privileged to witness the phenomenal performance of this car are superlative in their praise.

It is a seven-passenger car, with a wheelbase of 128 inches. Its appearance is of length and lowness, a beauty that grows on you. Of course it has the famous 2-Way Head Lamps and the numerous other exclusive Lexington features.

On display at the New York and Chicago national automobile shows in January for the first time.

See your Lexington Dealer or write us for literature today.

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

Lexington Line for 1921

Series "S" Models:
Five-passenger Touring Car
Four-passenger Thorobred
Five-passenger Lex-Sedan
Four-passenger Coupe
Five-passenger Sedan

Series "T" Models:
Seven-passenger Touring Car
Seven-passenger Salon Sedan
Four-passenger Sedanette

All models equipped with cord tires

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Only actual Glove photographs appear in Grinnell Glove Advertisements

Grinnell

REZISTOL —Work Gloves that Protect the Worker

A famous electrical engineer's test showed Grinnell Rezistol leather to resist a 4000 volt current. Electrical workers need all possible protection.

Rezistol Work Gloves are made of specially tanned horse hide, soft and pliable. They will not shrink, crack nor peel, and when washed with soap and water dry out as flexible as new. Extra reinforced where the hardest wear comes, this glove is skillfully designed to support but not confine the muscles of the hand.

It enables the worker to work freely and easily. It relieves fatigue while it protects the hands. It is the ideal glove for the man who works with his hands, for in addition to its special advantages it has the same quality which has characterized Grinnell Gloves for 64 years.

Ask your dealer to show you Grinnell Rezistol Work Gloves. If he does not have them we will send him a pair for your inspection.

MORRISON-RICKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Established 1856)

GRINNELL, IOWA, U. S. A.

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1920, by Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

(Continued from Page 62)

broadcloth comes to mind particularly, because it was so hard to brush, and the filth which this nice lady accumulated daily around the bottom of this garment is beyond present-day belief. She trailed the darned thing through heaven knows what, came home and, after a perfunctory shaking out, actually hung the garment up in the wardrobe!

There was nothing unique about this performance of my mother's—all women did it. They wore starched and ruffled petticoats of an equal length under 'em, too, and one of the gestures which they practiced in private was the graceful picking up of their long skirts—just enough but not too much. To hoist 'em to the exact correct point above the ankle was an art. Remember Yvette Guilbert and her famous song?

You bet
I don't show ze pet—
I tole—not—too far!
Très jolie,
What you see
Oee! N'est-ce pas?
Un petit peu de lingerie—
Jusqu'a là!

Not that I ever saw her do it. Young children were not taken to shows of that kind. However, I've seen my mother do an imitation of her, long black gloves and all.

But these sartorial memories are vague shadows of my infantile mind. My own personal interest in fashions dates back far enough, dear knows, and begins with the introduction of the tailored suit for women—a fashion which became popular instantly, despite the hue and cry about its lack of femininity. The tailored suit in fact is a monument to the beginnings of good sense among American females, and arrived simultaneously with their dawning interest in athletics. The first gown which I ordered for myself, however, was a sheath dress in seven gores, two octaves and a hundred and fifty hooks up the back, which garment showed my eighteen-inch waist to great advantage. And when I had my hair done in a pompadour which rose nobly from my forehead for fully twelve inches, leaving the back of my head perfectly flat and neglected, and added a hat which resembled a big oyster shell, and climbed, struggled, pushed and pinched my way into the blue velvet sheath, I gave the appearance of having been pushed violently from behind, or of standing continuously with my back to a strong wind. I was pretty young to have dressed like that, but having attained my full growth at thirteen I fought for the perquisites of a long and immodestly thin pair of shanks, and mother let me have my way, although warning me that ten years from then nobody would believe my age—or rather my youth; a prediction which has come only too true. But I looked quite a pippin in it, and would not heed her warning.

Other than the above I recall only one important fact about clothing. Anything made by a sewing machine was considered more desirable than anything made by hand. We had row upon row of machine stitching on our garments and if you caught them on a hook the thread came out by the mile—sometimes with disastrous consequences.

Perhaps the most curious feminine custom of my youth, however, was that of going about with the face practically nude. I know that this will appear strange—almost improper, in fact—but it is none the less true that respectable American women of all classes used to expose their natural faces, even upon the street, without a thought of shame. Occasionally, it is true, they wore veils, but more as a protection from wind than as a costume or a garment. And the use of cosmetics was a distinct mark of—well, an advertisement, as you might say, of—well, anyone who wore rouge or used a lipstick was certain to be an actress or worse. Even face powder was taboo and a woman using it was considered a foreigner at the very least.

I well recall the domestic storm which ensued upon my declaring that I saw no virtue in a greasy nose and that I intended to powder mine henceforth. I dare say that I was among the first women in the country to realize that rice powder had no direct influence upon the will to live a virtuous life. But this was a revolutionary thought and my mother warned me against it.

"Once you start using face powder," she said, "you will have to go on forever."

And as often, mother was right. I have gone on—and expect to go on—keeping up as pleasing an appearance as possible so long as my face holds out.

Speaking of faces reminds me of another ignorant custom of my girlhood. I refer to the barbarous habit of washing the female physiognomy. Way back in 1910 cold cream was used generally as a preventive or cure for sunburn, its cleansing properties being comparatively little known; and French soaps—any brand costing over fifty cents a cake—were considered beneficial to the skin, and were applied with the aid of water. Just think of it! Actually soap and water! When I consider the crudity of this procedure I shudder at the ignorance of our mothers, who imagined they could achieve cleanliness in such a fashion, and wonder how we could have faced the world without face lotions!

I have elsewhere dwelt at some length upon foods of the past and so will not dwell upon them too heavily at this writing, although, believe me, dwelling upon food is one of the things I like best to do, next to living on it; and the eats of yesteryear are too important to be ignored in any memoir. I cannot resist the temptation to recall to you what used to be known as the American plan of eating. There is something mighty significant in that term, "American plan"; also in the fact that it is not an entirely lost institution except upon the Eastern seaboard. It still exists in spots throughout the great and glorious Middle West and in the Far West, too; but in the East it is increasingly rare. In my childhood and girlhood there were precious few other forms of hotel eating, the foreign element in foodstuff being unusual, curious and rather an affectation, as were foreign theories of government, and were as little taken into consideration by the real people of the country. Just look over this extract from the menu of one of the real old-fashioned American-plan breakfasts—price, seventy-five cents:

Orange, baked apple, stewed prunes.
Oatmeal or hominy with thick, real cream.
Country sausage and fresh eggs, or steak, bacon, ad infinitum.
Homemade wheatcakes or waffles, with honest unadulterated Vermont maple sirup.
Too much strong coffee with lump sugar and all the cream you wanted. An assortment of popovers, corn muffins, Graham bread and toast, and unlimited butter thrown in free.

Say, fellers, how long since you have had real I said real—maple sirup on your cakes, eh? Oh! You prefer the foreign breakfast of coffee and rolls, do you? Well, why not move to Russia, where you'll be darn lucky to get even that much, and leave us to redevelop our old American-plan breakfasts once yet again! Well, it is comforting to realize that there remains a portion of the country where these breakfasts are still known and where one may eat enthusiastically and without shame!

All you wanted to eat—for the present price of French rolls with a Brooklyn accent, a shy sliver of butter and a pot of coffee—is one of the sweetest memories of my childhood's hungry hour.

It has been my good fortune, in common with most people, to have met or at any rate to have seen many famous personages in my day, some of whom are long since forgotten by the current generation. I even remember having seen President Woodrow Wilson, which is more than most of my contemporaries can boast of, and once shook hands with Jimmy Cox. Admiral Dewey, who wished the Philippine problem onto us, is among my early recollections, and at the same period I recall a young man named Hobson who was kissed a good deal for some reason or other besides his good looks; but not by me, I hasten to add. I saw Mark Twain's white clothes on his person, and heard Jean de Reszke sing Faust. I have seen Theodore Roosevelt's teeth and heard Dowie speak. I once tried on Fay Templeton's shoes and was introduced to Frank Gotch. Dear, wonderful William Dean Howells took me to my first Ibsen play, and I have sat at dinner with Elbert Hubbard.

But perhaps the most important, the most momentous incident of this kind in my whole career occurred at Los Angeles, when I was eleven years old and had just begun to write for the public prints. I was one of a little crowd of onlookers who stood peering through the rail fence of a motion-picture studio where a company of actors and extras stood about, waiting to be sent on location. Among them was a little man with big shoes, a derby hat, a funny cane and a small mustache, who strode up and down nervously, talking in a rather loud voice. There was something in his personality which attracted and fascinated me, despite the obvious absurdity of his make-up. I stood entranced while the producing manager passed a few comments upon him.

"See that young feller over there?" he said, pointing to the object of my interest. "Everybody on this lot thinks I'm crazy because I've just given him a year's contract at seventy-five dollars a week. But I'm playing a hunch and I've got an idea that he's going to make good. I'm willing to take a chance on him!"

The picture which was waiting to be made was Mabel's Married Life, and the young man well, he made good, all right, all right, and as he is still very much alive I will refrain from mentioning his name, but his initials were and are C. C.

'Twas but a few weeks ago that somebody asked me whether or not the public library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue was an early Roman building. I said not; and realized with a shock how far back my memory of New York neighborhoods and buildings, now extinct, extends. For well do I recall the old reservoir, of Egyptian architecture, which occupied the spot where now our great drives for the relief of one thing and another, always including our pocketbooks, are held. In point of fact pocketbooks are the type of book chiefly associated with the steps of our public library—those broad and noble steps trod to shallowness during the war by the voice of every public speaker of consequence in the English or broken English speaking world.

Well, anyway, this library was once a reservoir of water instead of learning. I mean to say that a reservoir of water used to be there. It was considered a great big reservoir, too, occupying as it did more than the half of an entire city block. But that, of course, was before the bathtub craze hit the country and before celluloid collars went out of style. When the organized charities began teaching the foreign population to keep their coal in the scuttle the necessity for a larger water reservoir was apparent and some enterprising young engineer went up state and caught a wild lake.

I blame all this trouble on the East Side, but perhaps unjustly, for unquestionably the de luxing of Greenwich Village had something to do with the need for an increased water supply.

Dear old Greenwich Village! How well I remember the old oaken buckets—or zinc, according to whether we had a quarter or fifty cents—well, anyhow, the buckets which supplied what little water the district originally had. For, wild-eyed reader, I can actually remember Greenwich Village when it was Bohemian!

Back in those ancient times before Christopher Columbus Cohen the shoe clerk discovered Sheridan Square, The Village—or rather The Square as we called it—was the chilly inexpensive refuge of artists and writers who lived there because they couldn't afford to live anywhere else. The lack of plumbing was less a matter of choice with them than a matter of what the editors would pay and when. I was one of these artistic aspirants, and can vouch that we were a bunch of free spirits indeed. There are no more free spirits there, or anywhere else in America, so far as I know. In point of fact, spirits of the free or of the twenty-dollars-a-quart-and-pay-your-own funeral-expenses variety have come to be of less and less interest to most of the Bohemians who once graced and disgraced that picturesque neighborhood. Many of the old crowd are editors or have died of something else. Most of us have become successful and moved uptown; many have exchanged socialism for automobiles and theories of art for the sweaty grind of producing art, or something which will pass for it.

But in the good old days, which like wine are lots better for being old, but which if the honest truth is told we most of us would rather reminisce about than have back again, things were different down in Washington Square. There were no artistic buildings with pink stucco fronts, and north lights let into the roofs, so that gay young devils of stockbrokers could see to shave properly before going to business to get enough money to support their sons and daughters in college. There were no charming little shops full of mussy-looking batiked smocks, or foot-painted toothpick holders or other equally delightful, useless souvenirs for venturesome Aunt Susan to take home to Hillsboro, Illinois, from the gay, wicked artist quarter. Not that quarter has anything to do with the price any more. Quarter is the wrong word in every sense nowadays, although once it would buy you a pretty good meal over there.

In my day there were not even any bobbed heads in Greenwich Village—think of that! And if a man let his hair grow long it was because he couldn't help it—there were financial reasons back of the matter, and as soon as he sold something or borrowed something he got a hair cut. You see we were still a pretty ignorant, insular people in those days way back in '14, and did not realize that being Bohemian was a profession. Why, we were so ignorant that we didn't even know that radicalism could be made to pay, and I can distinctly recall some of our best known present-day radicals who used to work! One well-known lady radical had a queer, misguided notion that she wanted to write plays—she used to sit up nights to make a good one. And at least two men, once promising editorial novices, who used to dream aloud to anyone who would listen to them about the budding literary life of the country, have lain down on that job; they realized in time the wonderful possibilities of professional radicalism, and are profiteering accordingly.

Yes, Bohemianism is a profession down in dear old Washington Square nowadays, and I suppose it can't be helped. This is an age of specialization and if one starts in to be Bohemian I suppose it ought to be done professionally, the same as anything else. Yet sometimes, sitting before the fire of an evening, I sigh for the days of my youth—when there was no asbestos fire to sit before and we used to tear down to Galotti's of a wild winter's night and imbibe deeply of spaghetti; after which we would hang around a friendly studio on the second floor rear of some old mansion, seeing who could manage to sit up the latest. Those were great days, full of big talk about the decadence of literature and how rotten Kipling was and what poor stuff Anatole France was turning out and how the press was corrupt and the magazines all subsidized and in league against us. Every once in a while someone would begin to be successful and drop out of the crowd, to be seen no more; but there were always others to take their places.

How long ago it all seems! Now I meet the same bunch occasionally, all washed and in evening clothes and everything, and we get together and moan over the new generation and lie about how much we get paid for our stuff. Ah me! Times are not what they used to be! Thank God!

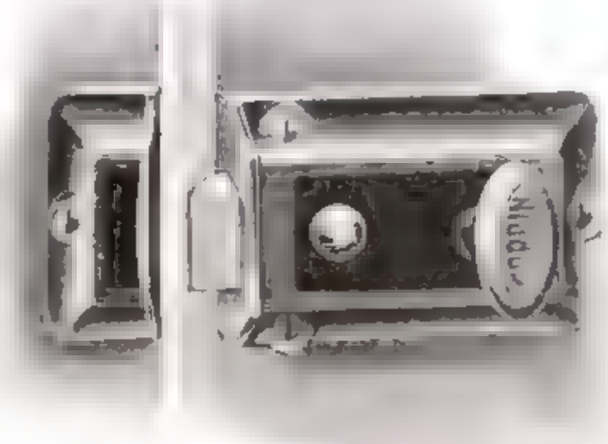
One of the most generally forgotten things within my memory is the World War. This war was fought between everybody and Germany. A lot of things happened during this conflict—a lot of terrible and tragic things, and one of the principal reasons for its being forgotten extensively, as it undoubtedly is, lies in the fact that if we didn't forget we would go quite mad. I cannot, however, complete my memoirs without some reference to the subject, and there are, after all, several things connected with the war which seem to have been canned along with the horrors, and which I vaguely recall as being worth remembering. The principal of these items is the then widespread notion that we were fighting to bring about peace. I merely mention this as a reminder of a great principle.

Of course there are many other interesting facts about the war worth immortalizing. Shadow stockings were invented during it, and the chaperons of America were all killed off. A great many popular songs were written, and the price of theater tickets went from two to four dollars. Lice attained a popular name which made them mentionable in polite circles, and a lot of timid women learned to drive automobiles.

I would love to write much more for the benefit of the oncoming, uplooking generation—much that is interesting and important concerning those dear dim days before there was an income tax; when divorce was frowned upon, and aëroplanes were used for exhibition purposes only; when woman suffrage was disapproved of by Senator Lodge, and women shampooed their own hair; when Americanism was taken for granted and horses were frightened by automobiles, and I had passed my

CORBIN WARE

"Door Hardware that Harmonizes"



Equal to the occasion in usefulness and in art

IT MAKES little difference whether you lock the door before or after the horse is stolen, unless the Lock is unpickable and strong. A Night Latch should catch with a zip and hold its own. A Door Check should use its power smoothly and not overdo it. A Safety Exit Bolt must be fool proof. There are appropriate Knobs, Latches and trimmings for the kitchen door as well as the parlor and entrance.

If the Hardware is CORBIN, it never shirks, balks or foozles. You can depend upon it, for it is always on the job. And it is correct in design.

You'll always find a good hardware store near by.

CORBIN Ware Works.

P & F CORBIN

The American Hardware Corporation Successor

New Britain Connecticut

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

CORBIN

twenty-fifth birthday for the first time. I would like to write of the days when all men took care of their women and gallantly shielded them from the world; when women always dressed for breakfast, and household servants were numerous and polite; when food was cheap and apartments went begging for tenants; when actors could act and artists could paint and friends delighted to lend one money; when nobody who was anybody worked, and the common people knew where they got off; when laborers loved to toil sixteen hours a day and strikes were unknown; when silk clothing had silk in it and wool came from sheep; when nothing was adulterated and foods were well made; when it never rained or snowed and bill collectors hadn't been invented or dentists called into existence by the development of cavities in the teeth of an unhappy generation. In other words I would like to write of the good old days, because from all accounts the good old days were like that. But I can't do it. In the first place I can't remember any such days, and in the second place I haven't the leisure, because I have to rush off to the beauty parlor again and get my face punched into shape and the cuticle cut off my nails and my eyebrows pulled out and generally get back in appearance to the age that I was when I wanted to grow up.

My youth has passed, it is true, yet I do not regret it and am content to settle down to a modern old age and spend my remaining years quietly going from cabaret to beauty parlor, clad in the new dignity of short skirts and marcelle waves, sleeping the few short hours which age requires and leaving the serious affairs of life to the high-school graduates of spring. They will take them anyway.

Sense and Nonsense

Visiting With Roosevelt

WHEN Mr. Hugh Chisholm, the editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was in this country he had a letter of introduction to President Roosevelt, then in the White House, and he was very anxious to have a talk with the President.

He was in doubt as to how to present his letter, so he consulted John Hay, then Secretary of State, asking whether he should send the letter and ask for an appointment, take the letter to the White House, or what.

"Don't do either," Hay told him. "Just walk right over to the White House, go in, tell Loeb who you are, and you'll see the President in a very short time."

Mr. Chisholm went to the White House and Secretary Loeb told him that the President would be glad to see him as soon as he disposed of his morning callers. Loeb suggested that it might interest Chisholm to go in and watch the President meet the miscellaneous crowd present. Chisholm went in and took his place at the end of the line.

Later, he described his experience thus: "Next to me was a big, red-faced, sturdy man. As the President came to him he shook him warmly by the hand and asked: 'What can I do for you, Tim?'

"'Mister President,' Tim replied, 'I want you to pardon one of my men.'

"'What's he in for?'

"'He's charged with murder, Mister President, and he's a valuable man to me. I want you to pardon him.'

"'Tim,' the President said, 'I'll do anything for you I can do. I'll pardon your man, Tim.'

"'Thank you, Mister President,' Tim burst in.

"'Provided,' the President continued, 'you will give me your word of honor that he didn't commit the murder.'

"'Good morning,' said Tim, taking his hat and leaving the room. Then," Mr. Chisholm continued, "the President greeted me, took me into his inner office and in two minutes we were talking about the first folio Shakspere."

Repartee Political

WHEN a well-known member of Congress from a Southern district entered his recent race for reelection the campaign was fast and furious. There were so many stump speeches and meetings in town halls that vendettas were as common as family trees. Many gentlemen found difficulty in maintaining their self-control. A few gave it up in despair.

As a rule the candidate appeared calm, placid and imperturbable.

One afternoon an unfriendly voter, full of energy and home brew, rushed up to him with the explosive remark: "Before I'd vote for you, sir, I'd blow my brains out!"

"My friend," replied the congressman, benignly smiling down at him from the platform, "you flatter yourself on your marksmanship."

Loyalty

AT A MEETING of the 306th Infantry American Legion Post in New York, a speaker proposed that a business directory of the members be printed, showing where each man could be found and the nature of his occupation, so that the members could patronize him.

"For instance," he said, "I was in a barber shop this morning and found one of our old soldiers working there. Now, I'll go to him every time."

"That certainly is a good idea," agreed a former private. "Now, I was going into the Subway the other day and I saw one of our former generals working as a ticket chopper. Ever since then I always use that station."

A New-Rich Bet

IN THE good old golden gambling days John W. Gates, of "betcha a million" fame, and a number of his pals used to make their headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York and frequently played cards after the stock market closed, so they might have some gambling after three o'clock.

One afternoon Gates was dealing baccarat to a party of friends when John Drake came in, a pal of Gates' and a big stock-market and horse-race plunger.

"What's the game?" Drake asked.

"Baccarat," Gates told him. "Want to play?"

"No," said Drake. "I don't understand it. I'll stick round and watch it and get the hang of it before I bet."

Drake watched the game intently for a few minutes, and then decided he understood it well enough to take a chance.

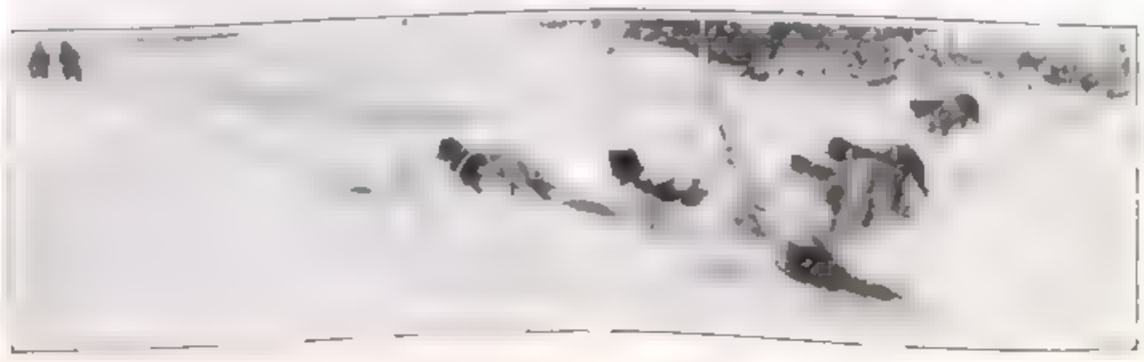
He stepped over to the table, put his finger on a card and said: "I'll bet you a million dollars on that card."

"You'll what?" bellowed Gates.

"I'll bet you a million dollars on that card."

Gates threw down the pack, leaned back in his chair and regarded Drake intently.

"John," he said, "will you never learn to be a gentleman? Will you never learn? Coming in here and betting a million dollars on a card, like the damned new-rich you are! Can't you get used to money? Why can't you bet like a gentleman? A million dollars on a card! That's a hell of a bet for a gentleman to make—isn't it? I won't take it. If you'd bet a gentlemanly bet like five hundred thousand dollars I'd take it, but you can't get away with any of that new-rich stuff round here."



It Can Be Installed in a Day, Now, without Discomfort

Without discommoding your household or depriving the family of heat, even for a single hour, the Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—symbolized by the Round Oak Indian—may be installed in your home at once.

There is no occasion to shiver through another long winter. Actually with no more coal, wood or gas than ordinarily is required to heat two or three rooms, this thrifty furnace circulates from its one duplex register an abundance of cheery, pleasantly humidified warmth that maintains a healthful, balmy atmosphere all over the house.

Always this air ascends free of gas, soot or smoke; for the Round Oak Folks, adhering strictly to their precepts of half a century's fame, employ heavily oversize parts, fitted leak-tight, and permanently so held by a patent bolted construction.

The health and comfort your family can enjoy this winter, the savings you can effect in fuel, make prompt action the more profitable course.

The enjoyment of these benefits and economies over the generation or more that this splendidly built furnace is built to serve and save, will repeatedly reimburse you.

Investigate it this week; write today for fully descriptive book and dealer's name.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, DOWAGIAC, MICHIGAN
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK

PIPELESS FURNACE

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features. Round Oak copper fused boiler-iron Chief Range, Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves, Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation; Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request brings information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 21)

He picked up the book that had come with the car, a book falsely pretending to elucidate its mechanism, even to minor intelligences. The book was profuse in diagrams, and each diagram was profuse in letters of the alphabet, but these he found uninforming. For the maker of the car had unaccountably neglected to put A, B or C on the parts themselves, which rendered the diagrams but maddening puzzles. He threw down the book, to watch the absorbed young mechanic, who was frankly puzzled but still hopeful.

"It's an autopsy," said Sharon. He fled again, in the buggy drawn by the roan. "A fool and his money!" he called from the sagging seat.

The second day passed with the parts still spread about the floor. Elihu Titus told Sharon the boy was only playing with them. Sharon said he was glad they could furnish amusement, and mentally composed the beginning of what would be a letter of withering denunciation to the car's maker.

But the third day the parts were unaccountably reassembled. Elihu Titus admitted that every one of them was put back, though he hinted they were probably by no means where they had been. But Sharon, coming again to the dissecting room at the day's end, was stricken with awe for the astounding genius that had put back all those parts—even some place. He felt a gleam of hope.

"She'd ought to go now," said the proud mechanic.

"You ought to know," said Sharon. "You been plumb into her gizzard."

"Only other thing I can think of," continued the mechanic, "mebbe she needs more of that gasoline stuff." He raised the cushion of the front seat and unscrewed a cap. "We might try that," he suggested brightly. "This tank looks like she's empty."

"Try it," said Sharon, and the incredulous Elihu Titus was dispatched to the village for a five-gallon tin of the gasoline stuff. Elihu was incredulous, because in Newbern gasoline was until now something that women cleaned white gloves with. But when the tank was replenished the car came to life, throbbing buoyantly.

"I'll be switched!" said Sharon.

A day later he was telling that his new car had broken down on him, but Buck Cowan had taken her all apart and found out the trouble in no time, and put her gizzard and lights and liver back as good as new. And Buck Cowan himself came to feel quite unjustifiably a creator's pride in the car. It was only his due that Sharon should let him operate it; perhaps natural that Sharon should prefer him to. Sharon himself was never to become an accomplished chauffeur. He couldn't learn to relax at the wheel.

So it was that the boy was tossed to public eminence on a day when Starling Tucker, accomplished horseman, descended into the vale of ignominy by means of the Mansion House's new motor bus. Starling had permitted the selling agent to instruct him briefly in the operation of the new bus, though with lordly condescension, for it was his conviction that a man who could tame wild horses and drive anything that wore hair could by no means fail to guide a bit of machinery that wouldn't r'ar and run, even if a newspaper blew across its face. He mounted the seat, on his first essay alone, with the jauntiness becoming a master of vehicular propulsion. There may have been in his secret heart a bit of trepidation, now that the instructor was not there. In fact, one of the assembled villagers who closely observed his demeanor related afterward that Star's face was froze and that he had hooked onto the wheel like he was choking it to death. But the shining structure had glided off toward the depot, its driver's head rigid, his glance strained upon the road's center. As it moved away Wilbur Cowan leaped to the rear steps and was carried with it. He had almost asked Starling Tucker for the privilege of a seat beside him, but the occasion was really too great.

Five blocks down Geneseo Street Starling had turned out to permit the passing of Trimble Cushman's loaded dray—and he had inexplicably, terribly, kept on turning out when there was no longer need for it. Frozen with horror, helpless in the fell clutch of circumstance, he sat inert and beheld himself guide the new bus over the sidewalk and through the neat white picket fence of the Dodwell place. It demolished one entire panel of this, made deep progress over a stretch of soft lawn and came at last—after threatening a lawless invasion of the sanctity of domicile—to a grinding stop in a circular bed of pansies that would never be the same again. There was commotion within the bus. Wild-eyed faces peered from the polished windows. A second later, in the speech of a bystander, "She was sweating passengers at every pore!"

Then came a full-throated scream of terror from the menaced house, and there in the doorway, clad in a bed gown, but erect and defiant, was the person of long bedridden Grandma Dodwell herself. She brandished her lace cap at Starling Tucker and threatened to have him in jail if there was any law left in the land. Excited citizens gathered to the scene, for the picket fence had not succumbed without protest, and the crash had carried well. Even more than at the plight of Starling, they marveled at the miracle that had been wrought upon the aged sufferer—her that hadn't put foot to floor in twenty years. There were outcries of alarm and amazement, hasty suggestions, orders to Starling Tucker to do many things he was beyond doing; but above them all rose clear-toned, vigorous denunciation from the outraged owner of the late pansy bed, who now issued from the doorway, walked unsupported down the neat steps and started with firm strides for the offender. Starling Tucker beheld her approach, and to him, as to others there assembled, it was as if the dead walked. He climbed swiftly down upon the opposite side of his juggernaut, pushed a silent way through the crowd and strode rapidly back to town. Starling's walk had commonly been a loose-jointed swagger, his head up in challenge, as befitted a hero of manifold adventure with wild horses. He now walked head down, with no swagger.

But the crowd ceased to regard him, for now a slight boyish figure—none other than that of Wilbur Cowan—leaped to the seat, performed swift motions, grasped the fateful wheel and made the bus roar. The smell of burned gasoline affronted the pretty garden. Wheels revolved savagely among the bruised roots of innocent pansies. Grandma Dodwell screamed anew. Then slowly, implacably, hesitant, ponderous, but determined, the huge bus backed along the track it had so cruelly worn in the sward—out through the gap in the fair fence, over the sidewalk and into the road, rocking perilously, but settling level at last. Thereupon the young hero had done something else with mysterious handles, and the bus glided swiftly on to the depot, making the twelve-two in ample time.

Great moments are vouchsafed only to those souls fortified to survive them. To one who had tamed the proud spirit of Sharon Whipple's hellion it was but lightsome child's play to guide this honest and amiable new bus. To the Mansion he returned in triumph with a load of passengers, driving with zest, and there receiving from villagers inflamed by tales of his prowess an ovation that embarrassed him with its heartiness. He hastened to remove the refulgent edifice, steering it prudently to its station in the stable yard. Then he went to find the defeated Starling Tucker. That stricken veteran sat alone amid the ruins of his toppled empire in the little office, slumped and torpid before the cold, rusty stove. He refused to be comforted by his devotee. He said he would never touch one of them things again, not for no man's money. The Darwinian hypothesis allows for no petty tact in the process of evolution. Starling Tucker was unfit to survive into the new age. Unable to adapt himself, he would see the Mansion's stable become a noisome garage, while he performed humble and gradually dwindling service to a few remaining horses.

Wilbur Cowan guided the Mansion's bus for two days. He longed for it as a life work, but school was on and he was not permitted to abandon this, even for a glorious life at the wheel. There came a youth in neat uniform to perform this service—described by Starling Tucker as a young squirt that wouldn't know one end of a hawse from the other. Only on Saturdays—on Saturdays openly and clandestinely on Sundays—was there present on the driver's seat a knowing amateur who could have sat there every day but for having unreasonably to learn about compound fractions and geography.

IV

NOW school was over for another summer and Trimble Cushman's dray could be driven at a good wage—by a boy overnight become a man. There were still carpers who would regard him as a menace to life and limb. Judge Penniman was among these. A large truck in sole charge of a boy—still in his teens, as the judge put it—was not conducive to public tranquillity. But this element was speedily silenced. The immature Wilbur drove the thing acceptably, though requiring help on the larger boxes of merchandise, and Trimble Cushman, still driving horses on his other truck, was proud of his employee. Moreover, the boy became in high repute for his knowledge of the inner mysteries of these new mechanisms. New cars appeared in Newbern every day now, and many of them, developing ailments of a character more or less alarming to their purchasers, were brought to his distinguished notice with results almost uniformly gratifying. He was looked up to, consulted as a specialist, sent for to minister to distant roadside failures, called in the night, respected and rewarded.

It was a new Newbern through whose thoroughfares the new motor truck of Trimble Cushman was so expertly propelled. Farm horses still professed the utmost dismay at sight of vehicles drawn by invisible horses, and their owners often sought to block industrial progress by agitation for a law against these things, but progress was triumphant. The chamber of commerce recorded immense gains in population. New factories and mills had gone up beside the little river. New people were on the streets or living in their new houses. New merchants came to meet the new demand for goods.

The homy little town was putting on airs of a great city. There was already a better Newbern club. The view down River Street from its junction with State, Masonic Hall on the left and the new five-story Whipple block on the right, as preserved on the picture post cards sold by the Cut Rate Pharmacy, impressed all purchasers with the town's vitality.

The Advance appeared twice a week, outdoing its rival, the Star, by one issue; and Sam Pickering, ever in the van of progress, was busy with plans for making his journal a daily.

Newbern was coming on, even as boys were coming on from bare feet to shoes on week days. Ever and again there were traffic jams on River Street, a weaving turmoil of farmers' wagons, buggies, delivery carts, about a noisy, fuming center of motor vehicles. High in the center would be the motor truck of Trimble Cushman, loaded with cases and nursed through the muddle by a cool, clear-eyed youth, who sat with delicate, sure hands on a potent wheel. Never did he kill or maim either citizen or child, to the secret chagrin of Judge Penniman. Traffic jams to him were a part of the day's work.

When he had performed for a little time this skilled labor for Trimble Cushman it was brought to him one day that he was old indeed. For he observed, delivering a box to Rapp Brothers, jewelry, that from the sidewalk before that establishment he was being courted by a small boy; a shy boy with bare feet and freckles who permanently exposed two front teeth, and who followed the truck to the next place of delivery. Here, when certain boxes had been left, he seated himself, as if absent-mindedly, upon the remote rear of the truck and was borne to another stopping place. The truck's driver glanced back savagely at him, but not too savagely; then pretended to ignore him.

The newcomer for an hour hung to the truck leechlike without winning further recognition. Then by insensible gradations, by standing on the truck bed as it moved, by edging forward toward the high seat, by silently helping with a weighty box, it seemed he had acquired the right to mount to the high seat of honor itself. He did this without spoken words, yet with an ingratiating manner. It was a manner that had been used, ages back, by the lordly driver of the present truck, when he had formed alliances with drivers of horse-drawn vehicles. He recognized it as such and turned to regard the courtier with feigned austerity.

"Hello, kid!" he said, with permitting severity. But secretly he rejoiced. Now he was really old.

CHAPTER X

WINONA viewed the latest avocation of her charge with little enthusiasm. It compelled a certain measure of her difficult respect, especially when she beheld him worm his truck through crowded River Street with a supreme disregard for the imminent catastrophe—which somehow never ensued. But it lacked gentility. At twenty-eight Winona was not only perfected in the grammar of morals, more than ever alert for infractions of the merely social code, but her ideals of refinement and elegance had become more demanding. She would have had the boy engage in a pursuit that would require clean hands and smart apparel and bring him in contact with people of the right sort. She stubbornly held out to him the shining possibility that he might one day rise to the pinnacle of a clerical post in the First National Bank.

True, he had never betrayed the faintest promise of qualifying for this eminence, and his freely voiced preferences sweepingly excluded it from the catalogue of occupations in which he might consent to engage. But Winona was now studying doctrines that put all power in the heart's desire. Out of the infinite your own would come to you if you held the thought, and she serenely held the better thought for Wilbur, even in the moment of mechanical triumphs that brimmed his own cup of desire. She willed him to prefer choicer characters than the roughs he consorted with, to aspire to genteel occupation that would not send him back at the day's end grimed, reeking with low odors and far too hungry.

His exigent appetite, indeed, alarmed her beyond measure, because he cried out for meat, whereas Winona's new books said that meat eaters could hope for little reward of the spirit. A few simple vegetables, fruits and nuts—these permitted the soul to expand, to attain harmony with the infinite, until one came to choose only the best among ideals and human associates. But she learned that she must in this case compromise, for a boy demanding meat would get it in one place if not another. If not at the guarded Penniman table, then at the low resort next to Pegleg McCarron's of one T-bone Tommy, where they commonly devoured the carcasses of murdered beasts and made no secret of it.

He even rebelled at fabrications, highly extolled in the gospel of clean eating, which were meant to placate the baser minded by their resemblances to meat—things like nut turkey and mock veal loaf and leguminous chicken and synthetic beefsteak cooked in pure vegetable oils. These he scorned the more bitterly for their false pretense, demanding plain meat and a lot of it. The nations cited by Winona that have thrived and grown strong on the produce of the fields left him unimpressed. He merely said, goaded to harshness, that he was not going to be a Chinese laundryman for anyone.

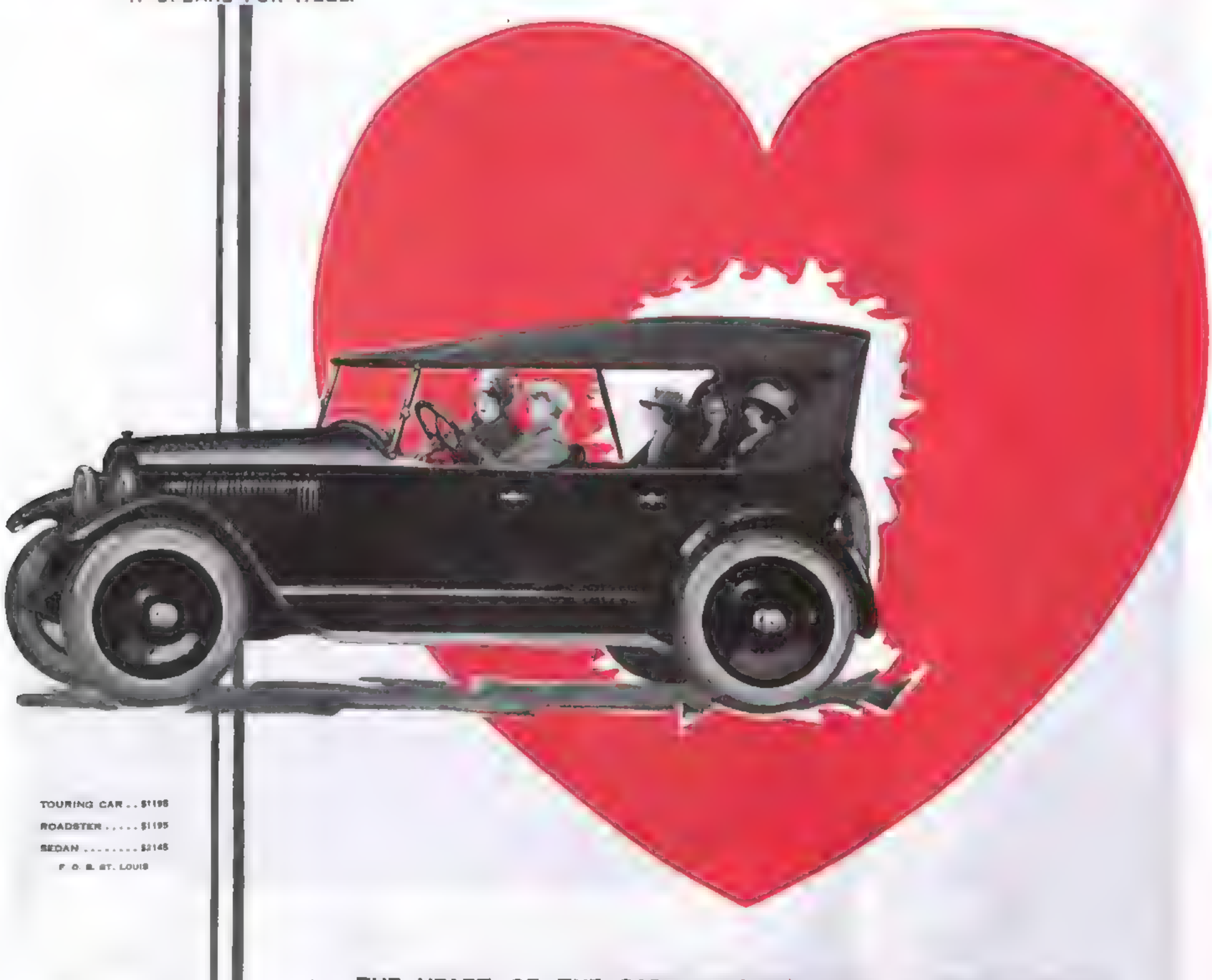
Of what avail to read the lyrics of a great Hindu vegetarian poet to this undeveloped being? Still Winona labored unceasingly to bring light to the dark place. Teaching a public school for eight years had developed a substratum of granite determination in her character. She would never quit. She was still to the outer eye the slight, brown Winona of twenty—perky, birdlike, with the quick trimness of a winging swallow, a little sharper featured perhaps, but superior in acuteness of desire and persistence, and with some furtive, irresponsible girlishness lurking timorously back in her bright glance.

She still secretly relished the jesting address of Dave Cowan, when at long intervals he lingered in Newbern from cross-country flights. It thrilled her naughtily to be addressed as La Marquise, to be accused of goings-on at the court of Louis XVIII, about which the less said the better. She had never brought herself to wear the tan silk stockings of invidious allure, and she still confined herself to her mother's plainest dressmaking, yearning

(Continued on Page 74)

MOTOR
GARDNER
CAR

"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"



TOURING CAR . . $1195
ROADSTER $1195
SEDAN $2145
F. O. B. ST. LOUIS

NEW YORK
AUTO SHOW

DURING THE NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW, BEGINNING JANUARY 8TH, THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR WILL BE EXHIBITED IN THE MAIN LOBBY OF

HOTEL COMMODORE
NEW YORK CITY

THE HEART OF THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR IS THE GARDNER ORGANIZATION—A RECORD OF OVER 33 YEARS' SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE MANUFACTURING ECONOMICAL MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION —IN LARGE VOLUME—GUARANTEES 100% VALUE.

THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR IS THE BIG SUCCESS OF THE YEAR

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

This actual photograph, taken at early evening, shows a portion of the Goodyear factories at Akron

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Building for Tomorrow in the Products of Today

UPON every product manufactured by this Company and sent forth under its name for sale, rests a responsibility that is not entirely measured by its price.

For in our view, every article we build is a factor not alone in the transaction in which it has a part, but in whatever future patronage we hope to enjoy.

No less practical an impulse than good business, therefore, prompts us to embody in all things we make the staunchest quality it is possible for us to contrive.

Similarly and for the same purpose, this quality is delivered to the public at the very lowest cost that immense and economical manufacture will allow.

No product bearing the Goodyear name more clearly illustrates the successful working out of this policy than do Goodyear Cord Tires for passenger cars.

Steadily they have grown in favor, steadily they have been improved and strengthened, holding intact even against rising costs their superior measure of value.

Goodyear Cord Tires deliver today a kind and extent of performance that for reliability and final economy is unapproached in any earlier type of tire.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES

Bearings Quickly

33 Branches and approximately 1000 Authorized Distributors form the Bearings Service Company's nation-wide chain of stations at which you can quickly secure genuine Timken, Hyatt and New Departure Bearings for service repairs and replacements on automobiles, trucks and tractors.

TIMKEN
HYATT
NEW DEPARTURE

The Bearings Service Company acts as the official service department of the Timken Roller Bearing Company, Hyatt Roller Bearing Company and the New Departure Manufacturing Company.

33 Branches at

Atlanta	Fresno	Omaha
Baltimore	Indianapolis	Philadelphia
Birmingham	Kansas City	Pittsburgh
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland, Ore.
Brooklyn	Milwaukee	Richmond
Buffalo	Minneapolis	Rochester
Chicago	Newark	Salt Lake City
Cleveland	New Orleans	San Francisco
Dallas	New York	Seattle
Denver	Oakland, Cal.	St. Louis
Detroit	Oklahoma City	Toronto

Approximately 1000 Authorized Distributors at other convenient locations in the United States and Canada

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY
General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 70)

secretly for the fancy kind, but never with enough daring. Lyman Teaford still came of an evening to play his flute acceptably, while Winona accompanied him in many an amorous morceau. Lyman, in the speech of Newbern, had for eight years been going with Winona. But as the romantically impatient and sometimes a bit snappish Mrs. Penniman would say, he had never gone far.

II

WINONA rejoiced a year later when golf promised, at least for a summer, to snatch Wilbur Cowan from the grimy indistinction of a mechanic's career. For thriving and aspiring Newbern had eased one of its growing pains with a veritable golf course, and the whilom machinery enthusiast became smitten with this strange new sport. Winona rejoiced, because it would bring him into contact with people of the better sort, for of course only these played the game. Her charge, it is true, engaged in the sport as a business and not as one seeking recreation, but the desired social contact was indubitable. To carry over the course a bag or two of clubs for the elect of Newbern was bound to be improving.

And it was true that he now consorted daily through a profitable summer with people who had heretofore been but names to him. But Winona had neglected to observe that he would meet them not as a social equal but as a hireling. This was excusable in her, because she had only the vaguest notions of golf or of the interrelations between caddie and player. One informed in the ways of the sport could have warned her that caddies inevitably become cynical toward all people of the sort one cares to meet. Compelled by a rigid etiquette to silent, unemotional formality, they boil interiorly with contempt for people of the better sort, not only because their golf is usually atrocious—such as every caddie brilliantly surpasses in his leisure moments—but because the speech provoked by their inveterate failures is commonly all too human.

So the results of Wilbur Cowan's contact with people Winona would approve, enduring for a mercifully brief summer and autumn, were not what Winona had fondly preconceived. He had first been attracted to the course—a sweet course, said the golf architect who had laid it out over the rolling land south of town—by the personality of one John Knox McTavish, an earnest Scotchman of youngish middle age, procured from afar to tell the beginning golfers of Newbern to keep their heads down and follow through and not to press the ball. As John spoke, it was "Don't pr-r-r-r-ess th' ball." He had been chosen from among other candidates because of his accent. He richly endowed his words with r's, making more than one grow where only one had grown before. It was this vocal burriness that drew the facile notice of Wilbur. He delighted to hear John McTavish talk, and hung about the new clubhouse, apparently without purpose, until John not only sanctioned but besought his presence, calling him laddie and luring him with tales of the monstrous gains amassed by competent caddies.

The boy lingered, though from motives other than mercenary. His cup was full when he could hear John's masterful voice addressed to Mrs. Rapp, Junior, or another aspirant.

"R-r-remember, mum, th' ar-r-r-um close, th' head down—and don't pr-r-r-ress th' ball."

Yet he was presently allured by a charm even more imperious, the charm of the game itself. For John at odd moments would teach him the use of those strange weapons, so that he had the double thrill of standing under the torrential r's addressed to himself and of feeling the sharp, clean impact of the club head upon a ball that flew a surprising distance. His obedient young muscles soon conformed to the few master laws of the game. He kept down, followed through and forbore, against all human instinct, to press the ball.

By the end of Newbern's golfing season he was able to do almost unerringly what so many of Newbern's better sort did erratically and at intervals. And the talk of John Knox McTavish about the wealth accruing to alert caddies had proved to be not all fanciful. In addition to the stipend earned for conventional work, there were lost balls in abundance to be salvaged and resold.

"Laddie," said John McTavish, "if I but had the lost-ball pur-r-rivilege of yon sweet cour-r-r-se and could insur-r-e deliver-r-r-y!"

For the better sort of Newbern, despite conscientious warnings for which they paid John McTavish huge sums, would insist upon pressing the ball in the face of constant proof that thus treated it would slice into the rough to cuddle obscurely at the roots of tall grass.

Wilbur Cowan became a shrewd hunter and a successful merchandiser of golf balls but slightly used. Newbern's better sort denounced the scandal of this, but bought of him clandestinely, for even in that far day, when golf balls in price were yet within reach of the common people, few of them liked to buy a new ball and watch it vanish forever after one brilliant drive that would have taken it far down the fairway except for the unaccountable slice.

III

ON THE whole, his season was more profitable than that of the year before, when he had nursed the truck of Trimble Cushman through the traffic jams of River Street; and he was learning more about the world of men if less about gas engines. Especially did the new sport put him into closer contact with old Sharon Whipple. Having first denounced the golf project as a criminal waste of one hundred and seventy-five acres of prime arable land, Sharon had loitered about the scene of the crime to watch the offenders make a certain kind of fools of themselves. From the white bench back of the first tee this cynic would rejoice mirthfully at topped or sliced drives or the wild swing that spends all its vicious intent upon the imponderable air. His presence came to be a trial to beginning players, who took no real pleasure in the game until they reached the second tee, beyond the ken of the scoffer.

But this was perilous sport for Sharon Whipple. Day after day, looking into the whirlpool, he was—in a moment of madness—himself to leap over the brink. On an afternoon had come his brother Gideon and Rapp, Senior, elated pupils of John McTavish, to play sportingly for half a ball a hole. They ignored certain preliminary and all too pointed comments of the watcher. They strode gallantly to the tee in turn and exhibited the admirable form taught them by John. They took perfect practice swings. They addressed the ball ceremoniously, waggled the club at it, first soothingly, then with distinct menace, looked up to frown at a spot far down the fairway, looked back, exhaled the breath and drove. Rapp, Senior, sliced into the rough. Gideon Whipple hooked into the rough.

Sharon Whipple mocked them injuriously. His ironic shouts attracted the notice of arriving players. Gideon Whipple stayed placid, smiling grimly, but Rapp, Senior, was nettled to retort. "Mebbe you could do a whole lot better!" he called to Sharon in tones unnecessarily loud.

Sharon's reply, in a voice eminently soothing and by that calculated further to irritate the novice, was in effect that Rapp, Senior, might safely wager his available assets that Sharon Whipple could do better. "Well, come on and do it then if you're so smart!" urged Rapp, Senior. "Come on, once—I dare you!"

Sharon scorned—but rather weakly—the invitation. Secretly, through his hostile study of the game, he had convinced himself that he by divine right could do perfectly what these people did so clumsily. Again and again his hands had itched for the club as he watched futile drives. He knew he could hit the ball. He couldn't help hitting it, stuck up the way it was on a pinch of sand—stuck up like a sore thumb. How did they miss it time after time? He had meant to test his conviction in solitude, but why not put it to trial now, and shame this doubting and inept Rapp, Senior?

"Oh, well, I don't mind," he said, and waddled negligently to the tee.

Rapp, Senior, voiced loud delight. Gideon Whipple merely stood safely back without comment, though there was a malicious waiting gleam in his eyes.

"You folks make something out of nothing," scolded Sharon fussily.

Grasping the proffered club he severely threatened with it the new ball which Rapp, Senior, had obligingly teed up for him. In that moment he felt a quick strange fear, little twinges of doubt, a suspicion that all was not well. Perhaps the sudden hush of those about him conduced to this. Even newly arrived players in the background waited in silence. Then he recovered his confidence. There was the ball and there was the club—it was easy, wasn't it? Make a mountain out of a mole hill, would they? He'd show them!

Amid the hanging silence—like a portent it overhung him—he raised the strange weapon and brought it gruntingly down with all the strength of his stout muscles.

IV

IN THE fading light of seven o'clock on that fair summer's evening John McTavish for the hundredth time seized the heavy arms of Sharon Whipple and bent them back and up in the right line. Then Sharon did the thing faithfully in his own way which was still, after an hour's trial, not the way of John McTavish.

"Mon, what have I told ye?" expostulated John. He had quit calling Sharon sir-r-r. Perhaps his r's were tired, and anyway, Sharon called him Sandy, being unable to believe that any Scotchman would not have this for one or another of his names. "Again I tell ye, th' body must bend between th' hips an' th' neck, but ye keep jer-r-rkin' the head to look up."

"But, Sandy, I've sprained my back trying to bend from the hips," protested the plaintive Sharon.

"Yer-r-r old car-r-r-cass is muscle-bound, to be sur-r-e," conceded John. "You can't hope to bend it the way yon laddie does." He pointed to Wilbur, who had been retrieving balls—from no great distance—hit out by the neophyte.

"Can he do it?" questioned Sharon.

"Show 'um!" ordered John.

And Wilbur Cowan, coming up for the driver, lithely bent to send three balls successively where good golf players should always send them. Sharon blinked at this performance, admiring, envious and again hopeful. If a child could do this thing—

"Well, I ain't giving up," he declared. "I'll show some people before I'm through."

He paused, hearing again in his shamed ears the ironic laughter of Rapp, Senior, at the three wild swings he had made before—in an excess of caution—he had struck the ground back of the immune ball and raked it a pitiful five feet to one side. He heard, too, the pleased laughter in the background, high musical peals of tactless women and the full-throated roars of brutal men. He felt again the hot flush on his cheeks as he had slunk from the dreadful scene with a shamed effort to brazen it out, followed by the amused stare of Gideon Whipple. And he had slunk back when the course was cleared, to be told the simple secret of hitting a golf ball. He would condescend to that for the sake, on a near day, of publicly humiliating a certain vainglorious jewelry dealer. But apparently now, while the secret was simple enough to tell—it took John McTavish hardly a score of burry words to tell it all—it was less simple to demonstrate. It might take him three or even four days. "Ye've done gr-r-rand f'r-r a beginner-r-r," said John McTavish wearily, perfunctorily.

"I'll tell you," said Sharon. "I ain't wanting this to get out on me, that I come sneaking back here to have you teach me the silly game."

"Mon, mon!" protested the hurt McTavish.

"So why can't Buck here come up and teach me in private? There's open space back of the stables."

"Ye cud do wor-r-rse," said John. "And yer-r-r full hour-r-r's lesson now will be two dollar-r-r-s."

"Certainly, McTavish," said Sharon, concealing his amazement. He could no longer address as Sandy one who earned two dollars as lightly as this.

There was a spacious opening back of the stable on the Whipple Old Place—space and the seclusion which Sharon Whipple considered imperative. Even Elihu Titus was sent about his business when he came to observe; threatened with an instant place in the ranks of the unemployed if he so much as breathed of the secret lessons to a town now said to be composed of snickering busybodies. The open space immediately back of the stable gave on wider spaces of pasture and woodlot.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS of a future age will doubtless, in their minute explorations of this region, come upon the petrified remains of golf balls in such number as will

(Continued on Page 78)

Yale Made is Yale Marked

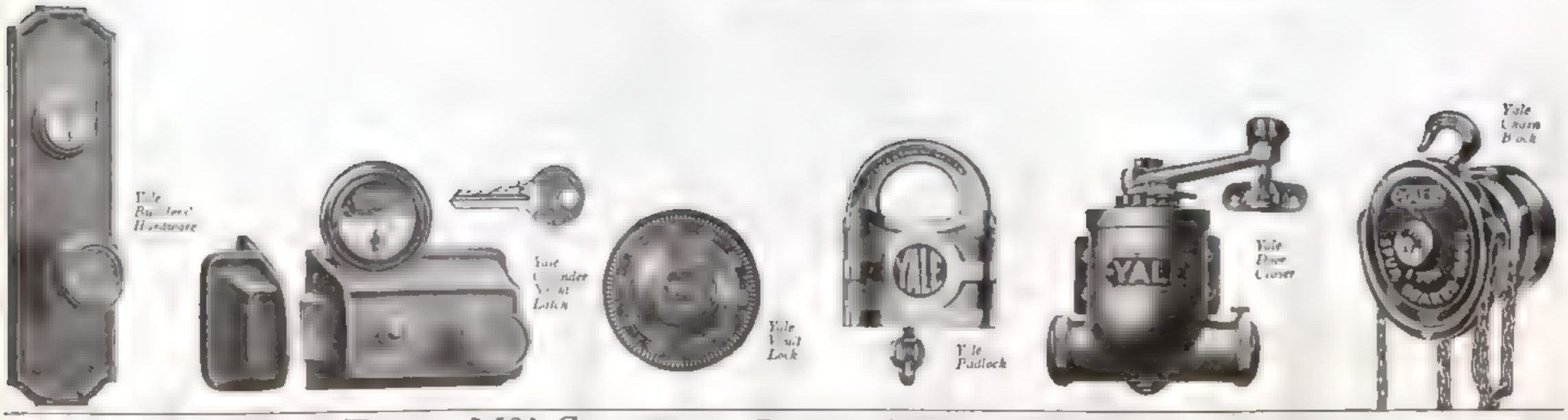
THE word YALE used in connection with Locks, Door Closers, Hoists, Carbureters, Industrial Trucks, etc., is exclusively the property of The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company.

It is secured to us by the common law and by trade-mark registry throughout the world, and it cannot lawfully be used on similar products made by others.

It is not the name of an article. It is an abbreviation of our corporate name, and for upwards of fifty years has been used to indicate products of our manufacture.

The name YALE appears on every article we make as a guarantee that we made it.

TRADE YALE MARK



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Company General Offices & Works: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light—"

CHRISTMAS again! There's a lift of spirit, a warming of the heart. There's laughter and youth. Sixty joins hands with Twenty—none escapes the spell.

Another year, but on this day the old grow young and youth throws off the grasp of Time.

Up life's winding course, regret pursues change and change bites the heels of habit and custom. The stage-coach of romance gives place to steam and speed. The electric light snuffs out the soft-beamed candle. Tinkling sleigh-bells drown in the roar of motor horns.

But Youth knows naught of the old, Age accepts the new, and who will say that smiles were brighter or spirits keener at the Christmases of our fathers than they are today?

Richer and wider is our modern life, with its locomotives, its electricity, its motor cars—they have extended our horizons, increased our comforts and opportunities, multiplied our human relationships.

Here at the Peerless factory we measure our accomplishment by the degree to which the Peerless Two-power-range Eight shares in this widening and enriching process. As the new year approaches, we renew our pledges of devotion to ideals of sound building and honest dealing.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
CLEVELAND : OHIO

Touring Car $3230 Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920 Sedan $4140
Sedan-Limousine $4400

F. O. B. CLEVELAND
Subject to change without notice
War Tax not included

PEERLESS

TWO POWER RANGE

EIGHT

"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE

Fair and Warmer

If you begin with 10-rib warmth

THE one sure way to make a cold day "fair and warm" is to get inside a cozy suit of Mayo 10-rib Underwear. Feels like a big chair in front of a blazing log!

What is 10-rib knitting? 10-rib knitting makes Mayo the only medium-priced underwear with 10 ribs to the inch instead of the usual 8. This closer knitting naturally makes Mayo 10-rib Underwear warmer and more elastic.

Out-o'-doors men the country over wear Mayo 10-rib Underwear. They choose it first because it is warm, and next because it wears and wears and wears and then some more.

Ask your dealer to show you some Mayo Underwear. Feel the softness of it. Stretch it. Watch how it returns to its original shape. Slip your hand into a Mayo sleeve. You will get an idea of the next-to-the-skin comfort of Mayo 10-rib Underwear. Look for our trade-mark—diamond-shaped—sewn in the neck-band of every genuine Mayo garment.

THE MAYO MILLS
MAYODAN, N. C. MT. AIRY, N. C.

Sales Office
346 Broadway, New York City

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarn

MADE FROM Mayo MAYO YARN

Winter Underwear for Men and Boys
Union Suits Shirts Drawers

(Continued from Page 74)

occasion learned dispute. Found so profusely and yet so far from any known course, they will perhaps give rise to wholly erroneous surmises.

Prefacing his paper with a reference to lost secrets once possessed by other ancients, citing without doubt that the old Egyptians knew how to temper the soft metal of copper, a certain scientist will profoundly deduce from this deposit of balls, far from the vestiges of the nearest course, that people of this remote day possessed the secret of driving a golf ball three and a half miles, and he will perhaps moralize upon the degeneracy of his own times, when the longest drive will doubtless not exceed a scant mile.

For three days Sharon sprayed out over the landscape, into ideal golf-ball covert, where many forever eluded even the keen eyes of Wilbur Cowan, one hundred balls originally purchased by the selecter golfing set of Newbern. Hereupon he refused longer to regard the wooden driver as a possible instrument of precision, and forever renounced it. Elihu Titus heard him renounce it balefully in the harness room one late afternoon and, later entering that apartment, found the fragments of a shattered driver.

It remained for Wilbur Cowan to bring Sharon into the game by another avenue. A new campaign was entered upon, doubtfully at first by Sharon, at length with dawning confidence. He was never to touch a wooden club. He was to drive with an iron, not far, but truly; to stay always in the center of the fairway and especially to cultivate the shorter approach shots and the use of the putter. The boy labored patiently with his pupil, striving to persuade him that golf was more than a trial of strength.

From secret lessons back of the stable they came at length to furtive lessons over the course at hours when it was least played. John Knox McTavish figured at these times as consulting expert.

"It's th' shor-r-t game that tells th' stor-r-r-y," said John; and Sharon, making his whole game a short game, was presently telling the story understandably, to the vast pride of the middleman who provided endless balls for his lessons.

It was a day of thrills for them both when Rapp, Senior, publicly challenged and, accepting with dreams of an easy conquest, went down before the craft of Sharon Whipple. Sharon, with his competent iron in a short half-arm swing he could not, he said, trust the utensil beyond the tail of his eye—sent the ball eighteen times not far but straight, and with other iron shots coaxed it to the green, where he sank it with quite respectable putting. Rapp, Senior, sliced his long drives brilliantly into shaded grassy dells and scented forest glades, where he trampled scores of pretty wild flowers as he chopped his way out again.

Rapp, Senior, made the course excitingly in one hundred thirty-eight; Sharon Whipple, playing along safe and sane lines, came through with one hundred thirty-five, and was a proud man, and looked it, and was still so much prouder than he looked that he shuddered lest it get out on him. Later he vanquished, by the same tactics, other men who used the wooden driver with perfect form in practice swings.

Contests in which he engaged, however, were likely to be marred by regrettable asperities rising from Sharon's inability to grasp the nicer subtleties of golf. It seemed silly to him not to lift his ball out of some slight depression into which it had rolled quite by accident; not to amend an unhappy lie in a sand trap, and he never came to believe that a wild swing leaving the ball untouched should be counted as a stroke. People who pettishly insisted upon these extremes of the game he sneeringly called golf lawyers. When he said that he made a hole in nine he meant nine or thereabouts—approximately nine; nice people, he thought, should let it go at that. So he became feared on the course, not only for his actual prowess but for his matchless optimism in casting up his score. He was a pleased man, and considered golf a good game; and he never forgot that Wilbur Cowan had made him the golfer he was. More than ever was he believing that Harvey D. Whipple had chosen wrongly from available Cowans. On the day when he first made the Newbern course in, approximately, one hundred and twenty—those short-arm iron shots were beginning to lengthen down the center of the fairway—he was sure of it.

■

IT MUST be said that Sharon was alone in this conviction. The others most concerned, had he allowed it to be known, would have been amazed by it—Winona Penniman most of all. Winona's conviction was that the rejected Cowan twin conspicuously lacked those qualities that would make him desirable for adoption by any family of note, certainly not by Whipples. He had gone from bad to worse. Driving a truck had been bad. There had been something to say in its favor in the early stages of this career, until the neophyte had actually chosen to wear overalls like any common driver. In overalls he could not be mistaken for a gentleman amateur moved by a keen love for the sport of truck driving—and golf was worse. Glad at first of this change in his life work, Winona had been shocked to learn that golf kept people from the churches. And the clothes, even if they did not include overalls, were not genteel. Wilbur wore belted trousers of no distinction, rubber-soled sneakers of a neutral tint and a sweater now so low in tone that the precise intention of its original shade was no longer to be divined. A rowdyish cap completed the uniform. No competent bank president, surveying the ensemble, would have for a moment considered making a bookkeeper out of the wearer. He was farther than ever before, Winona thought, from a career of Christian gentility in which garments of a Sabbath grandeur are worn every day and proper care may be taken of the hands.

It was late in this summer that she enforced briefly a demand for genteel raiment, and kept the boy up until ten-thirty of a sleepy evening to manicure his nails. The occasion was nothing less than the sixteenth birthday of Merle Whipple, to be celebrated by an afternoon festivity on the grounds of his home. The brothers had met briefly and casually during Merle's years as a Whipple; but this was to be an affair of ceremony, and Winona was determined that the unworthy twin should—at least briefly—appear as one not socially impossible.

She browbeat him into buying a suit such as those that are worn by jaunty youths in advertisements, including haberdashery of supreme elegance, the first patent-leather shoes worn by this particular Cowan, and a hat of class. He murmured at the outlay upon useless finery. It materially depleted his capital—stored with other treasure in a tin box labeled "Cake" across its front. But Winona was tenacious. He murmured, too, at the ordeal of manicuring, but Winona was insistent, and labored to leave him with the finger tips of one who did not habitually engage in a low calling.

He fell asleep at the final polishing, even after trying to fix his gaze upon the glittering nails of the hand Winona had relinquished, and while she sought to impress him with the importance of the approaching function. There would be present not only the Whipples but their guests, two girl friends of Patricia from afar and a school friend of Merle; there would be games and refreshments and social converse, and Winona hoped he would remember not to say darn at any time in such of the social converse as he provided; or forget to say, on leaving, what a charming time it was and how nice everyone had been to ask him. He dozed through much of this instruction.

Yet Winona, the next day, felt repaid for her pains. Arrayed in the new suit, with the modish collar and cravat, the luminous shoes and the hat of merit, the boy looked entirely like those careless youths in the pictures who so proudly proclaim the make of their garments. No one regarding him would have dreamed that he was at heart but a golf caddie or a driver of trucks for hire. Winona insisted upon a final polish of his nails, leaving them with a dazzling pinkish glitter, and she sprayed and anointed him with precious unguents, taking especial pains that his unruly brown hair should lie back close to his head, to show the wave.

When he installed her beside him in Sharon Whipple's newest car, pressed upon the youth by its owner for this occasion, she almost wished that she had been a bit more daring in her own dress. It was white and neat, but not fancy dressmaking in any sense of the word. She regretted for a moment her decision against pink rosebuds for the hat, so warmly urged by her mother, who kept saying nowadays that she would be a girl but once. Winona was beginning to doubt this. At least you seemed to be a girl a long time. She had been a little daring though. Her stockings were white and of a material widely heralded as silkona. Still her skirt was of a decent length, so that she apprehended no scandal from this recklessness.

When her genteel escort started the car and guided it by an apparently careless winding of the wheel she felt a glow that was almost pride in his appearance and nonchalant mastery of this abstruse mechanism. She was frightened at the speed and at the narrow margin by which he missed other vehicles and obtruding corners. When he flourished to an impressive halt under the Whipple porte-cochère she felt a new respect for him. If only he could do such things at odd moments as a gentleman should, and not continuously for money, in clothes unlike those of the expensive advertisements!

She descended from the car in a flutter of pretense that she habitually descended from cars, and a moment later was overjoyed to note that her escort sustained the greetings of the assembled Whipples and their guests with a practiced coolness, or what looked like it. He shook hands warmly with his brother and Patricia Whipple; was calm under the ordeal of introductions to the little friends Winona had warned him of—two girls of peerless beauty and a fair-haired, sleepy-looking boy with long eyelashes and dimples.

These young people were dressed rather less formally than Winona had expected, being mostly in flannels and ducks and tennis shoes not too lately cleaned. She was instantly glad she had been particular as to Wilbur's outfit. He looked ever so much more distinguished than either Merle or his friend. She watched him as he stood unconcerned under the chatter of the three girls. They had begun at once to employ upon him the oldest arts known to woman, and he was not flustered or "gauche"—a word Winona had lately learned. Beyond her divining was the truth that he would much rather have been talking to Starling Tucker. She thought he was merely trying to look bored, and was doing it very well.

The little friends of Patricia, and Patricia herself, could have told her better. They knew he was genuinely bored, and redoubled their efforts to enslave him. Merle chatted brightly with Winona, with such a man-of-the-world air that she herself became flustered at the memory that she had once been as a mother to him and drenched his handkerchief with perfume on a Sabbath morning. The little male friend of Merle stood by in silent relief. Patricia and her little guests had for three days been doing to him what they now tried doing to the new boy; he was glad the new boy had come. He had grown sulky under the incessant onslaughts.

The girl with black hair and the turquoise necklace was already reading Wilbur's palm, disclosing to him that he had a deep vein of cruelty in his nature. Patricia Whipple listened impatiently to this and other sinister revelations. She had not learned palm reading, but now resolved to. Meantime she could and did stem the flood of character portrayal by a suggestion of tennis. Patricia was still freckled, though not so obtrusively as in the days of her lawlessness. Her skirt and her hair were longer, the latter being what Wilbur Cowan later called rusty. She was still active and still determined, however. No girl in her presence was going to read interminably the palm of one upon whom she had, in a way of speaking, a family claim, especially one of such distinguished appearance and manners apparently being bored to death by the attention of mere girls.

Tennis resulted in a set of doubles, Merle and his little friend playing Patricia and one of her little friends the one with the necklace and the dark eyes. The desirable new man was not dressed for tennis, and could not have played it in any clothes whatever, and so had to watch from the back line, where he also retrieved balls. Both girls had insisted upon being at his end of the court. Their gentlemen opponents were irritated by this arrangement, because the girls paid far more attention to the new man than to the game itself. They delayed their service to catch his last remark; delayed the game seriously by pausing to chat with him. He retrieved balls for them, which also impeded progress.

(Continued on Page 81)

The Spirit of 1620 in Modern New England

The same sober spirit of devotion to ideals which led to the early settlement of New England animates the leaders of modern New England. To this truth the directorate of the Old Colony Trust Company bears witness.

DIRECTORS

GORDON ABBOTT, *Chairman of Board*
FRANCIS R. HART, *Vice-Chairman*
PHILIP STOCKTON, *President*

CHARLES F. ADAMS *Treasurer of Harvard College*
F. LOTHROP AMES, *Director American Agricultural Chemical Company*
OLIVER AMES, *Vice-President and Treasurer Oliver Ames & Sons Corporation*
WILLIAM AMORY *Trustee*
DANIEL F. APPEL, *Vice-President New England Mutual Life Insurance Company*
CHARLES F. AYER, *Director New England Telephone and Telegraph Company*
JOHN S. BARTLETT *President Lynn Gas and Electric Company*
SAMUEL CARR *Trustee The Ames Estate*
MALCOLM G. CHACE *President Chace & Harriman, Inc.*
T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, 3d.
CHARLES E. COTTING
ALVAH CROCKER *Treasurer Crocker, Burbank & Co.*
THOMAS K. CUMMINS, *Treasurer The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston*
PHILIP Y. DeNORMANDIE *Bliss, Fabyan & Company*
PHILIP DEXTER *President Boston & Providence Railroad Corporation*
WALLACE B. DONHAM, *Dean Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration*
JOHN T. DORRANCE *President Joseph Campbell Company*
FREDERIC C. DUMAINE, *Treasurer Amoskeag Manufacturing Company*
REGINALD FOSTER *Foster & Turner*
GEORGE P. GARDNER, *Executive Committee, General Electric Company*
ROBERT F. HERRICK *Herrick, Smith, Donald & Farley*
JAMES C. HOWE *Vice-President*
HERBERT G. HUMPHREY
HENRY C. JACKSON *Vice-President Home Savings Bank*
GEORGE E. KEITH *President George E. Keith Company*
ARTHUR LYMAN *Director Waltham Watch Company*
JAMES MacNAUGHTON, *Vice-President and General Manager Calumet & Hecla Mining Company*
GEORGE VON L. MEYER *Trustee*
LAURENCE MINOT *Trustee*
MAXWELL NORMAN *Trustee*
C. J. PAINE *Vice-President and Director Champion Copper Co.*
ROBERT T. PAINE, 2d, *Executive Committee, General Electric Company*
PHILIP L. REED *Treasurer Winslow & Co., Inc.*
RICHARD S. RUSSELL *William A. Russell & Brother*
ABBOT STEVENS *Treasurer M. T. Stevens & Sons Company*
P. F. SULLIVAN
H. O. UNDERWOOD *President The William Underwood Company*
E. SOHIER WELCH *Lawyer*
CHARLES W. WHITTIER, *C. W. Whittier & Brother, Real Estate*
ROBERT WINSOR, JR.

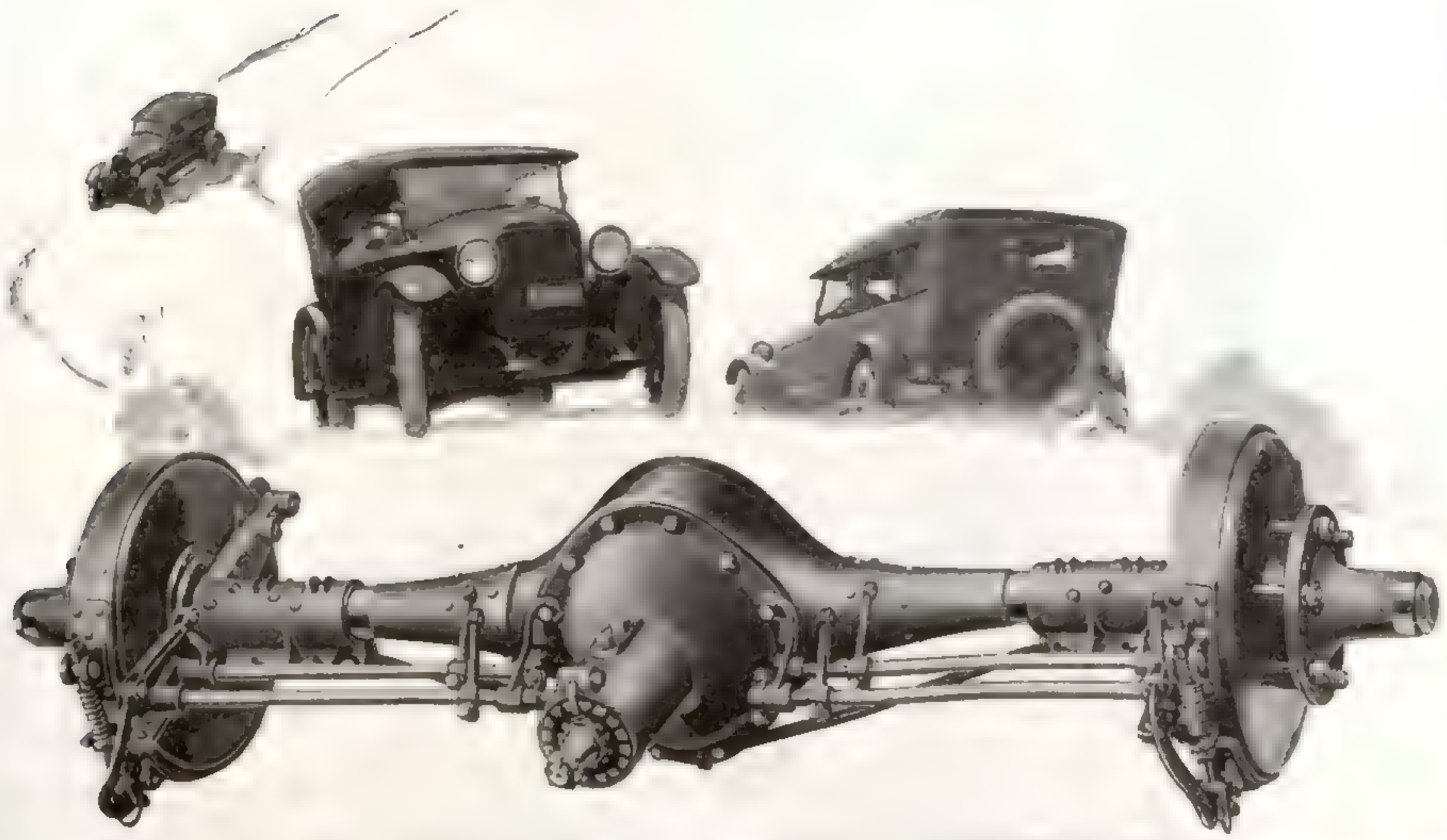
Old Colony Trust Company
BOSTON

SALISBURY AXLES

The secret of the universal satisfaction rendered by Salisbury Axles lies, we believe, in the sound engineering groundwork which forms the basis of Salisbury construction.

During the fourteen years that Salisbury Axles have been serving a vital function in thousands of motor cars, the standards of stamina and strength originally set by Salisbury engineers have never been departed from.

The performance of Salisbury Axles has therefore been uniformly excellent, and they have consistently earned the respect of both manufacturers and the general motoring public. By their exceptionally dependable service they have proven themselves a real asset to the modern motor car.



SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 78)

When he brought the balls to the dark-eyed girl she acknowledged his courtesy with a pretty little "Thanks a lot!" Patricia varied this. She said "Thanks a heap!" And they both rather glared at the other girl—a mere pinkish, big-eyed girl whose name was Florrie—who lingered stanchly by the new man and often kept him in talk when he should have been watchful. Still this third girl had but little initiative. She did insinuatingly ask Wilbur what his favorite flower was, but this got her nowhere, because it proved that he did not know.

The gentlemen across the net presently became unruly, and would play no more at a game which was merely intended, it seemed, to provide their opponents with talk of a coquettish character. Wilbur ardently wished that Winona could have been there to hear this talk, because the peerless young things freely used the expletive "Darn!" after inept strokes. Still they bored him. He would rather have been on the links.

He confessed at last to his little court that he much preferred golf to tennis. Patricia said that she had taken up golf, and that he must coach her over the Newbern course. The dark-eyed girl at once said that she was about to take up golf, and would need even more coaching than Patricia. Once they both searched him while the game waited for class pins, which they meant to appropriate. They found him singularly devoid of these. He never even knew definitely what they were looking for.

He was glad when refreshments were served on the lawn, and ate sandwiches in a wholehearted manner that disturbed Winona, who felt that at these affairs one should eat daintily, absently, as if elevated converse were the sole object and food but an incident. Wilbur ate as if he were hungry—had come there for food. Even now he was not free from the annoying attentions of Patricia and her little friends. They not only brought him other sandwiches and other cake and other lemonade, which he could have condoned, but they chattered so incessantly at him while he ate that only by an effort of concentration could he ignore them for the food. Florrie said that he was brutal to women. She was also heard to say—Winona heard it—that he was an awfully stunning chap. Harvey D Whipple was now a member of the party, beaming proudly upon his son. And Sharon Whipple came presently to survey the group. He winked at Wilbur, who winked in return.

After refreshments the young gentlemen withdrew to smoke. They withdrew unostentatiously, through a pergola, round a clump of shrubbery and on to the stables, where Merle revealed a silver cigarette case, from which he bestowed cigarettes upon them. They lighted these and talked as men of the world.

"Those chickens make me sick," said the little friend of Merle quite frankly.

"Me too!" said Wilbur.

They talked of horses, Merle displaying his new thoroughbred in the box stall, and of dogs and motor boats; and Merle and the other boy spoke in a strange jargon of their prep school, where you could smoke if you had the consent of your parents. Merle talked largely of his possessions and gay plans. They were presently interrupted by the ladies, who, having withdrawn beyond the shrubbery clump to powder their noses from Florrie's gold vanity box, had discovered the smokers, and now threatened to tell if the gentlemen did not instantly return. So Merle's little friend said wearily that they must go back to the women, he supposed. And there was more tennis of a sort, more chatter. As Mrs. Harvey D said, everything moved off splendidly.

Winona, when they left, felt that her charge had produced a favorable impression, and was amazed that he professed to be unmoved by this circumstance, even after being told, as the noble car wheeled them homeward, what the girl, Florrie, had said of him; and that Mrs. Harvey D. Whipple had said she had always known he was a sweet boy. He merely sniffed at the term and went on to disparage the little friends of Patricia.

"You told me not to say darn," he protested, "but those girls all said it about every other word."

"Not really?" said Winona, aghast.

"Darn this and darn that! And darn that ball! And darned old thing!" insisted the witness imitatively.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Winona.

She wondered if Patricia could be getting in with a fast set. She was further worried about Patricia, because Miss Murtree, over the ice cream, had confided to her that the girl was a brainless coquette; that her highest ambition, freely stated, was to have a black velvet evening gown, a black picture hat and a rope of pearls. Winona did not impart this item to Wilbur. He was already too little impressed with the Whipple state. Nor did she confide to him the singular remark of Sharon Whipple, delivered to her in hoarsely whispered confidence as Merle spoke at length to the group about his new horse.

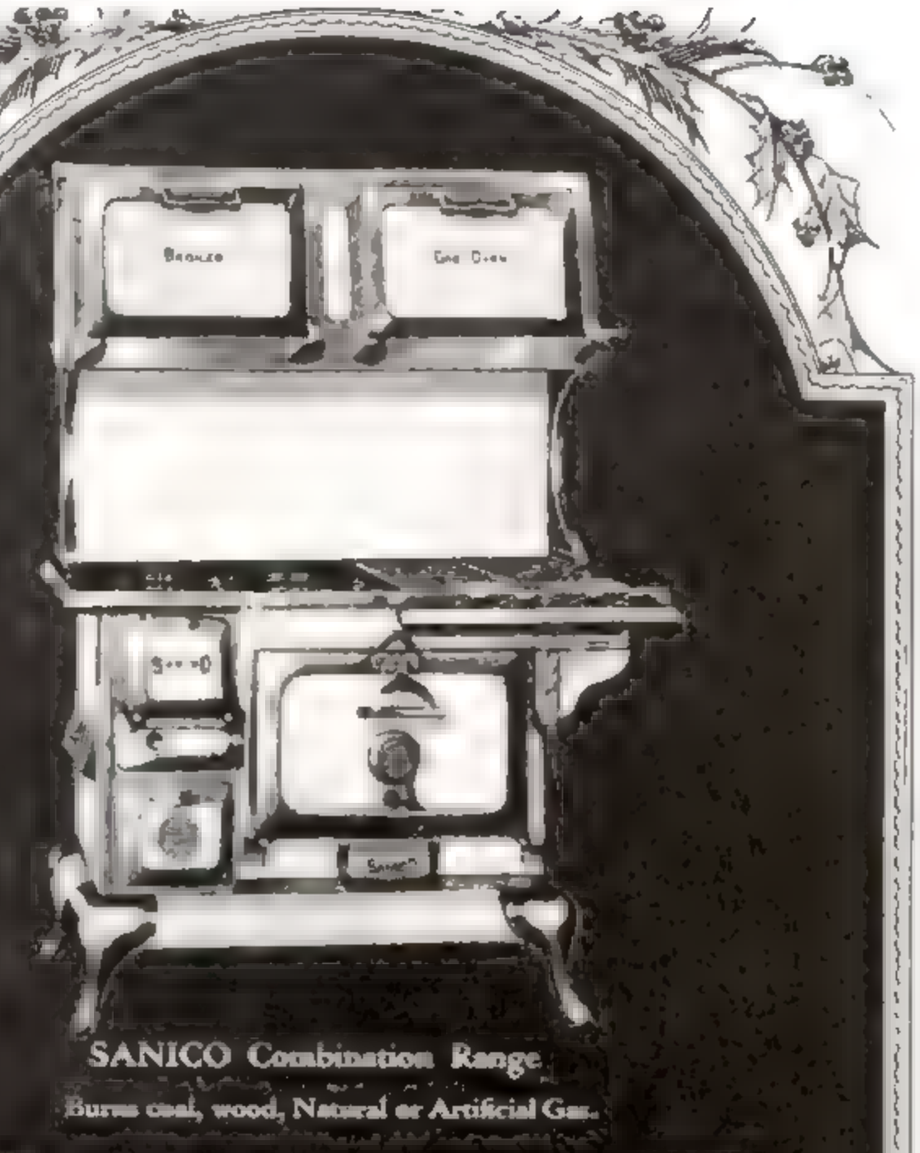
"Ain't he the most languageous critter!" had been Sharon's words.

And Winona had thought Merle spoke so prettily and with such easy confidence. Instead of regaling Wilbur with this gossip she insinuated his need for flannel trousers, sport shirts with rolling collars, tennis shoes of white. She found him adamant in his resolve to buy no further clothes which could have but a spectacular value.

To no one that day, except to Wilbur Cowan himself, had it occurred that Merle Whipple's birthday would also be the birthday of his twin brother.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"That Does Settle It," He Murmured. "How in Time Did You Ever Find All Them Fiddlements in That Little Space?"



SANICO Combination Range
Burns coal, wood, Natural or Artificial Gas.

SANICO
The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

For Coal, Wood and Gas

This SANICO Combination Range is two complete ranges in one. It has two ovens, one for coal and wood, the other for gas. It keeps the kitchen warm when it's cold, cool when it's hot.

Every SANICO Porcelain range is lined inside and out, ovens and flues included, with this wonderful, elastic, metallic porcelain, fused to Armco iron. There is no other like it.

25 YEAR GUARANTEE

The most beautiful range. Azure Blue, SNOW White or rich dark Blue stippled with a beautiful falling snow effect. Full size, a perfect baker and quick cooker with any fuel.

As Easy to Clean as a China Dish

Send for Catalog and a sample of SANICO Porcelain.

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS 509 Marquette Ave. | CHICAGO 190 North State Street | EAST ST. LOUIS 2000 State St.

SANICO Rust-Proof Porcelain Range for Wood or Coal

With or without Reservoir. "T" Shaped smoke-hoods can be supplied.

MY SON

(Continued from Page 26)

like to hear them extolled by good people after they think I am too far passed to hear this kind praise. But if they give it my very dust will hear it. How I have wished for love and praise all my life, just to hear the things that people never say of you until you are out of the competition of living with them in this world.

Thus I let my heart so shine to this girl. I made myself a cloud of witnesses for her comfort and assurance. She might have lived if I had known what to do, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that she died warm and befriended. So many victims of this disease that winter did not. People thought they must be careful. If you had it they sent you soup or flowers, according to your station in life, and remained at a safe distance.

Now if it is so very important to live they were right; but I doubt if it is of the uttermost importance, just to save your own life. William never thought so. He used to take this Scripture, "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," round with him like a charm when he had some risk to run or a hard duty to perform.

It is my secret and scornful belief that many people are in danger of disinfecting themselves out of the kingdom of heaven in their effort to escape a mere physical contagion.

This is one of the reasons why charity is no longer a private Christian virtue. It has become humanitarianism, one of the big businesses. It is administered by this board of directors, or that board, not given secretly from man to man. If you provide a hospital for the poor you have not fulfilled the law, and you will probably be damned one way or the other. This is the law—that you shall know your poor by name; that you shall visit those in affliction, even if they are not widows and orphans; that you shall contribute to their comfort without letting your left hand know what your right hand is doing, much less the reporters. You cannot cheat your fellow man with impersonal provisions for his misfortune. He has a heart under his ragged shirt. You are required to communicate with that. The endowing of an eleemosynary institution for the poor is only paying a tax which you owe in a country where you have made a fortune. You owe it, therefore you do not give it. You have simply discharged an obligation, not to the poor but to the laws and institutions of a country which provides the conditions and protects your interests while you are exercising your wits making this fortune But it is no proof at all that you are a Christian man, only a decently honest one. The man who we know is a Christian is one who comes over and gives you a day's work if your crops are in the grass and you are in the bed sick of a fever, because he has nothing else to give and really cannot spare this day from his own crop. Or he keeps the undertaker from cheating your widow in the price of the cheap pine coffin if you die of that fever. I have seen Christians like this, thousands of them, and my belief is that they exercise more influence for good over the life of this nation than many mere philanthropists, though the thunder of their benefactions never deafens the ears of the world. Their little old homely deeds are barefooted and they do not make a noise when they cross the threshold of your house. But they do come when you are not able or are too proud to stand in line for help before one of these institutions endowed for your relief, if by the skin of your teeth you can prove that you deserve to be received there.

What I am saying may sound like an old pea rattling in a gourd, the views of a narrow-minded old woman who does not realize that times have changed and that great provisions must be made to meet great needs. Still, the Lord does not change, and according to His Word charity belongs to the retail department of the Christian religion. And I feel obliged to stick to this—nothing is charity that you do not do with your own hands and with your own heart. We are developing a class of religious magnates in this country; the effect of their generosity is to put the small Christian deed out of countenance and to encourage us to look to them as a sort of immediate providence which is strictly financial. Never before has the Christian religion had so much capital behind it, and never before has it been so near to being merely an international fund for making us more comfortable in this present world.

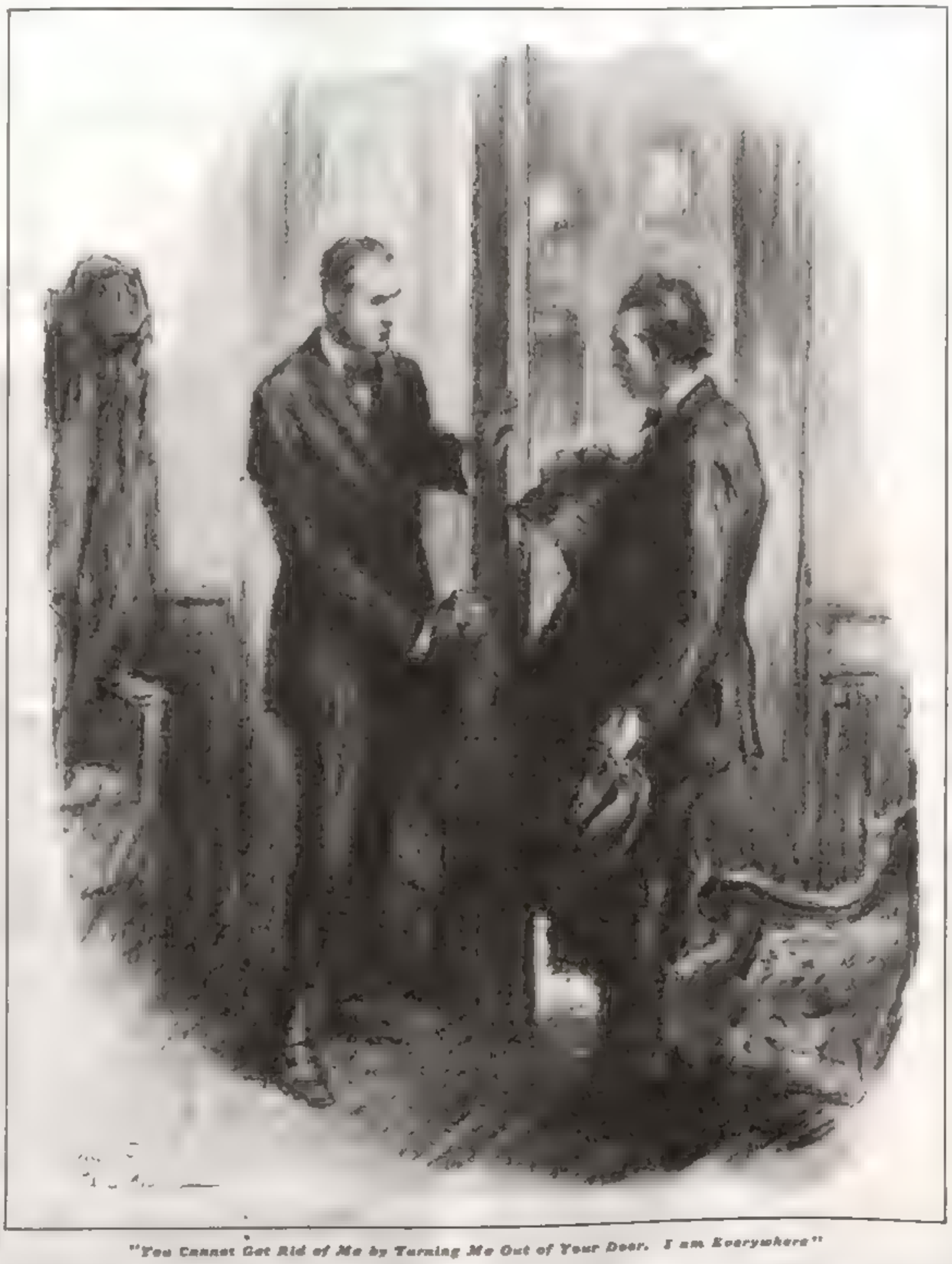
Peter preached this kind of gospel with such moving eloquence that I was uneasy sometimes lest the people who came to hear him might forget that this was not a rally in the interest of higher living and more giving, and that they would break out in open applause. He used the Lord's mighty Scriptures in this business to encourage these men and women to keep up their wartime enthusiasm until everybody had a job, every child an education, every sick man a bed, and every street woman a comfortable home—all to be achieved by funds and good conduct. The thing he left out was, "By my spirit, thus saith the Lord."

Peace, dear brethren, does not bring peace after all. It is only the statues raised to commemorate victories that are winged and beautiful. Victory herself invariably comes home to us with a tragic face, dishevel, maimed, bearing the scars of many wounds, reduced in fortune, anxious for the future—and all of us face to face once more with the graver faults of our civilization.

So now, in this winter of 1918-19, with the war ended and the world not nearly so safe as we had been led to believe it would be, with peace standing round waiting to come in and change its uniform to civilian clothes, and take off its cork leg and get a good rest, every man got busy according to his own spirit and according to his notion of his own particular salvation. Thus we were torn asunder by the awful multiple of spirits, and we were led not at all by the one everlasting Spirit.

I cannot say how it was in other churches, but Peter's church became a seething caldron of every kind of unrest. There was for a time a sort of human smoke on the back benches after the workmen who had been employed in the shipyards came home. These men had been members, were still, but in spite of Peter's courageous sermons urging them to take up the ways of peace and go to work they disappeared out of that church like smoke that a wind drives.

And they would not work, not for the wages peace can afford to pay. They would have ten dollars a day for three dollars' worth of labor or they would not labor.



"You Cannot Get Rid of Me by Turning Me Out of Your Door. I am Everywhere"

Then the soldiers began to drift in from overseas, scarred young veterans with considerable indignation in their hearts about the way free men had been made to obey military discipline in the Army. They did not mind fighting and dying, but they were mad as hornets, to a man, about this obedience business. And they were determined to take a furlough. There was a committee in Peter's church to provide employment for these dear boys. There was no difficulty about finding jobs for them. The difficulty was in persuading some of them to take these jobs. No, thanks! They had saved the country; they would whiff round and enjoy the country a bit. Where was that fatted calf? With what sardonic youthful humor they must have read every morning in the papers about the efforts of the various employment agencies and committees to rustle jobs for them.

Then came the strikes—the steel strike and the coal strike and ten thousand local strikes. The railroad shopmen and the street-car men and the shipping clerks, all struck one after another in this city. There were men in every one of these unions who belonged to Peter's church.

Peter bestirred himself. He took a hand. He was all things to all men in this crisis. He scarcely took time for his meals. He was off to a committee meeting, or he had to see a man or two or three men. He really expected to exert some influence. But strikers do not like preachers. A preacher is one of the misgivings they have in the order they have set up for themselves. I never knew but one preacher who was popular with them, and he was an agitator who covered his malfeasance with Old Testament derogatory Scriptures. He preached on the rent problem and the high cost of living. His picture appeared in the newspapers almost as regularly as if he had taken a patent medicine and was now a part of the advertisement of this nostrum. There is a queer thing about some small dangerous men—they are made manifest not by their own works but by a crowd or a riot. They are safe only because of this vicious protection. This man was like that.

I had no fear that Peter would go so far. He was for harmony, not discord. But the chairman of his board of stewards was that old valentine of a man who wore a sage-green suit and controlled the stock in the street-railway company. This fact was enough to make the strikers distrust Peter. Every time he urged them to compromise and yield a point or two, they regarded him as the emissary of that capitalist. And if he went back to Cathcart, this chairman of his board of stewards and Peter's pet capitalist, Cathcart would give him to understand genially but firmly that his good offices were not appreciated. It is one thing to tread water in a church row, and quite another thing to oil them between labor and capital. Peter could manage a church choir with every songster in it tearing the other fellow's hair, but he could do nothing with these motormen, nor with Cathcart. Still, he kept at it with Christian perversity, making himself such a nuisance that I feared he would get his name in the papers as a pernicious peacemaker.

Peter was by his table as the Methodist Church is by its altar on communion Sunday. Any man may take the sacrament there, no matter to what denomination he belongs, or even if he is not a member of any church, if he has faith in Christ as his Savior and if for the moment he thinks he is in love and charity with his neighbor So Peter would invite anybody, from a hungry beggar to a senator dead in his

(Continued on Page 86)

1871 SELZ 1920
CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

These good shoes, like good friends, wear well

Half a century ago Morris Selz began to make shoes with this idea: "A customer," he said, "is not one who has bought shoes once, but *one who is going to buy again.*"

On that idea Selz patronage has continuously grown. Each year brought new customers to join the ranks of the old. Because Selz Shoes have always won permanent friends it now crowds fourteen great factories to meet the demand for Selz Shoes for men, women and children. This, the fiftieth year of the business, is its largest.

Countless wearers, and 30,000 dealers, will tell you that in fifty years the name Selz has come to mean to shoes what sterling does to silver. When you ask for Selz Shoes you are asking for complete satisfaction in style, in fit, in comfort and wear.

Ask your dealer for them

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way The Eden washes everything.

Your judgment is never questioned if you buy The Eden.

The

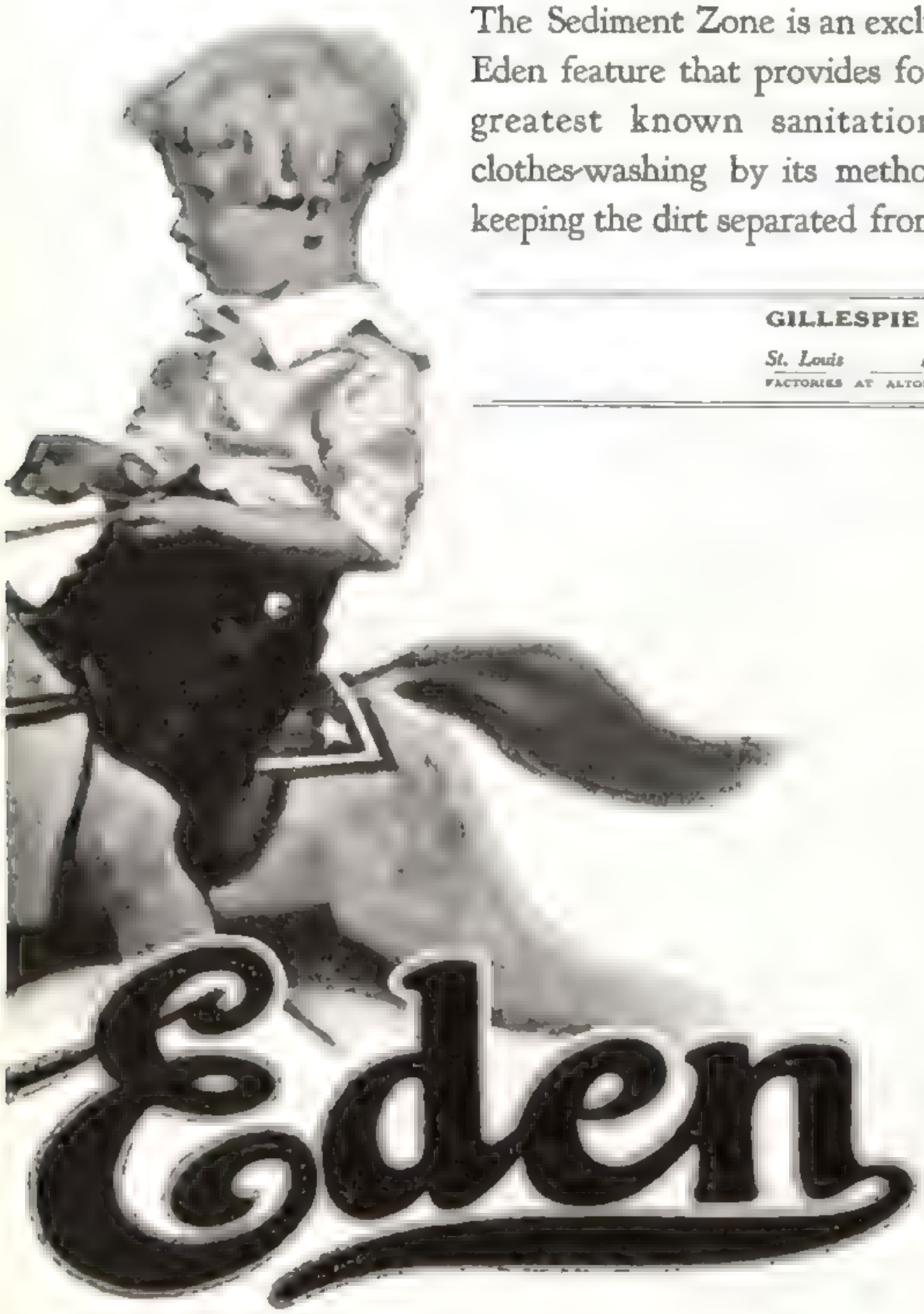
Make Mother as Happy as the Children

The household which is not confronted by the weekly problem of the wash is happy indeed. With an Eden in the home, clothes and linens for all the family are washed perfectly without hard work and trouble, the gentle Eden-dip cleansing the most fragile laces as well as the heaviest blankets without injury or wear.

The Sediment Zone is an exclusive Eden feature that provides for the greatest known sanitation in clothes-washing by its method of keeping the dirt separated from the wash water throughout the entire operation.

All moving parts of The Eden are enclosed, which makes it the safe washer in homes where there are small children.

Ask your dealer to send an Eden to do your own wash in your own home next washday. Without a penny's cost or any obligation to buy, you can prove for yourself its many superiorities. By our Easy Payment Plan you can enjoy the privilege of owning an Eden by paying as you save.



GILLESPIE EDEN CORPORATION
New York
St. Louis *Denver* *San Francisco* *Toronto*
FACTORIES AT ALTON, ILL., PATERSON, N. J., AND LOWELL, MASS.

An Eden Washer

is a gift that bears out the true significance of Christmas. With it you give never-tiring service—freedom from that arduous task of clothes-washing—delight and comfort for the whole family and, best of all, the Spirit of Clean Living which must dwell in every home where true happiness abounds. Let this Christmas make of your home an Eden-Home.

Billeted

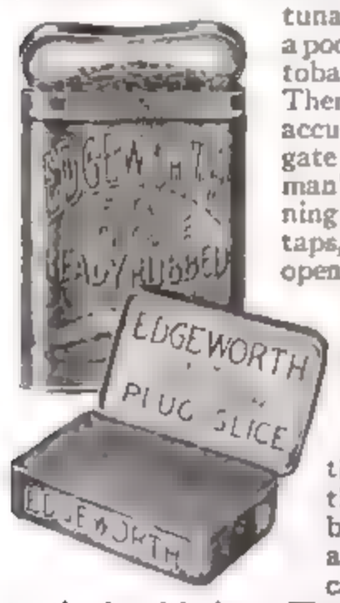
From Los Angeles, California, the following:

Gentlemen:

Just a word of sincere commendation of the aristocrat of tobaccos—Edgeworth. I am a confirmed lover of the pipe and can safely say that before I found complete enjoyment and satisfaction I tried nearly every known brand of tobacco. In reality there are not sufficient words of praise to convey the absolute sense of perfect pipe-bliss that Edgeworth gives.

I am going to sketch a little occurrence. The scene is laid in the village of Sauvage, Magny, France.

Battery D of the 60th C. A. C. had just returned from a two months' stay on the firing lines—St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. Billeted in two barns half filled with straw and with the mess kitchen in the space in front of one of the barns, the men, having been deprived of every luxury and little personal comfort while at the front, were mending torn uniforms, washing soiled clothes, and in general rehabilitating themselves. During the 2¼ months at the front we had considered ourselves fortunate in getting even a poor grade of cigarette tobacco to fill our pipes. There were four of us accustomed to congregate in an old Frenchman's house every evening between mess and taps, to sit before an open fire to smoke and talk of home. One evening L—— came in with a radiant face, also with a small package, a blue-colored tin which he set on the table. And there before our eyes was a vision which caused our hearts to throb with joy. There in that out-of-the-way little village was a can of honest-to-goodness Edgeworth. I need not describe the rest of the scene. Suffice it to say that we had Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, and Decoration Day all in one that evening.



Here's pledging good fellowship in a pipeful of Edgeworth.

(Signed) . . . . . .
Cpl. Bttry. D, 60th C. A. C.

And here's to you, sir! May you never again have to be billeted in straw in order to value Edgeworth so highly.

And here's to those other pipe-smokers who value Edgeworth not at all. How can you value a pipe-tobacco you haven't filled up the little old pipe with, touched a light to, and then—puff, puff, puff—decided just what you think of it? Allow us to submit Edgeworth to your judgment.

Send us your name and address. If you wish, send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, if you like Edgeworth. Off to you at once without charge will go samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in flat cakes, cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands fills the average pipe.

We believe you'll notice how perfectly Edgeworth packs. That makes it burn evenly and freely.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to meet the requirements of a good many different customers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are put in pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in various quantities in between those sizes.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 82)

trespasses and sins, to dine with us. During this season of strikes we were constantly entertaining belligerent motormen and mechanics.

I must say that I felt drawn to these men. They were more familiar to me than most of the people in Peter's church. They reminded me of the angry brethren with whom William used to deal and pray until they forgave each other. Sometimes I tried to join in the discussion between Peter and one of these fierce guests.

Maybe I would raise my hand soothingly and say something like this: "Did you say you are earning a dollar an hour, Mr. Hardit?"

Whereupon Hardit, who was a shop mechanic, would give me a three-dollar nod of indignation.

"Then it cannot be so bad," I would return. "Now my husband and I used to do very well on ——"

But I was never allowed to tell how little William and I lived on. Our guest would stand on his hind legs at once and begin to count off the children he had, and what he paid for shoes and doctors' bills, especially what the dentist cost. All his children had teeth, he had teeth, and his wife had a plate of false teeth! How much did I think it cost to maintain the teeth in a family of six?

I was always a trifle flustered by this question. My plates were made so many years ago, when you could get a good double set of them for twenty-five dollars. And it has been so long since real teeth entered into the problem of existence with me that I have had no experience with modern dentists. But it does seem strange to me how everybody tears round these days about just his teeth. The human tooth is under suspicion. It turns out to be the root of all evil in the body. If you go to the doctor with a pain in your knee he sends you to the dentist, who gags you, taps your teeth, chooses the best molar you have or maybe the only two you have that hit, and yanks them out. Therefore, your knee will be well. This does not follow. I am as innocent of teeth as a newborn babe, but I have a knee that still aches like a tooth in bad weather.

I always felt a trifle nervous about being "raised a spiritual body" in the next world. It sounds thin and unsubstantial, as if I should not be noticed much or have other spiritual bodies bow pleasantly to me as I passed, because they might not see me passing. But there is one advantage—we shall never have to call the doctor. It is our corruption that makes his fortune. I do not say there will be no doctors in heaven, but all the signs indicate that none of them will be doctors after they get there.

One evening during a very serious strike of the railway shop mechanics Peter came in with another guest, whom he introduced as Mr. Kleffler. The moment I set eyes on this man I knew that he was different. He might be a heathen or a poet, but he was no born-and-bred American. And I could see that he was not one of Peter's beloved strikers. A striker has hard red hands, horned knuckles, stubbed finger nails, muscles that crawl under his sleeve when he makes a gesture at you; and he never gestures at random, his arm oratory is straight from the shoulder and in your direction. Also, he has an honest bitter brow, with wrinkles that you can read and know they mean work, exposure and at present a bad temper.

This Kleffler was a frail man who had evidently escaped the workingman's hardships. His body was thin. His dark blue suit fitted him as if it had originally fitted a larger man and did not care about being on this one at all. His shirt was not clean. His collar was exhausted. His hair was long and was laid back from his brow like a black flourish. His hands were very white, sickly looking, but active. They flew up and seemed to make faces at you whenever he said anything. I did not like his hands, which are as revealing a part of the countenance of a man as his nose is. And I did not like his eyes. There was a bright silence in them, like a secret laugh at your expense. But a man cannot help having what looks like a raveled body sometimes, or a head that is two numbers too large for it; or even a malicious eye, if he inherits it. So I asked him to come in to the fire and get warm. I said the weather was very cold. He said yes, it was cold, and sat down, thrusting first one foot, then the other toward the blazing grate.

While he was doing this he swung a glance round the room. It was the impudent look of a bailiff who estimates the value of your things because he will be back to-morrow to get them.

"They make you very comfortable," he said.

I thought this was a queer thing to say, but I answered that they did, that this was the best parsonage we ever had, and I was about to go on to tell him about the parsonages William and I used to live in when Peter interrupted me. He wanted to know if there had been any telephone calls for him. I told him, and took the hint. Peter frequently interrupts me when I am about to tell something that I ought not to tell or repeat something that I have already told several times before.

So I sat quietly on the other side of the fireplace with my skirts smoothed out and my glasses fixed politely on Kleffler until I heard Peter calling the numbers I had given him on the phone. Then I asked Kleffler if he lived in the city. He said no, and added after a slight hesitation that he was from Chicago—as if on the spur of the moment this was the place he chose to be from, though I did not interpret it that way at the time. I asked him if he was married, because I always think if you know whether a stranger is married you know something about him. He said yes, as if he said yes he was married in a way.

I asked him if he had any children, because I always think if a stranger says he has a family you know something good about him. He replied that he did have children. I remarked encouragingly that he appeared to be young, hoping he would tell me how many children he had. He astonished me. He said he had six. And he could not have been a day older than Peter, who was thirty-three.

Another hour passed before I discovered what kind of man we had in the house, but I may as well call attention to this curious fecundity of radicals here. Nearly every time one of them gets the much desired publicity of appearing before an investigating committee he proves to be the father of from six to nine children, all born, no doubt, with red topknots on their heads and with no chance at all to become honest God-fearing men and women. If there is any way, I think they should be vaccinated morally.

I was considering whether I should ask Kleffler what church he attended, which is a delicate way of asking a stranger if he believes in God and his Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, when I heard the phone click as Peter hung up the receiver.

"What church do you attend, Mr. Kleffler?" I asked hurriedly.

I had just time to catch a queer sort of grin on his face before Peter came in and headed me off with some remark to him about the postponement of a meeting, where, I gathered from what followed, Kleffler was to have made an address.

"Now," Peter said, sitting down and smiling amiably at him, "we shall have time to talk it over. You can do all the good in the world here if you will only tell the men the right thing."

I did not see the right thing in Kleffler's eye, but I caught at this news that he was some kind of speaker. I wanted to know what kind.

"Do you lecture?" I asked politely.

"I teach," he answered grimly.

Then Peter shot me another look as if he said "Mother!" And I subsided into the silence which I am compelled to keep always in the same chair with me.

When you are old, but not nearly so dead as your nearest and dearest think you are, and the world is spinning and doing things it never did before, you do crave to know what is going on; and no one tells you, because what is the use of upsetting you at your age? I reckon this is why elderly people ask so many questions. It is the only way we can find out enough to live and think on. And it certainly is the quickest way. Many a time if Peter left me alone in the room with someone I should know more about that person when he came back than he ever imagined or dreamed was so. But for some reason he was determined to keep me out of Kleffler's confidence. I was the more curious because I began to see that he did not himself approve of this man, but that he was preparing to take him dead or alive in an argument.

Dinner was announced at this moment. And it went off very fast, that dinner. I could not tell whether Peter was hurrying to remove his guest to the safer territory of his study, or if it was because Kleffler took his food coming and going, so to speak, and we were obliged to keep up with him. But it was apparent that Peter was determined he should not talk about whatever it was that Kleffler wished to discuss.

By this time I was vaguely suspicious. I gave Kleffler his coffee and tried to forgive him for keeping the spoon in his cup. If you are a good man it is no sin to allow your spoon to stand up like a naked mast in your coffee, or even to take your food obsoletely with your knife. But if you are not a good man everything is evidence against you. I was discovering as fast as I could that I did not like this man. The spirit in me was beginning to rise. Peter felt it, because he began to say pleasant, teasing things to me, the way he does when he knows I am about to fire, and must be kept soothed with the choicest filial compliments if my aim is to be distracted.

Kleffler escaped as the plates were being changed for dessert. He had been suppressed as long as he could be. He had ideals. He was the traveling salesman of these ideals, and he must show them. He had the habit of eloquence. He said several noble things that made my flesh creep. He told Peter that old orders were passing away. The people were at last coming to understand what the brotherhood of man meant. Within five years at the longest he thought the struggle would be ended.

"Mankind will have become adjusted to mankind, not to illusions, and we shall hold all things in common!" he exclaimed. "Then, my dear sir," he added, looking at Peter, "we shall have no more strikes. There will be no longer any question of wages, because there will be no capital with which to pay wages. We shall not need it. We shall have everything!"

All my life I have kept the back of my hand, spiritually speaking, to riches. If I have been for anybody it is the poor; if I am against anybody it is the rich. But what this man had just said sounded to me more dangerous than blasphemy. I looked at him. He returned this look with a sort of forked-tongued merriment in his black eyes. He widened his grin until his nose seemed to flatten like the head of an adder. I smelled the thoughts of vipers. Not until this moment did I recognize him. Peter, my son and a preacher, had brought a red radical into a Methodist parsonage!

Now I can dine with anybody. I have done it, but I draw the line at unnatural things. And this man was no longer a man to me. He looked too much like the pale devouring worm of himself. He stood for the rape of Russia, for that strange uncleanness of mind and soul of which we were hearing so much by this time. He was the universal rogue, he had a predatory instinct toward every virtue. He professed peace and made war in the dark. He was the black death of civilization, and he was sitting at my table!

I laid down my fork and folded my napkin, then I put both hands against the edge of the table and drove my chair back.

"Peter!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, mother," he answered, very much embarrassed, "will you excuse us?"

"I will. I was about to ask you to excuse me," I answered coldly.

They went out. Kleffler was laughing. He was not ashamed. He was pleased to show the nakedness of his reptilian mind to an old woman. Her horror amused him.

I have never acquired the habit of eavesdropping; but I have heard many a petition through a keyhole that William thought he was making to his Lord in secret, because I wanted to know what was the matter with William so that I might know what to do for him. And now that my son was holding converse with the adversary I wanted to know what was going on.

His study was across the hall from the parlor. The door was open. I went into the parlor and opened that door, not wide, but enough for the human voice to pass through.

They were discussing the strike. Kleffler claimed the credit of having fomented it. He said you could make men do anything if you could make them believe something. He said there would be very few strikes merely for the present good the men hoped to get out of them, but it was the hope they had of disrupting the whole economic system, and of one day controlling trade, markets, transportation and all public utilities. It was the business of him and of others like him to confirm them in this faith.

"If we did not succeed in that," I heard him say, "we should never pull off but one strike in any one industry, because, of course, you know a strike never pays, even

(Continued on Page 88)

Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK qualities of power and dependable performance today, as during the last twenty years, are continuing to build Buick prestige.

You enjoy motoring comfort in a Buick car because you know that whatever the emergency of travel, Buick will meet it.

The beauty of simplicity and good taste is embodied in the lines and appointments of the new Nineteen Twenty One Models. For outdoor joys and business use in winter the new Buick Five Passenger Sedan is admirably fitted.

The uninterrupted use of every Buick car is guaranteed by nation-wide Buick service.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

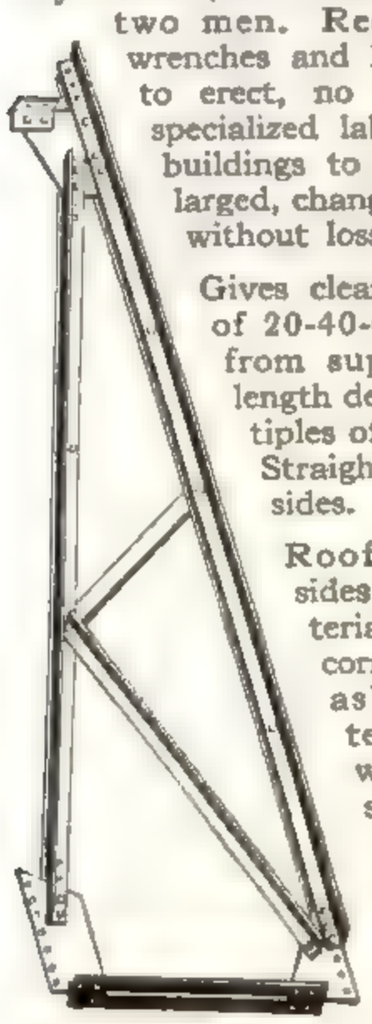
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Watch Them Grow!

They are springing up all over the United States, and abroad too, as industrial concerns and individuals discover the speed, economy and flexibility of the Milliken method of constructing warehouses, machine shops, light manufacturing plants, farm buildings, garages, etc.

Milliken Buildings

This All-Steel Standardized Truss Unit is the basis. It constructs permanent steel-frame buildings of any shape or size you want. Weighing only 200 lbs., it is easily handled by two men. Requires only wrenches and hoisting gear to erect, no riveting nor specialized labor. Permits buildings to be later enlarged, changed or moved without loss of material.



Gives clear floor space of 20-40-60 feet, free from supports. Any length desired, in multiples of twenty feet. Straight or sloping sides.

Roof, ends and sides of any material you wish—corrugated iron, asbestos-protected metal, wire lath and stucco, etc. Steel doors and windows. Absolutely fireproof. Steel frame alone, if preferred.

"Your Choice of a Thousand Buildings" or special designs by our engineering department to meet your special needs. Full directions for erection.

Shipped compactly from complete stock on receipt of order.

Some Prominent Milliken Users

Shell Co. of California — United Drug Co.
Prest O Lite Co. — Kennert Rubber Co.
W. R. Grace & Co. — Lombard & Co. Havana
Oneida Community Ltd. — Matthews Bros. Mfg. Co.
Caribbean Petroleum Co. — Consumers' Cotton Oil Co.
International & Great Northern Railway

Write us or nearest agency for this — Milliken Buildings — *Special Catalog No. 10. It is Free*

MILLIKEN BROTHERS MFG. CO., Inc.
Woolworth Bldg., New York

Agencies in U. S.

Chicago - Gagen Sales Corp.
Detroit - Brant Eng. Co.
Houston, Tex. - David M. Dillon
Cleveland - The Clymonte-Mahrman Co.
San Francisco - M. W. Jones Co.
New Orleans - Ole K. Olsen
Dallas, Texas - Moore, Shultz & Wilson Co.
Atlanta, Ga. - Beaulieu & Applewhite
Tulsa, Okla. - Industrial [illegible] Co.
Raleigh, N. C. - Struc[illegible] Supply Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. - O. B. Stauffer
Charlotte, N. C. - Amer. Hdw. & Equip. Co.

(Continued from Page 86)

if the strikers win. It costs too much. But we keep up this missionary work among the workers everywhere, and we can always go back and call another one."

"Do you really believe this doctrine yourself?" I heard Peter ask him.

"It is not to believe, but to make the other fellows believe it," Kleffler answered.

"There is Russia ——" in Peter's voice.

"Not a fair experiment. As soon as we can wear out a few governments like this one and England, break down capital, we can put it over like a shot!" the other laughed.

"But you can never do that," Peter again.

"We are doing it. The honor system among men is weakening. The idea is to destroy the morale, tear things up. That the workingman is demanding shorter and shorter hours is the smallest part of our plan. We are teaching him to be destructive, to harry his employer, to nibble his reputation, destroy confidence in him. It is a sort of universal sabotage at which we aim. Nothing you can put your finger on, but a crumbling under our fingers that goes on all the time."

Peter was silent.

I heard the other man get up. I knew he was standing before the fireplace because I could hear the click of his heels against the tiles.

"It is taking hold, this idea of destruction. It appeals to something long repressed and controlled in the minds of men," he went on. "The clerks in the stores, are they so anxious as formerly to sell their employers' goods? They are not. But he pays them more. You employ a man. Does he earn his wage? Certainly not. But you must pay it. You have a big factory with half a million dollars' worth of machinery in it. If our men keep some part of it out of order can you fill your contracts? You have a farm. But have we not raised the standard of wages until you must pay twice as much for half a man? There will be no whole workingmen left; we are dividing them. Well, what is happening? As we progress in efficiency of propaganda this wastage will increase in volume.

"You do not realize it yet, but we have the advantage of you so long as you have anything that can be wasted or destroyed. When you have not you will join our ranks. You must. That is what we count on. Our object is to destroy confidence, your confidence in the man who works for you, his confidence in you. Thus we will destroy credit, and without credit or confidence how will you do business? How long will property last? Or your Government, or your boasted religion, which is the frailest illusion of all?"

"No!" I heard Peter exclaim. "That cannot happen. Even admitting your infamous plan works, which I do not for a moment concede, so much misfortune will drive men the more earnestly to seek that which always remains, the consolation of religion."

"You think so," Kleffler retorted, "but you think so in the face of facts. The churches are not winning, they are losing; they will lose half a million members this year. You see we—we are offering mankind a salvation he can see with his eyes, taste with his lips, feel on his back!"

"I don't understand that you are," Peter answered.

"Yes, all that he can take," the other said.

"But not earn," Peter put in.

"That is your word, not mine," the other laughed.

"What will become of the weak?"

"What does become of them in nature? They die and fertilize the strong. Your foolish sentimentalities, your pious charities, your laws growing out of these sickly emotions have filled the world with weak people, incompetents, a frightful and senseless burden! Well, they will pass. When we are done only the terribly competent and strong will survive."

Peter said something that I did not catch, about honor and mercy.

"Terms used to conjure with," Kleffler answered. "We shall leave them out of our minds. It is all about you, this new order, forming, drawing out, clearing the way; and you do not see it. Even the children have it. The other day five hundred school children struck in one of your cities. Did you notice that? We have our word everywhere. The easiest people to teach are those who do not know that they are being taught. What you call your ignorant classes. They are becoming learned," he laughed.

I have read Job, but never before have I heard Satan in the flesh speaking.

What Peter answered him in reply I do not set down. It was the argument of an honest man who believed in law and religion. But it is useless to offer righteousness to the devil. There is no common ground upon which you can meet him. He is unspeakable and unthinkable.

Finally I heard Peter talking, very low. He went on for a long time. I could not hear what he said, only a short laugh from Kleffler now and then. But I could tell that Peter was using a good man's cussing voice. They have it, every one of them, a curious authority for telling a man that he must and shall be damned. I reckon Peter was saying something along that line, because presently Kleffler came walking with a jerky step toward the door.

"All right, I'll go," he said, snickering, "but I'll be in your church to change it, in your house to break it, in your pockets to empty them, and in your Government to destroy it. You cannot get rid of me by turning me out of your door. I am everywhere."

Then I heard him slam it and run down the steps into the street.

I went to close the parlor door, passing a window that overlooked this street. I saw two men move from behind the wall of the next house and join this man. They seemed to be very intimate and went away arm and arm with him.

After closing the door very softly I came back, sat down in my corner beside the fire and waited for my son. I was crocheting a mat for the center table. This was to be a mark I would leave of myself in this parsonage—that did not have a single handmade thing in it.

Presently Peter came in. He looked years older. His face was pale and drawn like a man who has seen a terrible vision. He dropped into the chair on the other side of the fire and stared at the coals.

I went on crocheting, pretending not to notice the change in him, feeling that the sight of me there, serene and undisturbed, about to go to my prayers and bedtime peace, was the best thing I could do for him.

"Mother," he said after a while, without looking up, "evil forces are at work everywhere."

"They always have been, my son," I answered quietly.

"But not with brains. They were blind forces, instincts, appetities. Now it is different. Evil has become a science."

"I never respected the sciences as you do, Peter," I replied. "There is just one knowledge that counts, the knowing of His will. There is one duty, the doing of His will."

"It sounds simple, but it is not simple," he returned.

"If this world could have been damned the devil would have accomplished that long ago. He cannot do it, my son."

Peter was silent. I do not think he heard what I said. It filled his ears like an old song which you do not really hear. But I know this was a good thing because I had it from William, who was always pulling Satan's tail and injuring his reputation when he had the chance.

Then, looking over my glasses at Peter, who had his face in his hands like a defeated mourner, I uttered a blasphemy against man, which is permissible in extreme cases. It was my own, not William's.

"Peter," I said, "do you know what I think the devil really is?"

"What?" he asked.

"Only a temporary weakness in man, or mankind. Nothing permanent. A streak of ordinary human heinousness from which we suffer now and then like any other sickness."

Peter sat up and regarded me as if he saw his old orthodox mother coming down the road with a grass-green heresy on her head. There was a whoop of astonishment in his eye.

"I have always thought Satan was a figure of speech in the Bible," I began again, "a sort of parable meant to convey the truth, like that tale of the whale that swallowed Jonah. I am not saying that a fish could not swallow a missionary, you understand; but I do say that Jonah was in no condition to preach that same day. He would have been obliged to lie round and get his breath and clean up a bit."

I did not look at Peter, but I could hear his chair creaking as if he were stirring about and bracing his back for a jolt.

"If Satan had been a separate and distinct entity he would not have been at all. The Lord would have seen to that in the beginning. But when he created man and endowed him with considerable powers and gave him dominion over all things, it turned out that the devil was the intimate personal creation of Adam himself. No way to get rid of him without destroying man. We do it ourselves, by faith in God," I concluded, feeling that I had held my note too long.

"If you will notice the works of the devil, they are always performed by men. If you notice the works of God you know that no man or devil could have done them. They are too altogether and perfectly good and everlasting. They work, Peter! The machinery never gets out of order; his systems and seasons go on. The grass always springs. The rain always falls with justice. The sun shines, and we always get a night at the end of each day in which to trust him more fully than we can in the light, and so that we can rest, blessed and folded away in his starlit care!"

"Mother! That is just poetry!" Peter answered.

"It is the truth," I retorted; "but does anything wrong we do, last? It does not. It will not work, Peter. Every force in us is against it, as life is opposed to death. To live we must destroy that which is evil that we do; that is what the gospel is for, to teach us how!"

"We are a long time learning," he said after a pause.

"We have so much to learn," I retorted, looking across and fixing my eyes upon him over the tops of my glasses. "For example, you should know better than to bring a man into your house who rejoices in his own demoniacal possession."

"That was a mistake, having the fellow here," he admitted; "but I hoped to—well, convince him that he was wrong. I wanted to help settle this strike, keep the Church's influence to the front in this time of stress," he explained.

"You cannot exorcise the devil in a man who has chosen evil to be his god," I told him.

"You heard what he said to me?" he asked.

"I saw him. That was enough. He is a criminal," I answered, not willing to admit that the parlor door had been ajar when he knew that I always kept it closed.

I usually look at the paper before Peter comes down in the morning so as to be able to discuss the news while he is reading it later at the breakfast table. This may interrupt him but it keeps me from sitting too dumb and effaced at my end of the table. The next morning after Kleffler's visit I laid it with the other mail beside his plate, and when he came in to breakfast I did not annoy him as I sometimes do by telling him the news before he can see it for himself. I merely said "Good morning, Peter," in that tone of virtue women use when they have a headache or a grief.

Peter spread his paper over his plate when he opened it, as he usually does while he waits for his toast and coffee. Then he snatched it up and made a sort of Adam curtain of it before his face. I could see only the top of his head growing pink where his hair is thin. The headline on the front page that held his eye announced an arrest by Federal agents the night before. The interview with one of these agents which followed gave a fairly complete account of Kleffler's operations. He was known only as a labor agitator until recently, when he had been identified as the man wanted for complicity in a number of bomb outrages.

The last paragraph stated in a small cool voice that Kleffler had been arrested as he was leaving the residence of a "prominent minister, where he had dined."

I knew when Peter finished reading that last damning sentence, for he looked over the top of it at me.

The most regretfully prideful moments in a woman's life are those when she knows she has better judgment and more sense than the reigning man in her family. I experienced the pangs of this dolorous superiority now.

"It is mete and proper to associate with sinners and even Republicans, Peter—many of them are worthy people—but it does not say anywhere in the Bible that a preacher ought to break bread with a radical," I said in my headaching voice.

He made no reply. He slurred his breakfast and immediately retired to his study, where he remained all day, which was Saturday. There was only one thing he could do, and he did it. The next morning he preached a powerful sermon against communists, anarchists and socialists. He was

(Continued on Page 91)

Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America — Monroe *Clothes* New York"

His Christmas Gift

—and you can duplicate this smart all-wool Fifth Avenue overcoat as easily as the New Yorker.

Simply go to your nearest Monroe Clothier, and ask him to show you the newest Fifth Avenue men's styles.
He has them — because he sells Monroe Clothes. And Monroe Clothes are the clothes New York men buy.
Aristocratic in Style — but not in price.
If you have no dealer in your town, write us

MONROE CLOTHES
55 Fifth Avenue New York City

There is this outstanding characteristic that differentiates the power-creating device of YESTERDAY from the power producer of TODAY. The first, by its demands upon the toil-scarred bodies of men, was the MASTER; the second, by virtue of the hidden spring of ENERGY that is a part of it, is the SLAVE that bows to the bidding of everyone. ¶ And this product is recognized everywhere today by the device that is its distinguishing mark of excellence—The Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, U. S. A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

(Continued from Page 88)

very severe. He cleared his skirts in this discourse of any stain that might have been left on them by his recent guest. On Monday morning excerpts from this sermon appeared prominently in the same papers that carried the news of Kleffler's arrest as "he was leaving the residence of a prominent minister."

The strikers went back to work on this same day. I thought the arrest of Kleffler had much to do with the end of the strike, but many people in Peter's church insisted that the startling exposures he had made of what radicalism really meant in his Sunday morning sermon had its weight with the strikers.

My son is a very smart man. He can turn a sharp corner with astonishing speed and arrive in the straight and narrow way where everybody can see him before anyone can form an adverse judgment about what he was doing round that corner. I will not go so far as to say this kind of moral agility in a preacher is wrong, but I do think Peter would not have been obliged so frequently to finance his harmlessness of a dove with so much serpent wisdom if he had had at this time a clearer vision of his offices as a minister of the gospel.

During the early spring of 1919 the earth that the Lord has made was in its usual health. All the seed sown came up for harvest. Not a single thing was changed in this silent order of Nature, established in the beginning. But there were unimaginable disturbances in the other order that we make and unmake for ourselves. The world, for which so many young men had just fought and died, seemed to be slipping. It rocked and swayed like a little foolish thing in the wind of many minds. In vain did the echo of our own mighty idealism reverberate across the seas. We paid no attention—that is, not any high and noble attention. We were still examining our "long loose leg," counting the jerks it had suffered, and wondering why we had offered it so carelessly. We would not join the League of Nations to enforce peace, though we were pledged to it and ought to do it, because after the experience we had over there it looked too much like another way of offering this member to be pulled indefinitely. We felt twitchings and pains as strong as bitter memories in our financial muscles. We turned round as a nation and regarded that great idealist and evangelist, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, whom we had come near to worshiping for the duration of the war, with considerable curiosity, which was not worshipful, nor altogether friendly. He was still in Paris at this time, but our leg was paining us even before he went over there. And now it was giving us fits.

Sometimes I have my doubts about risking a man in his spirit to determine the policies of a great nation. He may not be entirely in his senses. It depends upon how you interpret and apply the truth to practical affairs whether it turns out to be not the truth at all but a dangerous doctrine. This is why your Simon-pure idealist is dangerous if you take him out of his attic and away from his books. He has a streak of red in him that shows up when he gets hold of your Government, your Army and your treasury. He means well, but what he means does not turn out well. He skips the unalterable fact of human nature—namely, that you cannot take what belongs to one man or one nation and give it, however gloriously, free, gratis and for nothing, to another man or another nation without rousing the very honest devil of possession that is in us all. Enough of a thing is enough, and that is what no idealist ever finds out.

But this stir in Washington was not the worst of it. The cost of everything went up as it did not go during the war. We had one sort of famine after another. If it was not gas it was sugar, and for the first time in my life I paid twelve dollars for a pair of shoes, not nearly as good as I used to get for three dollars. We paid fifty cents a pound for steak.

I never realized how futile human statutes were until men gathered in councils, legislatures, Congress—everywhere, to pass laws to correct this abuse or that abuse. Nothing was mended.

The general opinion was that these disordered conditions were due to the war. No doubt they were; but what I want to know is, why a merchant who showed up as a working patriot, with his arm round every farmer's neck persuading him to buy bonds with his cotton money when he had never had any money before, sold this same farmer a suit of clothes for fifty dollars that cost him only ten dollars? Patriotism is far more emotional than religion and not nearly so lasting in its effects on character. I could look over Peter's congregation every Sunday and see many back-slidden patriots in it, men who gave their time and their eloquence to war work; now they seemed strangely shrunken and ignoble. There were no worse profiteers among us. It was the same everywhere.

In the summer of 1919, with everything going wrong and the few anxious pop-eyed dollars thrifty people had saved to get them through the bad weather of life being spent for the bare necessities, the high cost of the heathen struck us. We had spent billions of dollars for war bonds, we had given millions more to finance every kind of war service. Now the Christian churches took a hand. Each denomination in quick succession put over a drive for funds.

We had to fight the war and we had to have the money to pay the costs, and for the waste and sentimentalities of war. But what will happen to us if too many other interests adopt Mr. McAdoo's methods? The plan for raising the Centenary Fund in our church was patterned after them. In a few weeks our Methodist churches raised seventy-five million dollars without leaving even a souvenir bond behind to show for what we had given.

Peter's church during this period looked like a motion-picture palace. There were billboards on the street outside covered with highly colored posters. The subjects of these pictures varied from several different scenes from the life of Jesus, including the crucifixion, to others of heathen and savages to be saved—presumably by this fund. But there was not a single one portraying a profiteering capitalist or a labor agitator or a common backslider, which in my opinion was about half doing this poster business. My feeling is that a Christian church ought not to have backbitten the heathen by exposing them to such a disadvantage in these pictures if we did not have the courage to show up our own sinners in the same high colors.

I try to be a reasonably good woman. When I cannot live in charity with my neighbor I resort to living in silence with him. But there is a sort of spite in the best of us that never dies. It only dies down until something happens to stir it up again. Sitting in Peter's church on Sunday with these posters inside and outside of it, I recalled the embarrassment the guests used to show at tea parties when I first came to this city and so far forgot proprieties as to mention the Lord and his mercies. I decided in the light of these posters that whatever the reason for this embarrassment it was neither reverence nor spiritual modesty.

I will not go so far as to say that this financial activity in the name of the Lord was wrong. By this time I was so befuddled that I could not tell my moral right hand from my spiritual left hand. But it does something to people, even Christian people, to handle, have and hold large sums of money. One of the oft-repeated promises made during this drive for our Centenary Fund was that no preacher should receive a salary of less than one thousand dollars a year. This was a popular appeal in a section where many of them even in these hard times were living on six hundred and their sublime faith in God. We understood that these men's salaries would be supplemented from the Centenary Fund. What happened was that certain churches, already heavily burdened with the obligation they had taken to pay so much each year for five years to this fund, were notified that they must raise their pastors' salaries to at least a thousand dollars! They did, out of the pockets of their members, I am told, and not out of the Centenary Fund.

Peter's church was among the many that oversubscribed the assessment levied on it for this fund. Preachers are the best agents in the world for collecting money. I have no doubt that if the Government had turned over the whole business to them of getting finances for the war—with Mr. McAdoo, of course, to advise them—they would have done it without the artifice of selling bonds, and so the country would have been saved the enormous taxes we must pay for a lifetime, because in that case there would have been no excuse for imposing these taxes.

There was now very little Ph. D. stuff left in Peter, and no poetic mysticism at all. He had passed, still like the shooting star of himself, out of the women's clubs, and the seat of his popularity had been transferred to the firmer sex, which, you will observe, is never the case with a man whose personality makes him the hero orator of strictly feminine organizations.

Peter made a rise. He was made a member of the Add and Carry Club. The membership was composed of prominent business and professional men, and it was nearly as large as that of Peter's church. This club could do anything from promoting the best interests of the city to entertaining the manager of a vaudeville circuit with a complement of his lady stars.

I was opposed to his joining it, but he reminded me that other leading ministers belonged to it. He still insisted that to serve you must get down among men, when the gospel plan is that preachers ought to stay up among men. I thought my son could be the patient long-suffering brother of his fellow man without becoming his buddy. Maybe this was spiritual pride, but when his own stewards who were in the thing began to call him "Pete," when they motored by to get him for a game of golf, I felt queer. I wondered if they still thought of him as "Pete" on Sunday, when he preached and prayed and pronounced the benediction. Familiarity does beget contempt, and contempt is very bad for a preacher.

One evening the phone rang. I answered it. A woman's voice inquired if this was the residence of the Rev. Mr. Peter Thompson. I said it was. Was he at home? I said yes. She wanted to speak to him, please. I called Peter. Like most public men he was always suspicious of the phone. He asked me to find out who this was. I went back and asked that question. She said: "Never mind; I am sure Mr. Thompson will be glad to speak to me."

I told Peter what she said, and he came grumbling to the phone. I stood back, you may say maternally anxious, waiting to hear who this was, having a vague recollection of this mewing voice, but not able to place it.

Peter took the receiver and said: "Well, this is Mr. Thompson."

Then I saw him rake his hand through his hair, clamp the receiver tightly to his ear as if he feared it might leak a word, and look over his shoulder at me.

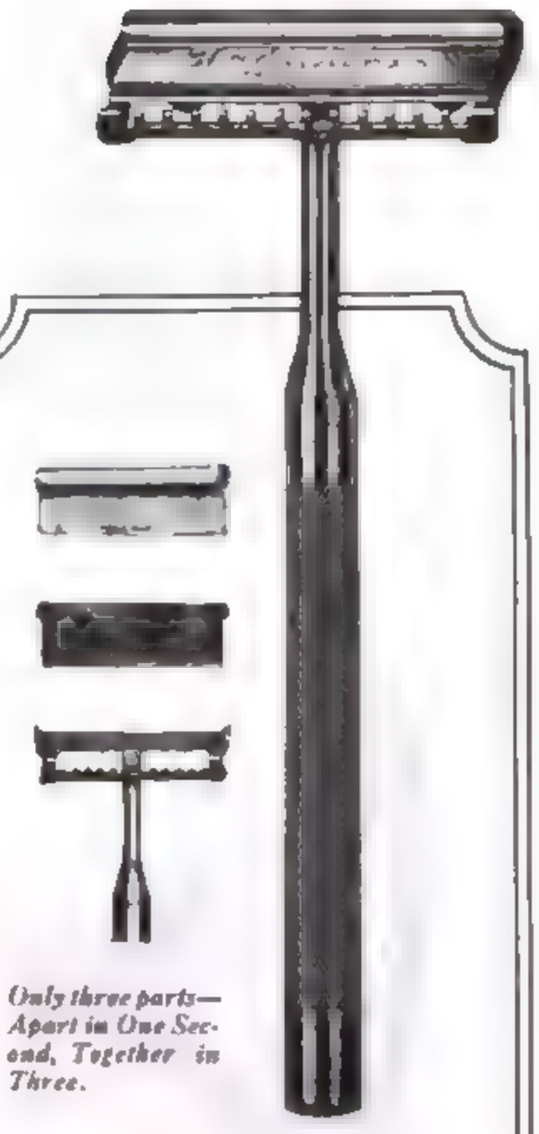
"That's all right, mother," he said.

I took the hint and went back to the parlor, but I left my mind out there in the hall eavesdropping Peter. This can be done. You have only to know a little in order to infer the rest of what may be going on behind your presence. I reflected that if this was Mrs. Smith, wanting to consult Peter about something, he would have said, "How do you do, Mrs. Smith?" and so on. And at the same time he would have frowned confidentially to me because this woman was one of those church pests who insisted upon consulting her pastor at every turn of her Christian conscience. And if this was one of his deaconesses asking instructions he would have given them in his business tone of voice. But his manner and voice were not those of a pastor talking to one of the Dorcases of his flock. This was the man of him obviously speaking to the woman of somebody else at the other end of the phone.

Presently he came to the door with his hat in his hand and said he was going out for a while and that I need not wait up for him.

I noticed this unusual consideration because it was not my custom to stay up when Peter was out in the evenings. I had not done such a thing on purpose since he was a boy. But when a sensible good man in his thirties suddenly shows signs of furtive adolescence it is time to take notice and act accordingly. I was determined to keep my light burning until Peter returned that night. I did not doubt my son, but I doubted that woman whose voice I had heard over the phone. I make no excuses for my anxiety. Every good woman knows that she must develop enough evil-minded ability to suspect some of the worst in her own sex if she protects the men in her family. Even then she may be obliged to do violence to her candid Christian virtues and resort to spite if she does her duty.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



Only three parts—Apart in One Second, Together in Three.

Enders SAFETY Razor

Satisfied users have sold more than 2,000,000 in 13 years.

No selling arguments—no advertising—just the personal recommendations of men who use it, and like it so well that they have induced their friends to use it also.

The Enders is so simple—only three parts—apart in one second, together in three; so safe, so absolutely sanitary and so satisfying.

The constantly increasing millions of Enders blades sold each year register this continuous satisfaction. Could I offer you a more reasonable argument for trying the Enders—if, for any reason, your morning shave is not wholly satisfying?

Shaving with an Enders Safety Razor is *"Just like wiping your face with a towel."*

Wm Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place
New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in a black Keratol box, velvet-lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35c.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

PRINT it on the

Franklin Didn't—

Poor old Ben! When he wanted to turn out a "big run" of *1000* copies he had to do it by strong-arm methods on a man-killing hand press, and it took *days*. He didn't get copy in the morning and start running 'em off *after lunch* to the tune of three or four *thousand* impressions per *hour*—snappy printing with the pep still hot!

We'll say he didn't—but YOU CAN if you PRINT it on the Multigraph.

Now don't run away with the idea you know all about the Multigraph, because it's ten to one *you think you know something you don't.* It's likely that, *actually,* you don't know much more about the Multigraph than old B. F. did.

What the Multigraph is

The Multigraph is a *rotary printing press—NOT* merely "one of those duplicator things." It P-R-I-N-T-S *evefything* except the big and fussy jobs. Turns out multiple typewritten letters, too, of course, but PRINTING is the Multigraph's *big* field.

Some speed burner, too—3,600 to 4,800 impressions per hour is easy. Colors? Illustrations? *Sure,* if you want 'em. And when it comes to *imprinting* there's simply nothing to it!

And it's not a big, mussy, noisy contraption that upsets your whole place. The Multigraph takes up little room, is simple and easy to operate, and does *not* turn your office into a printing plant.

Will it fit into my business?

Yes! If you use stationery, office and factory forms, booklets, folders, circular letters, tags, labels, tickets, sales bulletins, house organs, blotters, imprinting, small posters, memos, checks, programs, postcards, etc., etc., etc.—if you use any or all of these printed business helps, the Multigraph will *save money* and *make money* for you.

Of course there are a *very few* firms who can't use the Multigraph, but our slogan, "You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it," takes care of them.

Saves and makes money

How does the Multigraph *save money* and *make money?* By cutting down your printing costs 25% to 75% on *every* job.

By getting your printed things out on time. *Any* time. By cutting out delays in factory, sales and advertising departments and office.

By enabling you to get after every opportunity instantly—no waiting for sales helps and letters until the scent is cold.

By getting you into close touch with your trade, and keeping contact between salesmen's calls.

By doing the missionary work for your salesmen, saving their time, helping them pile up orders. By merchandising your advertising to your salesmen, to your wholesale and retail trade.

By making it easy to educate, enthuse, inspire your sales force, factory and office, your whole organization.

Strictly confidential

"Strictly confidential?"—the Multigraph *keeps* it so. Your confidential price lists, private reports, inside dope for your salesmen—all those vital confidential things can be printed on the Multigraph, *right inside your own office* by a trusted employee.

All very interesting, you say, but you want *proof.* You want *actual facts and figures* applied to your own particular business. *The Multigraph will give them to you,* on request.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO. (Britain) Ltd
London, England, 15–16 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. 1

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd
Toronto, Canada, 84–88 Bay St.
Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO
Paris, France, 34 Boulevard des Capucines

MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface.

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power, automatic feed and signature device attachments, as can the Senior.

The Multigraph, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio:

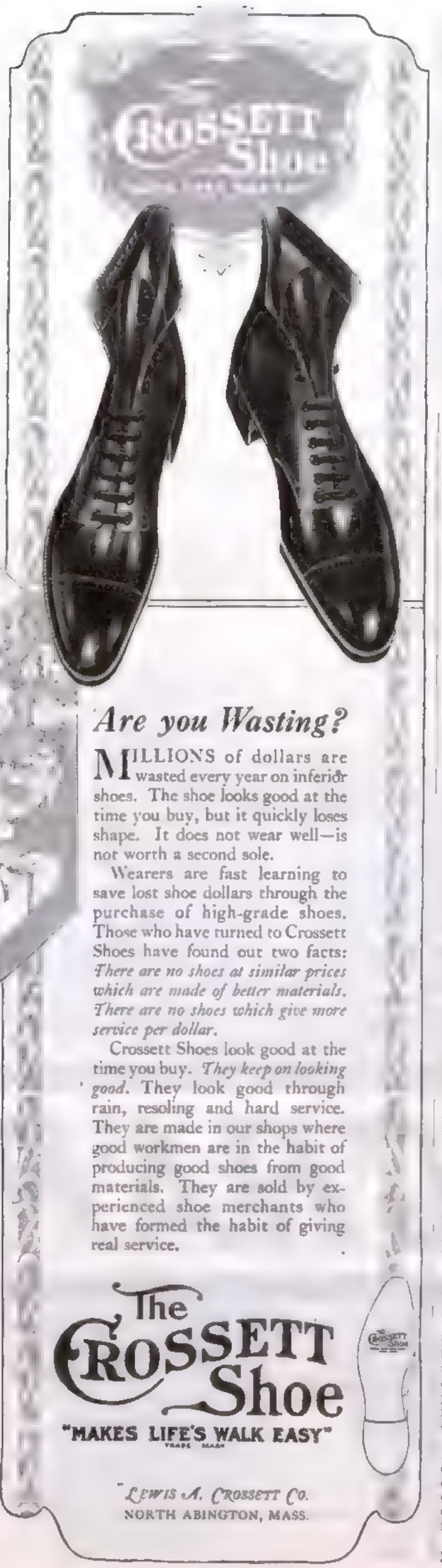
Proofs—real facts and figures—are just what I want. Tell me more about the Multigraph and how it PRINTS.

Firm_____ Our Line is _____

Name_____ Official Position_____

Street Address_____

Town_____ State_____ S. E. P. 12-25



Model A 163
Dark Brown Kid. Oak tan sole, Nauob last

Are you Wasting?

MILLIONS of dollars are wasted every year on inferior shoes. The shoe looks good at the time you buy, but it quickly loses shape. It does not wear well—is not worth a second sole.

Wearers are fast learning to save lost shoe dollars through the purchase of high-grade shoes. Those who have turned to Crossett Shoes have found out two facts: *There are no shoes at similar prices which are made of better materials. There are no shoes which give more service per dollar.*

Crossett Shoes look good at the time you buy. *They keep on looking good.* They look good through rain, resoling and hard service. They are made in our shops where good workmen are in the habit of producing good shoes from good materials. They are sold by experienced shoe merchants who have formed the habit of giving real service.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

UNBOWED

(Continued from Page 7)

Elmer chuckled. Kendrick's imagination ran in one groove. The inventor of the magnetic hammer would never fancy himself as wrestling mightily with the blind, brute gods of chance. He'd buy a new lathe!

Very swiftly Kendrick's little capital and McNeil's loan were invested in stock and pay roll. The goods sold to the hardware trade produced perfectly good accounts receivable, but very little cash. The profits, and most of the costs, too, lingered forbiddingly on paper and refused to be more material. McNeil, regretting that he had no more money to advance, suggested an alternative.

"Better incorporate right off. Make it a hundred thousand for a starter. You and Kendrick hold the common stock—your share in escrow under that contract till you earn it, of course. Sell the preferred. You can do it, Bailey. You could sell anything, judging by the way you scatter those hammers round."

Elmer grinned assent. He knew the justice of the compliment. The way he felt, he could sell anything. He chafed under the delay while a lawyer incorporated the company, and when he went out with his stock subscription and his statement and his sample hammer nothing stopped him. He placed ten thousand dollars' worth in less than ten days. The shop thrummed again. The paper profits multiplied.

"Not much more of this, Clara!" Elmer surveyed the tiny kitchen with affectionate disdain. "This time next year you'll have everything you want."

Clara smiled over her sewing. Somehow her enthusiasm dwindled as his rose. He didn't mind. Clara hadn't ever been ambitious on the grander scale. She only wanted a kitchen, and the one she had came near to satisfying that desire. She'd be happy anywhere, as long as she had a home to look after, a stove to play with, a man to feed and mother. Good old Clara! She'd never be sorry for believing in Elmer Bailey!

Gradually, as accounts were paid, the paper profits became tangible and bankable. Elmer forced the battle harder now. He hired other salesmen, schooled them briefly in his methods, injected daily doses of his enthusiasm into their more sluggish souls. He sent for a solicitor from the very agency which had laughed at Kendrick, and permitted the man to talk him into a cautious campaign of advertising, enjoying the sensation of buying for once. McNeil wrote the copy and helped lay out the appropriation.

"Got your number all right, didn't I, Elmer? Spotted you for a winner the first time I talked to you. Not afraid to take a chance. Secret of everything, every time."

Elmer agreed, interpreting the speech into his own idiom. The secret of success was an indomitable will, schooled in the business of ruling other wills, of dominating circumstance and fate. That was all. A million before he was fifty? Why, it ought to come before he was forty, at this rate! Destiny? Chance? Circumstance? He saw them clinging to the ropes, groggy and spent, as he set himself for the finishing punch!

"Mr. Bailey?" The caller regarded Elmer severely, and retained a discreet hold on his correct derby hat. "I have been instructed to see you in a personal, amicable way, before taking formal action. My clients are of the opinion that you are unaware of certain facts. These I desire to bring to your attention."

Something cold seemed to have slipped between Elmer's collar and his neck. He had an instant, overpowering premonition of evil.

"Clearly infringes our patent in eight indisputable respects. Our hammer has been on the market for over five years and there can be no dispute as to priority—not our intention to ask for damages, provided you admit the justice of our position and forthwith cease to manufacture your device."

Elmer scarcely followed the level tones. Instinct told him, without a moment's doubt, that it was all true. Destiny had only teased him into a false sense of security, the better to send home the knockout blow! He might have guessed that the fight would be harder than this.

"We -we'll have to see our own lawyers," he said at last. "If this is right, of course, we can't go on. We didn't know—we never heard of any other hammer like ours."

Another failure, when he had made so sure of triumph! He thought of Joe McNeil, of Kendrick, of the other investors whose money he had lost. He refused to think of Clara—yet. This would be hard on her. It might even break her faith in him. They'd have to get along on the room rentals till he could start again.

The Kendrick Hammer Company went out of business as suddenly as it had entered. The rightful owners of the principle behaved very decently, everything considered. There was enough to pay all the debts and to distribute a twenty per cent dividend among the cash investors. That was something.

Clara bore up splendidly. Instead of weakening her faith in Elmer, the disaster seemed to stiffen her loyalty and her belief. Sometimes, in fact, Elmer caught himself almost resenting her cheerfulness, though he was very careful to be aggressively cheerful himself about it all.

"Don't think I'm beaten, Clara," he informed her. "I've only begun to fight."

"I know. I didn't expect you to win so soon, Elmer. You'll find something better, and we've got each other and a home. That's a lot!"

She inspected the little, gleaming kitchen with an affectionate eye, and again Elmer was aware of a faint irritation. Clara was splendid, of course; but he'd have to be on guard against a possible infection with her lowly ambitions, her easy satisfaction. All Clara really wanted was her kitchen, just as she'd told him in the beginning. She'd helped wonderfully to get that, but for anything above and beyond it he'd have to fight alone. It didn't matter. He was equal to it. Unaided, the power of Elmer Bailey's purpose would eventually win this battle. Inwardly he announced that he was still the master of his fate. He said it more defiantly than ever, as if fate were listening and laughing over this first lucky punch.

"I'll dig up something else mighty quick," he said aloud. "And this time I'll have the patents looked up."

"There's no hurry. Not a bit." Clara's smile dwelt lovingly upon him. "We're perfectly comfortable the way things are. You can wait till you find something good now."

He shook his head.

"No; every day I wait makes it harder to win. I'll have to get almost sixty thousand a year from now on to make good on that million."

She lowered her sewing.

"Elmer, you aren't worrying about—about getting a lot of money for me, are you? I don't care if we never have anything better than this."

Again he was feebly annoyed. This sort of thing was the worst possible influence. Contentment, comfort, satisfaction—here were the cleverest enemies of a destiny-baiter, enemies disguised as friends, smiling traitors!

"Don't ever say things like that, Clara. I've got to succeed or despise myself. It's deeper than the money now. I've got to win or lose my faith. Don't you see?"

She flushed and her eyes warmed and softened.

"I'm sorry, dear. I was afraid you were just feeling bad on my account. Of course you'll win. I always knew you would."

He liked the conviction in her tone. She did believe in him after all. Again he repeated his war cry; again he lifted the glove of circumstance.

Later, when Joe McNeil told him about a job in the rubber company's office, and described it as a sure, solid thing, he refused it without hesitating a moment.

"I don't want a sure, little thing, Joe. I'd never make a million down there. I'd earn a living and a little more. I've got to take big chances for the sake of big chances. I've got to make sixty thousand a year, you know."

McNeil looked sober.

"I thought you'd got over that bug, Elmer. I put you in with Kendrick mainly to cure you quick. I couldn't see anything wrong with that proposition, but I knew there must be a hole in it, all the same. Once in a thousand times a gamble like that cashes in. If you want a million, the

(Continued on Page 97)

—the piston ring equipment that corrects oil troubles and power loss

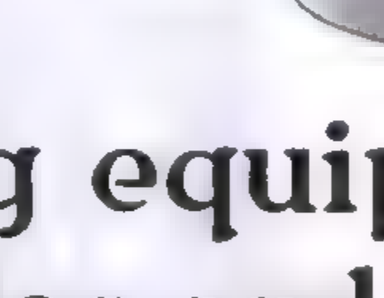
Piston Rings have two duties. They must control gasoline — which is power — and oil — which is lubrication. McQuay-Norris Piston Ring equipment does both. Any gas engine with a Superoyl ring in the top groove of each piston and the genuine Leak-Proof Rings in all the lower grooves is fully protected.

The Superoyl—Leak-Proof equipment of piston rings will give your motor more power, reduce your gas and oil consumption, and materially decrease carbon troubles.

The Superoyl Ring—with its special oil-collecting reservoir—corrects excess oil conditions and the consequent fouling of spark plugs. Leak-Proof Rings—with their exclusive 2-piece construction and their *equal radial pressure*—have proved their ability to increase power and decrease fuel consumption by 10 years of nation-wide use. The combination produces the best power and economy-insurance you can carry on your car—and makes its operation a matter of solid satisfaction.

McQuay-Norris Piston Ring equipment has proved its worth as an investment that pays actual cash dividends in the fuel and oil that it saves.

McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are made in every size and over-size to fit every make or model of gasoline engine. Your repairman either has your size in stock or can get it from his nearest jobber.



Write for this free book

It explains the principles of gas engine operation—tells how McQuay-Norris Rings are made—describes McQuay-Norris Metal, the only piston ring iron of its kind—and contains all the reasons why this piston ring equipment has won such a wide preference with so many car-owners. Address Dept. B.

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Please send me "To Have and to Hold Power"
Name
Address

The McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace Pouring McQuay-Norris Metal

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Kansas City, Seattle, St. Paul, Columbus, Atlanta, Memphis, Omaha, Dallas

Canadian Factory: W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 120 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Copyright 1920, McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

Better Cooking— With Less Work

Cooking three meals a day need not take so much time that you never seem to get anything else done.

With a Florence Oil Cook Stove your kitchen hours are shorter. For a Florence cooks everything to a turn in the needed time. No minutes wasted getting the heat right. The powerful heat is easily adjusted for any cooking—intense, medium, or slow.

And you don't get hot and tired. Burns kerosene. The heat is directed close up under the cooking and not into the kitchen.

With a Florence Portable Oven you can fairly revel in oven-cooked meals. Roasts, tender and juicy; biscuits, golden and fluffy; scalloped dishes, browned and savory—not to mention scores of other equally tempting dishes.

And they all seem to taste better when cooked in the dependable Florence.

Look it over for yourself at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us for name of nearest dealer and for free illustrated booklets.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
347 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Portable Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters.

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

(Continued from Page 94)

thing for you to do is to start right in and get a hundred. You're grabbing for what's out of reach."

"Hitch your wagon to a star," said Elmer.

"That's all right, too—if you can sneak up near enough to buckle the straps," said McNeil. "You're trying to do it by wireless, and it won't work."

Elmer shook his head and changed the subject. He didn't go near the rubber company, and after a month of search plunged into a frenzied endeavor to sell stock in an enterprise which contemplated a revolution in the telegraph business. McNeil protested uselessly.

"I know it's risky," Elmer answered. "But the risk works two ways. I've got a lot of chances of losing a little, but I've got one chance of winning big. I'm not afraid of chances. If you understood the basic truths, Joe, you'd see straighter.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

"That's where I stand!"

McNeil gave it up. He said nothing when Elmer showed him certificates for three thousand shares of stock in the new company and explained that he was taking his earnings in that form. As for Clara, she agreed with him absolutely. The only way to win was to back your faith in yourself with all your might.

She was still of the same opinion when the affair collapsed four or five months later. If you weren't afraid to put your fate to the touch, to gain or lose it all, you had to expect to lose it sometimes. And it wasn't as if they depended on it for their living. They had a home, hadn't they—and each other? Well then! She even celebrated the catastrophe by making a cream pie—a delectable confection reserved for supreme occasions. Elmer himself was curiously stimulated by the shrewd cudgel play of his adversary.

"It shows one thing anyway," he confided to Clara. "Fate's taking notice of me! I've made 'em sit up! They know I'm fighting, and they've got to fight back. That's a beginning, and in the end I'll win. No human enemy can stop me, and destiny itself shall stand aside before the power of my will."

"I know it, Elmer. I never doubted it. Don't you want another piece of pie before I put it away?"

Elmer had a sudden insight. He laughed happily.

"Why, Clara, I'm bound to win! If I wasn't, I'd never have got a wife like you! Just that one thing's the biggest sort of proof that I can lick chance and circumstance to a custard!"

Clara hugged him.

He fought on, dourly, as the months oozed between his fingers. Sometimes destiny seemed to give ground, retreating inch by inch before Elmer's stubborn advances. There was one occasion when he began to feel victory within his clutch—the affair of the patented tin washing device, sold on an ingenious plan by which each agent had the right to sell other agencies instead of washers and collected a profit on the takings of those who bought through him. If Elmer had only bought in a month or two before he did and pulled out a week before the crash!

"It shows I can do it though," he told Clara. "I had eighty thousand in my hands this time. And next time ——"

"Better luck," said Clara incautiously. He started.

"No—never say that! When I win it'll be because I've beaten luck at its own game, not because it's good to me. I'm not asking any favors."

"That's what I meant," said Clara. "I wish you'd finish the pie, Elmer, so I won't have to put it away."

Somehow the cream pie came to have a certain institutional significance. Clara always made one after destiny scored another knock-down, and Elmer ceased to worry over the effect of his disasters on her state of mind. Clara was always the same, whether he seemed to be winning or whether he knew he had lost. Time was kind to her. He could not see that she changed at all. Placidity kept her young.

For that matter, time dealt gently with Elmer himself. His enthusiasms did not burn him out. They served somehow to keep a fire of youth alive in him. Hard work and a careful system of morning exercises kept his body thin and healthy. Beneath the bludgeonings of chance his head was balder, but more unbowed than ever.

He approached his forty-ninth birthday with his faith in himself as strong as ever, too. The latest joust with destiny had unhorsed him after he had almost seized his appointed prize, but he came up smiling, curiously reassured. It was getting harder and harder for luck to lick him. One more grapple, in this remaining year, and he would win. He felt the certainty of it in his bones. He contemplated his old enemy now with something like affection. Chance was a good fighter anyway.

But he fumbled for his opening, as the year began, without finding it. For once no alluring combination of coincidental possibilities presented itself. He began to find a tiny fear below his confidence. If he reached the climacteric he had appointed, with his fixed reward ungained, he would not find the old assurance in his soul. He had to win before the year ran out or he would be beaten down forever. It was now or never for Elmer Bailey.

He had begun to feel the foretaste of defeat when Kendrick found him. The inventor had changed very little, too, in the eighteen years which lay between them. Elmer knew him instantly, and in the same instant became aware of a certain surface polish, an effect of poise and sufficiency which had been wanting in the old days.

"Just dropped in to square my conscience, Elmer." Kendrick glanced round the bleak little office. "I never felt right about that deal of ours. You did mighty well by me, and it wasn't your fault you lost. I always meant to make it right if I ever could."

"Oh, that's all right." Elmer shook his head. "I never blamed you—and you lost too."

"I had it coming to me. My fault I picked a crooked patent lawyer. Never did it again. This time I got the best in the business." He chuckled. "Elmer, I'm darned near a rich man right now. Remember that puzzle I showed you—that wire thing? Well, that did it. Paid me a lot of money the last three years. And I figure some of it's coming to you."

He produced a pocket check book. Elmer, moved to protest, restrained his tongue. After all, with a little cash for a starter, it would be easier to make the final onslaught against his ancient foe. A few hundred dollars would make a lot of difference right now.

"I'm making this for ten thousand, Elmer. I don't feel just right about it, at that, but"—Kendrick grinned bashfully—"I been spending a lot of money on my new plant." He brightened. "You must come and see it. I've got one lathe in there—well, sir!"

Elmer remembered, and his old tolerant amusement woke in him. Success, to Kendrick, meant nothing but a lathe and workshop! Success, to Clara, was a kitchen and a sewing machine and a vacuum cleaner! He filled his chest. With ten thousand to begin with—the conviction of power swept back into him. He'd win this time!

He took the check home with him to astonish Clara. She was astonished, too, but she surprised him more than he succeeded in amazing her.

"You write your name on the back, Elmer, and I'll put it in my bank and keep it for you."

"But I'm going to need it! I want to ——"

"I want it more. We've been married eighteen years, and I've never asked you for a penny. I'm not throwing that up to you, Elmer. But—but it seems as if you owed me this much, and I want to feel I've got a little of my own. We're getting old."

"But if I use it ——"

"You can make your million just as well without it as with it," she declared. "That's just a matter of using your will power, as you've always said. You can beat Fate, but I can't." She folded the check, which he had indorsed mechanically during the argument, and carried it into the bedroom. Elmer admitted the force of her logic. After all, if he could win at all he could do it with bare hands as well as with a ten-thousand-dollar start.

But another month passed without visible progress. He was beginning to foresee his defeat again, to see himself as beaten, when he came face to face with a man who reminded him vaguely of someone he had known long ago—a portly, impressive gentleman, in black frock coat and shining tile, who moved toward him with a deliberate, majestic gait. Elmer's mind groped a moment. Then he sprang.

"Marcus Winton—I've been looking for you!"

He laid firm hands on the lapels of the imposing coat.

"I guess I'm not the only one either! The post office hasn't forgotten all about King Solo——"

"Sh-sh!" A remarkable change took place in the dignity of Mr. Winton's mien. Elmer fancied that the rich color dimmed. "That matter—the fact is that I am now engaged in adjusting it, as far as possible. I was myself misled—grossly misled—by those I trusted. I—I departed when I did, not to escape the consequences of my inadvertent deception, but to secure the means of repaying all losses. That has taken time. Now, I rejoice to say, I am able to reimburse all those who suffered through my trustfulness."

Elmer's hostility lowered its hackles. He forgot his intention of calling to the traffic policeman at the corner. He permitted Mr. Winton to guide him to the newest and most resplendent of the new hotels, where, in an imposing suite on the fifteenth floor, the honest promoter proceeded to write a check for four thousand six hundred dollars, the figure at which Elmer had bought his holdings in the King Solomon.

"This leaves only three of those who lost through me to be found and repaid," Mr. Winton announced. "It will be a great relief when it is finished. I have felt sometimes that I was almost under a cloud, so to speak; that my probity, in fact, might be called in question."

Elmer shook his head. The unexpectedness of it all had flattened him. Apparently Marcus Winton had never been anything but straight all these years. And he must have made a lot of money, to square up all the obligations left behind by the disappearance of King Solomon's Black Sand Corporation.

"I trust that your own battle against fortune has been successful, Elmer." Mr. Winton regarded him with a benignant eye. "I remember your enthusiasm ——"

"It's been up and down right along," confessed Elmer. "I'm not licked yet, but ——"

"Why not join me?" Marcus Winton did not wait for the end of the sentence. "I have a plan now ——"

His plan turned, it appeared, on buying farm lands along the edge of the city in the hope of subdividing and selling industrial sites and small home builders' plots. Elmer, listening, was tempted. He left the four thousand six hundred dollars behind him, his venture in Mr. Winton's latest emprise. Afterward he condemned himself angrily. He'd been a fool again. It wasn't any part of his scheme to gamble like that. Putting your money into Fate's hands was merely making it easy for Fate to crush you. You had to fight for what you got.

He was still fighting without success and with a dwindling hope when Marcus Winton announced that he had swung the big deal. A British motor firm had bought a factory site squarely in the center of his holdings. It would employ four or five thousand men eventually—every one of them a prospective buyer of residence property in the neighborhood. On the strength of this certainty, Winton had sold out the rest of his land to a syndicate. He gave Elmer another check which stopped his breath. It was for fifty-one thousand.

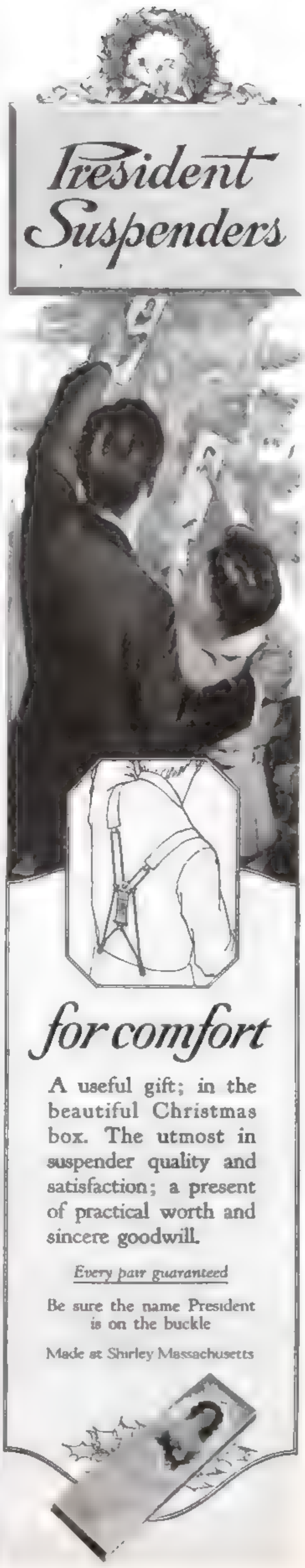
"Use it wisely, Elmer, and you will attain your ambition after all. You have fast hold of the truth, and the truth is mighty and will prevail."

Elmer's mind whirred. Something was wrong. He'd stood at handgrips with chance all these years, yielding never an inch, taking his punishment smiling, and it had profited him exactly nothing. The moment he stopped fighting, the moment he relaxed himself passively in the fell clutch of circumstance, the clutch turned out to be anything but fell!

He managed not to tell Clara about the new windfall, foreseeing that she would want it for her bank account. He split it cannily into small portions and invested these blindly in a dozen different ventures, choosing only those which promised either a big winning or none at all.

He won. He won so invariably and so heavily that he seemed suddenly over-

(Concluded on Page 100)


President
Suspenders
for comfort
A useful gift; in the beautiful Christmas box. The utmost in suspender quality and satisfaction; a present of practical worth and sincere goodwill.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle
Made at Shirley Massachusetts

— Your choice of any fashion

HAVE you a tender spot in your heart for a rugged Homespun suiting—with just a wee bit o' Scotch plaid woven into the pattern?

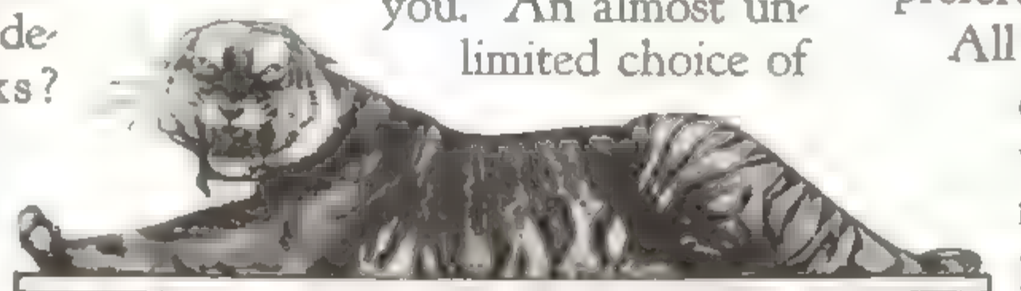
Or do you lean toward sharply defined stripe designs? Delicate checks? Sedate grays, black and blues? Or perennially stylish and genteel serges?

It matters not what the bent of your taste—you'll find your ideal—in all its richest interpretations—awaiting you at the store taking measures for Royal Tailored clothes.

T R T

For this is what Royal made-to-Measure Service means to you. An almost unlimited choice of woolen fabrics, plus an equally unlimited prerogative to dictate just how you want the suit cut and finished. Its style, its shape—even its lining and trimming appointments are mated to your preferences.

All that the term "made-to-order" can mean anywhere—Royal Tailoring means to you. But at prices (often less than ready-mades) made possible only through huge national distribution.



THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO · NEW YORK

The Clothes that real men wear: Dealers in 10,000 cities and towns

or fabric of your heart's desire

BYERS
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED
PIPE
They specified Byers—
but the pipe failed!
THE hotel guests were daily complaining that the drinking water was rusty. Finally the pipe failed in several places. Samples of the rusted-out pipe were sent to the Byers Company, asking for an explanation. The pipe was examined and found to be of ordinary steel, while Byers pipe has always been made of genuine wrought iron, the material of proven rust-resistance.
Here was a modern hotel, which at the cost of a small fortune had installed a drinking water system. To replace the pipe was out of the question, as it would have meant ruining the walls or partitions in nearly a thousand bathrooms and the system was, therefore, worse than useless. And all due to a careless workman or a dishonest contractor!
It is to prevent calamities such as this that Byers roll their Name and Year on every length. But this will not protect you unless you make sure that the pipe is actually so marked before you allow it to be installed in your home, office, factory, or other building. Substitution is always a temptation, and, unfortunately, the case cited is only too typical.
Send for Byers Bulletin No. 38
"The Installation Cost of Pipe."
A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864
Pittsburgh, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago
Boston Dallas Cleveland
Distributors in all large jobbing centers

(Concluded from Page 97)

whelmed in a rising tide of wealth. There was an exhilaration in it which kept him from thinking too much. His fiftieth birthday took him unawares, just as he reaped the harvest of a desperately foolhardy wager. He added up the figures in his notebook.

A million? He had nearly half again as much!

Clara patted his cheek when he told her; Clara, bewilderingly placid, her face colored by the heat of her supper cooking.

"I always knew you'd get it, Elmer." She set the soup on the little table. "Now what shall we do with it?"

Elmer's face went blank. It had never occurred to him that after getting a million a man would have to ask himself that question. And, asking it, he found no answer. He was silent through the meal, his mind abstracted by a new, forbidding problem. What did a man do with a million?

"I—I made a cream pie, Elmer."

The tone caught his ear. Clara had fancied that he was going to fail again! She was almost apologetic, he felt. The cream pie went with failures, not successes. Somehow, even then, he realized that it had never been so appropriate as it was tonight!

IV

"OH, IT'S all right, I guess." Elmer Bailey, relaxed in a long wicker chair set in a slant of mellow sun, inspected the prospect about which the proprietors of the Upland Pines were rhapsodic in print and speech. He approved it carelessly.

He ought to be glad that he needn't ever spend another winter up North if he didn't want to.

He observed the people about him—idlers, like himself, and yet contented idlers. A slim girl passed, slapping a silver-handled riding crop against her knickerbockered knee and laughing up at a man beside her. He saw them ride away between the tall brown pine trunks, and frowned after them.

"I love it here, don't you?" Clara's slow smile brought a faint response to his own lips. "I'd like to stay here all winter."

He shrugged. It didn't matter to him where they stayed. Nothing mattered somehow. He'd lost his taste for things. It was all too—too tame, too levelly dull and easy and comfortable. Of course he was glad that Clara liked it. A million hadn't spoiled anything for her. She was just the same as she'd always been—perfectly contented with life as she found it. He envied her.

"Elmer, did you know that they've got cottages for rent over there?" She pointed past the nearer grove of evergreens, toward a glint of white, shining wall. "I went to look at one this morning. You'd like it—a cunning living room, with a big open fireplace and wicker furniture, and the dearest, loveliest kitchen you ever saw! I just ached for it when I saw it—all in white woodwork and white tile and white porcelain—just what I've always wanted."

His mind stirred. Clara, with still an unsated yearning! His envy quickened.

"Want to rent it and stay on here, old girl?"

Her eyes melted.

"Oh, would you like to, Elmer? I—I've been missing the flat ever since—ever since we gave it up. I'm homesick, Elmer."

"Why didn't you tell me? We'll do anything you like."

He watched her glow as they settled the formalities and transferred their trunks from the hotel. It would be great to be able to feel that way about something. He thought of Kendrick, perfectly happy with his new lathes, existing in a perpetual intoxication of warm oil and whirling metal; he thought, too, of Marcus Winton, at last indulging his vision of a new college—the Winton College of Concentration—the mental picture of the prospectus brought a wry smile. Winton, like Clara and Kendrick, had something left to live for. Elmer Bailey hadn't.

He talked it over with Clara that first evening in the cottage, after they'd washed the dishes and lighted the fatwood fire in the big brick hearth.

"I can't describe the way I feel, Clara. It's sort of like—like losing my grip. I—I'm sick of myself."

She opened her eyes.

"Why, Elmer! After what you've done! I should think you'd be so proud of yourself—the way you've won—the way you've beaten fate ——"

He laughed dismally.

"That's it! I didn't! I—I have to laugh at the way I used to talk and think about it. Like a little yellow dog yapping at a locomotive! I never had a chance of beating fate. It was just playing with me all those years—the way a man might play with a puppy. That's it! Remember that Airedale pup this morning? He had a bully time trying to pull that stick away from me, didn't he? Growled and twisted his head and jerked away at it, perfectly happy as long as I held on. But when I let go, and wouldn't play any more, he lost interest in the stick fast enough! Well, that's what's happened to me! I kidded myself into thinking I could take a stick away from fate, and I had a bully time all those eighteen years while fate held on!"

"But you aren't like that! You got the stick away! You twisted it right out of fate's grip!"

He laughed.

"Not much! Fate fooled with me as long as the game was amusing, and then let go! And it won't fight any more—it won't even pretend to fight! That's the whole trouble. I've lived fifty years, and I'm used to fighting—and now I've got nobody to take the other end. Maybe I can't make it clear, but ——"

"I guess I see what you mean." Clara looked thoughtful. "But I don't see why you can't go on fighting. You could go into some other business—or politics—or ——"

He shook his head.

"No, it's no fun, because I can't fool myself any more. I know I'm only the pup, pulling at the stick. If I get it it's just because fate lets go. There's no fun in that any more. I've got my number now."

She meditated.

"But other men enjoy succeeding," she objected at last. "There's Mr. Carlton, over at the hotel, and Mr. McAllister and—why, there's hardly a man here who hasn't succeeded! And they seem to be having an awfully good time too."

He waved a contemptuous hand.

"Oh, those fellows! They just don't know, that's all. They're like you and Kendrick and Marcus Winton. They wanted money, the way you wanted a kitchen and Kendrick wanted a lathe. They're satisfied and happy, now they've got it. I was different—I only wanted that million to convince myself that I could lick all creation. And the way I got it proved to me that I couldn't. Why, Clara, I'd got to thinking of myself as a mighty dangerous enemy for Old Man Destiny! And I wasn't even making it interesting for him. He got tired. And he gave me what I wanted exactly the way I let that terrier have his stick!"

Clara tried to be optimistic.

"You mustn't think such things, Elmer. You'll find some way of — "

"Making fate give me a return match?" He chuckled glumly. "No chance, Clara. I know when I'm licked."

She was silent so long that he prompted her. He saw her start almost guiltily.

"I got to wondering whether I could get some things I need over at the village store. I—I thought I'd like to make you a cream pie to-morrow."

Elmer Bailey's head drooped farther than ever. Even Clara admittted that he was beaten!

V

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my un-con-quer-able soul.

THE words rose defiantly on still, pine-scented air. Japhet Callum, poised on a crumbling, sandy brink, exchanged gleaming grins with Stonewall Jackson Meecher.

"Thass whut he always sayin' when he git down that ole pit," he whispered. "Reckon he kin' o' looney. On'y white man I evuh see 'at ack like he glad to git intuh trubble."

He stood back as the voice lifted again, strangely punctuated now:

I yam [whoo-ooh] the master of my fate:
I yam the cap [whoo-ooh] tain of my soul.

A white ball arched up to the turf, and Elmer Bailey, niblick in hand, emerged after it. "Even nines to here, Carlton," he announced, his voice quick with the old determined ring. "Oh, laugh away! I'm going to break a hundred and twenty-five before I go North! You'll see!"

He strode on briskly, to accept the bludgeon of a destiny which could never ture of this duel, his score card bloodied, but his head happily, triumphantly unbowed.

Z i n c

AND ITS DEVELOPMENT

WHEN THIS COMPANY began the manufacture of zinc products in 1848, there were but few important markets.

Today hundreds of industries depend upon zinc as a vital essential in the manufacture of their various products.

This great development of the application of zinc to industry is being extensively aided through coöperative, scientific research.

There are many articles and commodities in which zinc could be used to advantage. In the solution of your particular problems our Research Department will be glad to extend all possible aid.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *160 Front Street*, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building
PITTSBURGH: The New Jersey Zinc Co. (of Pa.), 1439 Oliver Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Slab Zinc (Spelter), Spiegeleisen, Albalith, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust, Salt Cake and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

PRINCETON MODEL No. P82
Fitted with O'Sullivan's
Rubber Heels

If You Could Make Your Own Shoes—

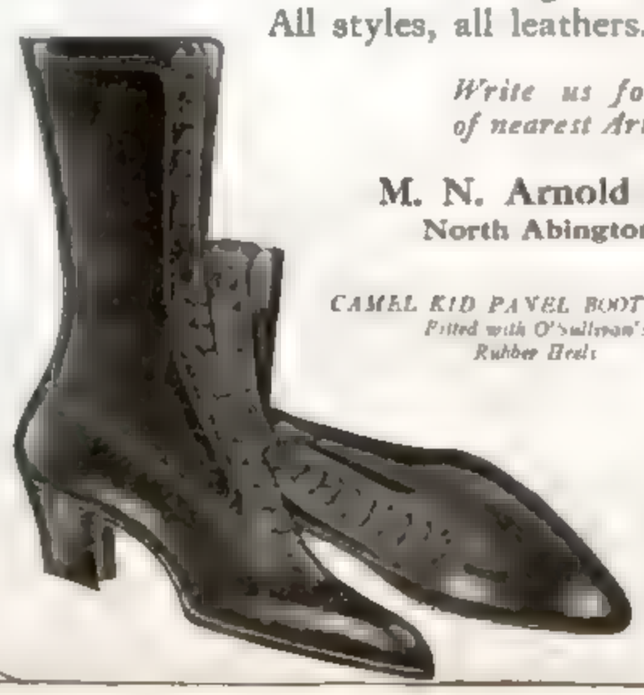
First, you would see that they would be quality through and through—every bit of material of the best—sturdy and fit for the work it must do. You would combine style with solid comfort—and you'd put all the skill of your head and hands into your task.

That's exactly the way Arnold Glove Grip Shoes are made. They are all quality—*first* quality. They have style and character all their own. They give you complete foot-comfort from the instant you put your foot into them; without breaking in. They are for all normal feet.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

properly support every muscle and bone of your feet and make them lie as they should. Here is the ideal foot wear for both men and women—with the scientific principle built in and patented. No other shoes can be like Arnold Glove Grip Shoes. Wear them and gone will be foot weariness.

For you will forget that you're wearing shoes, you'll know such ease and restfulness—no matter how much you are on your feet. And you'll be finely shod. No other shoe can beat these for good looks and perfect fit. All styles, all leathers.



CAMEL KID PAVEL BOOT No. P86
Fitted with O'Sullivan's
Rubber Heels

Write us for the name of nearest Arnold retailer.

M. N. Arnold Shoe Company
North Abington, Massachusetts

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

(Continued from Page 4)

bedroom door. Instead she tried to compose herself for sleep. He must be an artist if he had a studio. Still, in New York many people who were not artists spoke of their apartments as studios. He was drunk, but there was something nice about him. He was really awfully good-looking. He was gaunt, but his gauntness was becoming. Sophie conducted an imaginary argument with Gertrude over the wisdom of what she had done. Her arguments seemed better than Gertrude's. But Sophie wondered, as she drifted off to sleep, if she would feel very foolish in the morning.

She awoke ten minutes earlier than usual. She jumped out of bed and turned the lever of the little alarm clock on her dressing table lest it ring and disturb Rodney Sands. When she had dressed and breakfasted she tiptoed into the living room. He was still sound asleep. It was eight o'clock and she had scarcely ten minutes to spare. She laid a place at the table in the kitchen, put clean towels in the bathroom and sat down to write a note to Mr. Sands. She puzzled for a moment over how to address him, and then decided not to address him formally at all.

"I am going to work," she wrote. "I hope you will have a bath and breakfast before you go. The percolator is all set—just light the gas under it. You will find half a grapefruit in the ice box; butter and bacon and eggs too."

Sophie Adams considered whether or not to sign the note with her name. Finally she put down her initials. She remembered he hadn't any car fare. She pinned a dollar bill to the note and laid it on the kitchen table beside the morning paper. Then with a profound satisfaction, the satisfaction of a woman who believes she has done everything a man could do, Sophie put on her hat.

"

SOPHIE ordinarily had a quiet hour in her little office off the book department before the real work of the day began at Millman's; an hour in which to look over her mail and carefully to make out a list for one of those customers who wanted everything good sent them. But this morning her invaluable assistant, Miss Snider, was at home with a headache. Sophie got not a minute to herself until half past twelve, and when she called Gertrude on the department telephone Gertrude's secretary told her that Miss Fuller had gone to lunch

There was nothing for it but to go up to the tea room alone. Sophie had no other confidante than Gertrude, and so while she ate a chicken salad she endeavored to occupy her mind with the announcements in the Publisher's Weekly. It occurred to her when she was in the middle of a paragraph about a new book on Mark Twain that she really ought to dash down to Thirteenth Street and see that Mr. Rodney Sands was not making off with her spoons. But Sophie was a clever enough analyst of her own mind to know that she hadn't the slightest fear that Mr. Rodney Sands was a thief, and that she had only invented the idea that he might be in order to justify running home and assuaging in some degree her enormous curiosity about him. She knew by his speech that he was a person of some education; and by his clothes that he was a person of taste; and by the fact that he was drunk that he was not a happy man. But she knew very little more about him. Indeed, she told herself, she knew nothing more about him; and the desire to know more about him was not only irrational but unbecoming in a woman of twenty-six, a business woman, a woman wholly devoted to the aggrandizement of Millman's book department. She had discovered him at a moment when he was being set upon by thieves; she had rescued him; and finding him unable to take care of himself, and in danger of the police court, she had taken care of him. The thing she had done was remarkable only because she was a woman. Any kindly disposed man would have done the same thing without thinking twice about it. She did not demand any special consideration in business or in the Subway because she was a woman; she did not want any such consideration; she held herself the equal of a man. So did Gertrude Fuller. And if a man would not think twice about so mild an adventure, neither would she, Sophie Adams, think twice about it. Mr. Sands would return the dollar she had loaned him -by mail, probably; and that would be the end of it.

Sophie went back to her department in a fine fervor of accomplishment, and made out a list of one hundred recent books to send to Mrs. Millingham Ogden's home at Southampton, against the opening of the summer season. For more than three hours she managed, if not to forget Rodney Sands, at least to push the idea of him so far back in her mind that it did not prevent her from working in that rapid and sure manner which was her greatest pride; and then Gertrude Fuller paused in her rounds of the store beside Sophie's desk. Sophie looked up and saw Gertrude. Instantly Sophie spoke:

"Oh, do let's have dinner together tonight. I've got something to tell you."

"Sorry," Gertrude said. "Can't—conference."

"Couldn't you drop in afterward at my house?" Sophie pleaded.

Gertrude glanced at the military watch on her wrist:

"Nine o'clock?"

"Any time—I'll be home all evening."

"Right!" Gertrude said.

Sophie watched Gertrude's firmly poised back as Gertrude walked out of the book department. There was something singularly positive in Gertrude's walk, as of a person certain of herself. Indeed, it struck Sophie that the outstanding and emphasized quality in Gertrude, the quality she admired and envied, was certitude. She longed to tell Gertrude all about Rodney Sands, to allay all the obscure doubts that meeting him had aroused with Gertrude's sure knowledge.

Sophie entered her flat on tiptoe, and then realizing that it was empty she smiled at herself and sat down in her familiar armchair beside the small gate-legged table with its books, its reading lamp, its fresh copy of the newest English literary review—it happened to be the London Mercury.

He had folded the rug and closed the windows. She looked down. On the floor to the left of her chair was a trace of cigarette ash. One book on the table had been taken from the shelves that lined the long side of the room—Clive Bell's book on art. It was a book she had glanced through in order to know to whom to recommend it, but which she had never read.

Sophie rose and went into the kitchen. His answer to her note was on the table. On one side of the sheet was a sketch, the merest suggestion of a sketch, showing an athletic woman picking an extremely limp young man out of the gutter. Evidently he had abandoned the sketch for words. He had written:

"I don't know just what to say. I remember being arrested by a policeman last night. I don't remember what happened after that. Something must have happened after that, since this apartment is not the Jefferson Market jail. I should like to call some evening soon and return the dollar you so thoughtfully left and make what apologies I may. R. S."

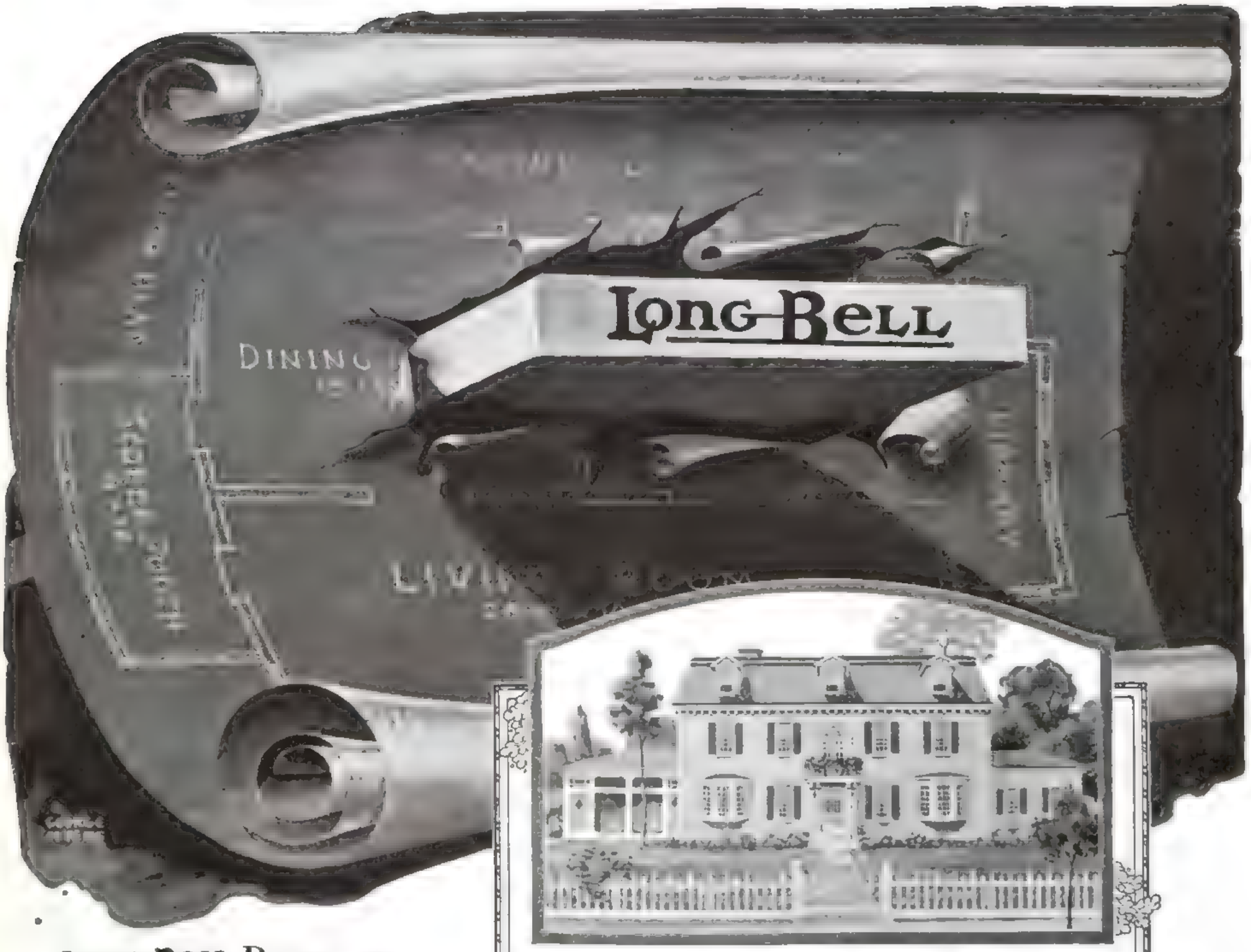
Sophie read this simple communication twice, and her expression as she reread it was that of a person saying to herself, "I told you so."

R. S. had put the dishes away neatly. He had made coffee and eaten the grapefruit, but he hadn't been equal to bacon and eggs, or even a roll. No wonder he was thin, almost gaunt. With a little sigh Sophie set about preparing the simple kind of dinner she was accustomed to get for herself four evenings out of five, after the fashion of the business woman who lives alone and puts money in the bank every pay day.

She peeled two cold boiled potatoes, cut them into small cubes, and dropped them, with some fragments of bacon, into a frying pan. While the potatoes browned she beat two eggs in a bowl. She poured the eggs over the potatoes and bacon, stirring them with a spatula as they cooked. In Indiana the dish is called yellow jackets. It looks better than it sounds, and tastes even better than it looks.

While the yellow jackets were approaching perfection Sophie Adams washed some stalks of romaine and mixed a portion of French dressing. With another quick movement or two she made tea, and took

(Continued on Page 105)



Long-Bell Products

SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER AND TIMBERS; CREOSOTED LUMBER, TIMBERS, POSTS, POLES, PILING, TIES AND WOOD BLOCKS; CALIFORNIA WHITE PINE LUMBER, SASH AND DOORS, STANDARDIZED WOODWORK; OAK AND GUM LUMBER, OAK FLOORING

Send for our free booklet "THE PERFECT FLOOR." —how oak floors should be *laid, finished and cared for.*

If a Home Is Worth Building It Is Worth Building Well

A painstaking selection of *materials* is by far as important in the planning of your home as obtaining skilled workmen and giving care to the arrangement.

Hours with your architect are well spent. Hours with your lumberman would be equally profitable. He is the building material expert in your community and his service is free. Ask his opinion of Southern pine lumber.

Long-Bell

The Mark on Quality

LUMBER

is the brand on lumber made in the mills of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, largest manufacturer of Southern pine in the United States. This lumber has back of it the firm's experience of 45 years but it commends *itself* to builders everywhere because of its uniform high quality. Both as a matter of pride in good workmanship and as a guide to buyers the name is stamped on the ends of the boards.

Ask Your Lumberman for Long-Bell Brand

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

BUILDERS of HAPPINESS
for over a century

As the centuries unfold, Progress, at the forge of Creation, works his miracles for the happiness of mankind.

Striving through a hundred years to perfect the science of heating, The Monitor Stove Company gave to the world its supreme achievement—The *CaloriC Pipeless Furnace*.

The Monitor organization, idealized in "The Monitor Family," is today marketing the CaloriC around the world. CaloriC supremacy is an established fact in over 100,000 homes.

The same outstanding leadership and devotion to ideals of quality and service that gained fame for Monitor stoves and ranges throughout the 19th century are the inspiring ideals of The Monitor Family in 1920. Through the years the CaloriC vision grows.

"BUILDERS OF HAPPINESS—VISION AHEAD!"

THE MONITOR STOVE COMPANY

102 Years in Business *(The Monitor Family)* Cincinnati, Ohio

Branches: New York, St. Paul, Omaha, Spokane, Atlanta

PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE

THE MONITOR S VE COMPANY

CALORIC

© 920 The M S Co

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WARM-AIR FURNACES IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 102)

an apricot tart from the cake box. Finally she put everything on a tray and carried it into the living room. She set the tray on a small stand beside the armchair and proceeded with the greatest leisure to dine. Over her tea she picked up the book that had evidently engaged the attention of R. Sands. It is an intransigent book, and Sophie was an intransigent person. Perhaps that is why it interested her. At any rate, she was still reading it when she heard Gertrude's firm ring.

Sophie jumped up and pressed the button that operated the release on the lock of the door below, and stood waiting in her own doorway for Gertrude. She heard Gertrude climbing the stairs, and for the first time she wondered just how much of all that had been going through her mind she ought to tell Gertrude.

"Tea?" Gertrude asked.

Sophie picked up the pot.

"Let me make you some fresh."

"Tea's no good this time of night," Gertrude said. "Need it, though. Been arguing with old Millman for two solid hours."

"I hope you beat him."

"Beat him fast enough," Gertrude admitted. "Have to do it all over again next week."

Sophie brewed the tea and gave Gertrude a cup.

"Men think they are daring," Gertrude said, shaking her head and smiling ironically.

"Takes a woman to take a chance. Old Millman's idea of adventure is to back both ends against the middle and then insure the middle with Lloyd's."

She finished her cup of tea. Sophie tucked one foot under herself in the armchair.

"Now," Gertrude said, "shoot!"

"Well," Sophie began. She was in something like a panic. Gertrude looked so competent to judge. Gertrude had such a firm mouth and such steady eyes. Sophie would have trusted Gertrude willingly with her life, but she hesitated to trust her with her secret self. "It's such a long story," she concluded uncomfortably.

"Explanations afterward—if necessary," Gertrude said. "Story first."

"Well," Sophie began again, "I went to the theater last night to see Ethel Barrymore, and—and—on the way home I——"

She paused, leaning back in her chair. She wanted so very much to tell Gertrude everything, and she was so afraid Gertrude wouldn't be truly sympathetic.

"Yes?" said Gertrude softly.

Sophie leaned forward eagerly. The softness of that "yes," the tenderness of it won her. She began to talk rapidly. She told Gertrude the whole story of her meeting with Rodney Sands. When she had finished she leaned back and looked at Gertrude. It was hard to tell what Gertrude was thinking. She knew she had astonished Gertrude, but of course she had expected that. And now Gertrude, who was never at a loss for words, despite her odd trick of using as few words as possible, was silent. Sophie wondered if Gertrude was—incredible thought—stumped.

"Sophie," she said, and for the time she forgot her laconic habit of speech, "I don't know what to make of you. You're the last person in the world I could have imagined taking such a terrible risk—it's just incredible."

"It's just as you said a moment ago," Sophie observed with malice. "It takes a woman to take a chance."

Gertrude gave her a quick, startled look.

"You're proud of it, aren't you?"

"Why—why," Sophie began, "of course I am," she finished triumphantly.

"And you don't see what an utterly foolish thing it was to do? What an inexcusably reckless thing?"

"But I thought you admired recklessness; I thought you wanted women to be more adventurous than men."

"In business," Gertrude said. "This is different."

"But, Gertrude, those thieves just ran away—they weren't dangerous."

"They weren't dangerous after you knocked them out," Gertrude smiled grimly. "That, if you don't mind my saying so, was just luck."

"It wasn't all luck," Sophie protested.

"But it wasn't the thieves I was thinking of, Sophie. They probably wouldn't have dared to hurt you, though there was a risk, a terrible risk. But I was thinking of the man you took in. Sophie, how could you do such a thing?"

Sophie was annoyed. Couldn't Gertrude see that Rodney Sands was nice? Sophie tucked one foot under herself and turned the shade of the lamp so that her face was in the shadow and settled herself comfortably. She was not going to let Gertrude see that she was annoyed.

"He was drunk," Gertrude said.

"What of it?"

Sophie's tone was defiant. As a matter of fact, she regretted that he had been drinking. Only she didn't think of him as drunken; she thought of him as unhappy.

"And," Gertrude continued, "you didn't know anything about him."

Sophie concealed her exasperation with this view by an effort.

"I have eyes," she said tartly. "I could see that he was nice."

"See!" Gertrude exclaimed.

"Certainly! You can tell, you know."

"But, Sophie—why, why did you do it?"

"He was so helpless—he needed someone to take care of him."

Gertrude stared at her, as if by staring she could pierce the secret of Sophie's conduct. Her stare discomfited Sophie.

"What would you have done?" she asked defiantly.

"I should have turned him over to the policeman—instantly."

Sophie shook her head.

"No, Gertrude—no, you wouldn't."

But Gertrude's mind had already gone on to some other aspect of the problem. She was not listening.

"You must have liked him."

"Of course I liked him!" Sophie cried. "Why shouldn't I?"

Gertrude smiled her grimmest smile.

"I supposed, Sophie," she said slowly, "that you had some sense. I supposed you had got a little farther than the old-fashioned woman who believed everything a man told her."

"I am a modern woman, if you want to know!" Sophie cried furiously. "I'm no more Victorian than you are."

"No, Sophie," Gertrude said sadly, "you're as old-fashioned as—as antimacassars."

Sophie sat up and glared at Gertrude.

"Do you call it old-fashioned to rescue a young man from a hold-up?"

"That isn't the point," Gertrude explained patiently. "Of course that wasn't old-fashioned—or modern either. That was just wickedly reckless. But the point is that you liked this man on sight; and instantly you trusted him, and put yourself in his power, and did things for him. You took care of him because you liked him, not because he was helpless. And that's being the old-fashioned woman—the kind of woman who lets a man walk all over her, and tell her what she should and should not do—while she darns his socks!"

Sophie was so angry that she could have slapped Gertrude.

"That's the silliest thing I ever knew you to say, Gertrude Fuller," she said fiercely. "It's—it's nonsense!"

Gertrude rose and crossed the room and put her hand gently on Sophie's head.

"Don't let's quarrel," she said. "Let's keep on being friends."

Sophie took Gertrude's hand in her own.

"But you say such awful things to me."

"Can't help it," Gertrude said. In an instant she had resumed her usual laconic speech. "Have to tell the truth—as I see it."

"But he was a nice man, Gertrude. Can't you see that? He's an artist."

Gertrude smiled ironically.

"Of course," she said, "all artists are nice men."

"I mean," Sophie said—"I mean, he wasn't just an ordinary dub."

Gertrude shook her head.

"Most artists are just that—dubs."

"But I know he isn't!" Sophie cried.

"How do you know?"

Sophie calmed herself. Sophie looked off into space. What could she say that would convince Gertrude? She noted the fat red volume of Who's Who in America—the edition of 1919, that had just been published. It was lying on top of the bookshelves at the farthest end of the room. The wild thought entered her mind—Rodney Sands' name might be there. The thought was checked by the reflection that he was too young. But Gertrude was watching her. Gertrude saw that she was looking at the red book.

"Thinking of looking him up in Who's Who?" she asked.

"No," Sophie said with dignity. "I shouldn't expect him to be in Who's Who—yet."

Macey

EVERYWHERE

Long experience in the manufacture of Filing Equipment has enabled Macey designers and workmen to build a deliberately superior product.

Of prime importance to every business man is the free personal service of over a thousand authorized distributors able to understand and competent to advise regarding filing problems. Such national service requires years to build and contributes directly to simplicity, speed, accuracy and economy.

The MACEY COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Manufactured in Canada by
The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Ltd.
Woodstock, Ontario

Distributed in Great Britain and Europe by
The Macey Co., Ltd., 65-66 Houndsditch (Bishopsgate End)
London, England

"YANKEE" No. 1993
NORTH BROS. MFG. CO. PHILADA. PA. U.S.A.
YANKEE No. 1943
Work clamped in vise at bench
YANKEE No. 1943
Vise still gripping work under drill press. Accurate alignment assured.
YANKEE No. 993

"YANKEE" VISE

Removable from Base for Continuous Work

THIS vise is built upon lines of "Yankee" Tool efficiency. Two parts. The top, or vise proper, is detachable from swivel base by simply turning a screw. The vise, still holding the work, can be taken from bench to drill-press, planer, etc.

The bottom, sides, ends and top of the "Yankee" Vise are machined true and square. Set your work and it stays set.

V-grooved steel block (see illustration) holds round or irregular shapes securely without marring.

THE "YANKEE" VISE No. 1993, with Swivel Base. Set-screw holds vise to base; cam throw lever locks position. Body, 7⅛ x 2⅝ (wide) x 3 in. Hardened steel-faced jaws open to 3⅛ in. No. 1907 Body, 4⅞ x 2 (wide) x 2⅜ in. Jaws open to 1 15/16 in. No. 1901 Body, 3⅝ x 1⅝ (wide) x 1⅝ in. Jaws open to 1⅛ in.

"Yankee" Vises, without the swivel base, are obtainable in the three sizes above listed.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Write for this Free "Yankee" Tool Book. It illustrates improved screw-driving, wood-boring, metal-drilling and tapping tools.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO. Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Gertrude went and got the book. She smiled at Sophie, a maddening smile.

"It won't do any harm to look."

She laid the book down on the table under the lamp and began to turn the pages. Sophie jumped up and seized the book.

"I didn't say he was in Who's Who!" she said angrily.

"Course you didn't," Gertrude admitted. "But you don't mind my looking, do you?"

Gertrude reached for the book as if to take it out of Sophie's hands.

"Yes, I do," Sophie said. "You're—you're making fun of me."

Gertrude shook her head. She was still smiling her maddening smile. Sophie plumped the book down on the table.

"Look then!" she said.

Gertrude turned the thin leaves slowly.

"Sands—Sa—"she murmured to herself.

Sophie got up and looked over Gertrude's shoulder while Gertrude hunted. The name might be there.

It was! They saw it at the same moment. Sophie gave a little gasp. Gertrude laid her finger on the place and together they read the brief biography:

Sands, Rodney, cartoonist; *b.* at sea off Barbados, Oct. 12, 1891; *s.* of Thomas and Margherita (Balbiani) S. Educated privately at Sydney, Australia. Studied drawing two years under T. S. Browne. Staff artist Sydney Bulletin 1910–13; San Francisco Blaze, 1913–15; New York Commercial Chronicle, 1915–17. Enlisted as a private in the A. E. F., Paris, France, 1917, and was assigned to staff of Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F. Honorably discharged Aug. 10, 1918. Cartoonist, New York Record 1918. *Club:* New York Press. *Address:* New York Record, New York.

Gertrude shut her lips tightly. Sophie closed the book. Her triumph was too complete for words. She would not rub it in.

"Think he'll come to see you?" Gertrude asked.

"I know he'll come to see me," Sophie cried.

Gertrude picked up her gloves. Gertrude shook her head gravely—with the air of one who might say a great deal if she chose, but she did not choose. Slowly she approached the door. Her hand was on the knob, and now she opened the door.

"Hope he doesn't," she said crisply.

"That's—that's horrid of you!" Sophie said bitterly. "I hate you!"

Instantly Sophie would have recalled the words. She did not hate Gertrude—at least she did not really hate her. Gertrude turned and faced Sophie. Her expression had not changed.

"Sorry," she said. "So long."

The door slowly closed behind her. The latch clicked. Sophie could have wept in that moment, and in the next she could have called Gertrude back and asked her forgiveness. But she did neither. She stood staring at the door for a moment, and then she said aloud, "If you'd been there you wouldn't be so sure."

She went back into the living room and sat down in her armchair and tried to recall just how it was that she had quarreled with Gertrude. She sat there for five minutes, going over the last half hour; and then she went into her bedroom and turned on the electric light over her dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror. With quick fingers she tucked in a curl that had escaped its place above her ear. Presently she smiled at herself in the mirror. It was an enormous satisfaction to remind herself that she was good-looking, and good-looking in such a healthy fashion. At times Sophie had wished herself exotic—like a woman she had seen once in Fifth Avenue, a languid woman who might have stepped out of a certain kind of poetry, a woman with blue-black hair, pale as death, with a mouth like a wound. But now she was glad she was not like that. She was glad she had a few freckles on either side of her nose.

What was the matter with Gertrude? She knew what Gertrude meant. They had often discussed the rôle of woman. They had even agreed that a woman who wished to make something of herself must not fall in love. But was friendship with a man impossible also? Gertrude seemed to think men were dangerous. Sophie wondered if Gertrude's appearance had anything to do with this view. Gertrude was not homely, but no one would call her pretty. Gertrude was almost school-teacherish. Sophie checked herself.

"Oh," she thought, "what a cat I am—what a perfect cat!"

III

SOPHIE quite expected that Rodney Sands would call the next evening, or at least the evening after. But he did not. She awaited the third evening with impatience. It didn't seem reasonable that he would wait more than three days before calling, especially when he had asked in his note if he might call some evening soon. But Rodney Sands did not appear the third evening, or the fourth.

Sophie would have discussed it with Gertrude if she had not quarreled with Gertrude. She might have made it up with Gertrude in order to discuss it with her. But she had told Gertrude she knew he would come to see her. She couldn't bear to admit to Gertrude that she was wrong. Sophie wanted to believe that she was an attractive girl. She wanted to believe that Rodney Sands, having the opportunity to call on her, would avail himself of it immediately, even if he weren't under the slightest obligation to her—and of course he was under obligation to her. She had done him a considerable favor. He would, if he were the kind of man she believed him to be, consider that.

How could she admit the truth to Gertrude? It would be like admitting that she was mistaken in her judgment of Rodney Sands, and that Gertrude was right. It would be almost like admitting that she had thought she was attractive to Rodney Sands when she wasn't.

The more Sophie argued with herself the possible meaning of Rodney Sands' failure the more depressed she felt. Either he hadn't the slightest curiosity about her or he was a man insensitive to obligation—or both. He had excited her curiosity more deeply than any other man she had ever met. The bald sketch of him in Who's Who hadn't gratified that curiosity. It had rather increased it. Wasn't there some law of physics called the equality of action and reaction, or something like that? And if he had excited her curiosity wouldn't she necessarily excite his curiosity? But perhaps this law of physics did not hold in personal relationships.

Saturday came, but not Rodney Sands. Sophie spent an extremely lonely Sunday in her flat. Ordinarily she spent her Sundays with Gertrude. They had explored the Metropolitan Museum, and seen the Hell Gate Bridge at twilight, and gone to concerts together on Sundays. And how they had talked! It seemed to Sophie that she could not continue to live without talk. Books were all very well, but what was the use of reading the most fascinating novel if you couldn't discuss it with anybody? Millman's meant a great deal to her; Millman's was her career. She couldn't have held her job at Millman's if Gertrude hadn't taken her on and given her the ropes. And now she couldn't even discuss her job with Gertrude! But there was no use trying to make amends to Gertrude. She couldn't resume her old intimacy with Gertrude without telling her that Rodney Sands had never called; or if she didn't tell Gertrude in so many words, Gertrude would know.

Sophie considered the fashion in which she would receive Rodney Sands if he ever did call. She would be very formal. She would be polite. But she would make it clear that she hadn't the slightest interest in seeing him. Without saying so flatly, she would make him see that he needn't ever call again.

On Monday Gertrude appeared in quite her old way at Sophie's desk off the book department at Millman's.

"Blue Sunday yesterday," she said briefly.

"So did I," said Sophie without warmth.

"Like to spend next Sunday with you," Gertrude continued. "Take a long walk in the country—Palisades."

Sophie looked up. Her eyes misted in spite of herself. She needed Gertrude. She needed Gertrude now more than ever.

"I'd love to!" she cried. "I'd just love to!"

"Good!" Gertrude said, and stalked off.

That night at the hour when Sophie was accustomed to settle down in the armchair by the reading lamp with a book or a review the telephone rang. It was Rodney Sands. He formally requested the privilege of calling that evening. Sophie thought of saying she couldn't possibly see him before next week. She thought of saying it wasn't

(Continued on Page 109)

CREATION

OUT of the surge of the inconceivable came the creation of worlds. Man followed; and eternity split apart to give him the priceless thing called time.

Man opened his eyes to understanding. He felt the craving to create, to accomplish, to add value to time, to his time, to his life.

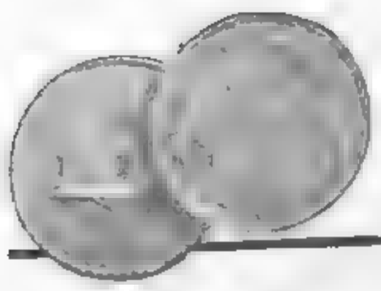
He went in quest of opportunity. He searched out the needs of his fellows; and learned that reward lay in the path of service.

The spark he inherited from infinity, the spark of creation, grew with knowledge. He saw the open spaces of the earth being filled with people. He saw them struggling to create. He saw isolated figures among them rise above the mass through their success in service.

Man saw that his own creations were linked with those of other men. He discovered steam; and ten thousand created the ways and means for its use.

One creation followed another, each serving the other; all serving humanity. From steam there grew systems of production, transportation and communication which have given commerce a pathway round the world.

Commerce grew out of industry. Finance came. Distribution spread its arms. The advancement of all demanded stability, demanded consumption. Advertising was inevitable, because it was logical. It came. It has served. The value of its service is established in its increase.



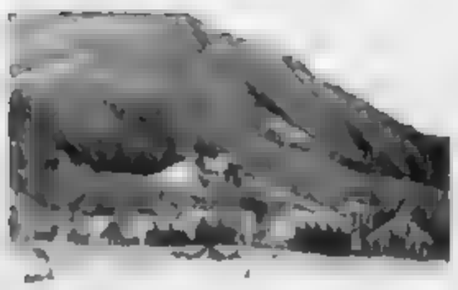
N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*
NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

How do you choose?

WHEN you buy a car, how is your decision made? Do you know how to make sure of the unseen strength so vital to service and economy?

A car's ability to withstand the shock, wear and strain of use depends on the steel that goes into it. Because of this, automotive engineers have never ceased their search for a steel that would increase the strength and decrease the weight of the automobile.

Such a steel has been found. It is Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel. Today Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel stands pre-eminent for toughness, strength and resistance to wear and shock.



The world's chief source of Molybdenum is at Climax, Colorado. The United States is dependent upon importations from foreign countries for all steel alloying elements except Molybdenum.

Mo-*lyb*-den-um is a metallic element, just as iron and lead are. Steel alloyed with Mo-*lyb*-den-um has greater strength, toughness and resistance to wear, shock and fatigue than any other steel ever made. It is lighter for a given strength—stronger for a given weight.

Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel has made possible a wonderful new light-weight construction for automobiles, trucks and tractors. Through use of this super-steel, a car is made lighter and stronger. This insures longer life, with lower cost of upkeep.

These statements are known engineering facts. The best proof lies in the rapidly increasing number of automotive manufacturers who are using Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel in the cars they make.

When you buy an automobile, truck or tractor, make sure that it is strengthened and fortified against the shock, wear and strain of constant service by the use of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel.

CLIMAX MOLYBDENUM COMPANY, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
ASSOCIATED WITH THE AMERICAN METAL COMPANY, LIMITED
Climax Molybdenum Company is the Largest Producer of Molybdenum in the World

Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super Steel

(Continued from Page 106)

necessary for him to call—he could mail her the dollar if he liked. Sophie said quietly, "Very well."

"I'll be there in an hour," he said eagerly.

"Very well," Sophie repeated.

Sophie went back to her chair and reopened her book. She would go on reading as if nothing had happened. But something had happened, and she could not ignore it. Why was he so formal in his request to call? And how had he acquired her telephone number? Perhaps he had jotted it down that morning. He might have looked it up under Number in the telephone book if he had remembered her street address. But if he knew her number why hadn't he used it before?

She sat with her book in her lap dreaming. That night had, she supposed, marked a definite change in her attitude toward everything. But it hadn't. Everything was just the same as it had been before. On Sunday she would go to the country with Gertrude. Nothing had happened. Sophie was still dreaming when Rodney Sands rang the bell. It was instantly apparent to Sophie that he was profoundly embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "But I wish to see Miss Adams—she's expecting me."

"I am Miss Adams," Sophie said. She was extraordinarily calm. It was only because of Gertrude that she had ever been upset.

"Why," Mr. Sands began—"why ——"

"Won't you come in?"

Sophie led the way through the dark little hall to her softly lighted living room.

"Won't you sit down?" said Sophie.

She chose herself the familiar armchair by the reading lamp. She had a feeling that the chair was a kind of haven. She might have had also a feeling that it was a vantage point, for when she sat beside the lamp the light played on her hair.

Mr. Sands was patently adjusting himself to the situation, and Sophie was disposed to enjoy his puzzlement. He looked at Sophie and then he looked at the room, as if to assure himself that this was the place in which he had wakened a week since.

"Are you really S. A.?" he asked. "I mean, was it really you who ——"

"Yes," said Sophie with dignity.

"I—I"—he began, and then, like many another man at a disadvantage with a woman, he took refuge in frankness. "It is very unexpected," he said. "I imagined you a woman of forty—I supposed you were much bigger than I am."

So that was why he hadn't called immediately!

"When I woke up that morning," he continued, "and saw all those books—of course I knew you were a highbrow; and I remembered that it was a woman who had taken my part in some argument with a policeman. I figured out that you were some kind of feminine reformer."

"I didn't know," Sophie averred, "that feminine reformers made a point of rescuing young men from policemen."

"Oh, I don't suppose most of them do—only—you know what I mean."

"Yes," said Sophie, "I think I do."

Sophie was enjoying herself immensely. Mr. Sands was a tall, good-looking young man—such a young man as at first glance you would take for an officer in some especially successful corporation. But Sophie privately knew he wasn't. And at second glance she had noted that the suit of soft tweed he wore fitted him somewhat more loosely than is the fashion among business men; and that his shirt was of white flannel, with a collar of the same material, beautifully cut, but still not the stiff linen collar of business dress.

"You see," he continued, "I'm really not in the habit of getting drunk. I don't mean that I never drink, but—tell me, was I very unpleasant?"

"You weren't in the least unpleasant," Sophie assured him. "You were a little stubborn about going home, but ——"

"I didn't actually have any home at the moment," he said, and flushed. "I had just had a row with my landlady. It was nothing at all, really, only I had forgotten to pay her the rent when I had the money, and then when I didn't have it I couldn't, you see—and she put me out."

"So you told me," Sophie said. "You remarked that the trouble with women was that they didn't understand art."

The young man flushed a deeper red. Sophie keenly enjoyed teasing him. He was, she guessed, an American. But his manner held traces of the Englishman—an unusually frank and open Englishman.

"I was very silly, of course," he said. "I hope I wasn't too awfully rude."

"You were a little rude to the policeman—you told him you didn't like policemen."

"I'm awfully sorry—I must have been rather a mess." He looked at Sophie. His brows were knit with curiosity. "How on earth did you—I mean, why did you help me?"

"You were so helpless," Sophie said wickedly. "I thought you needed to be taken care of."

Mr. Sands smiled ruefully.

"I am a helpless person, I know," he said. "And people are always awfully nice to me. But this was a little more than even I could expect."

"I suppose I shouldn't have done it," Sophie told him, "if it hadn't been for those men who were robbing you."

"What men?"

"Don't you remember?"

"I don't remember anything after I started home except you and the policeman—not that I remembered you—as—as you are."

Sophie told him of his encounter with the two thieves and her attack on them with the umbrella. Mr. Sands got up and walked back and forth across the floor.

"I must say," he said to Sophie suddenly—"I must say you're a peach!"

Sophie felt her cheeks grow hot. He so obviously meant it. He continued to stand, fumbling absently in his pockets.

"Don't you want to smoke?" Sophie asked.

"May I?"

He sat down and found his case and lit a cigarette.

"You know," he said, "it's becoming increasingly difficult for me to regret that I was drunk."

Sophie thought for an instant that this speech was an impudent advance on his part. But she saw it wasn't. It was just his special kind of frankness.

"Why did you do it?" she asked hastily.

"Oh, I felt awfully low and discouraged—and sore at myself."

Sophie tucked one foot under herself, and turned the shade of the lamp so that her face was a little in the shadow and settled back comfortably to listen.

"Yes?" she said.

"You see," Mr. Sands explained, "I'm just utterly unable to make a living. I don't know how to do anything except draw. I like to draw. I've been drawing ever since I was nineteen. I started on a paper out in Sydney and then I went to San Francisco. I was cartoonist of the Blaze. And then I came to New York for the Commercial Chronicle. I got awfully bored with that, and the war was on and a fellow I know had a passport to Paris. He didn't want to use it, so I did. I was on the Stars and Stripes over there. In the last six months I've been fired from every newspaper in New York except one."

"Why?" Sophie asked.

"I don't know."

"But there must be a reason."

"I know," he said glumly, "you think it's drinking. But it isn't."

Sophie saw in panorama his career—born at sea, brought up in Australia, a cartoonist at the age when most boys are going to college.

He had known Sydney and San Francisco and New York and Paris. His life had been one adventure after another.

"You know," he continued, "I suppose the real reason I get fired is that I'm bored. You do get bored, you know, after nine years of steady plugging at the same old job."

"What?" said Sophie.

"You know what I mean—I've been drawing in black and white all my life."

"And now you're an old man with nothing to live for," Sophie said with irony.

"I'm twenty-eight," said Mr. Sands solemnly. "And I haven't begun to paint."

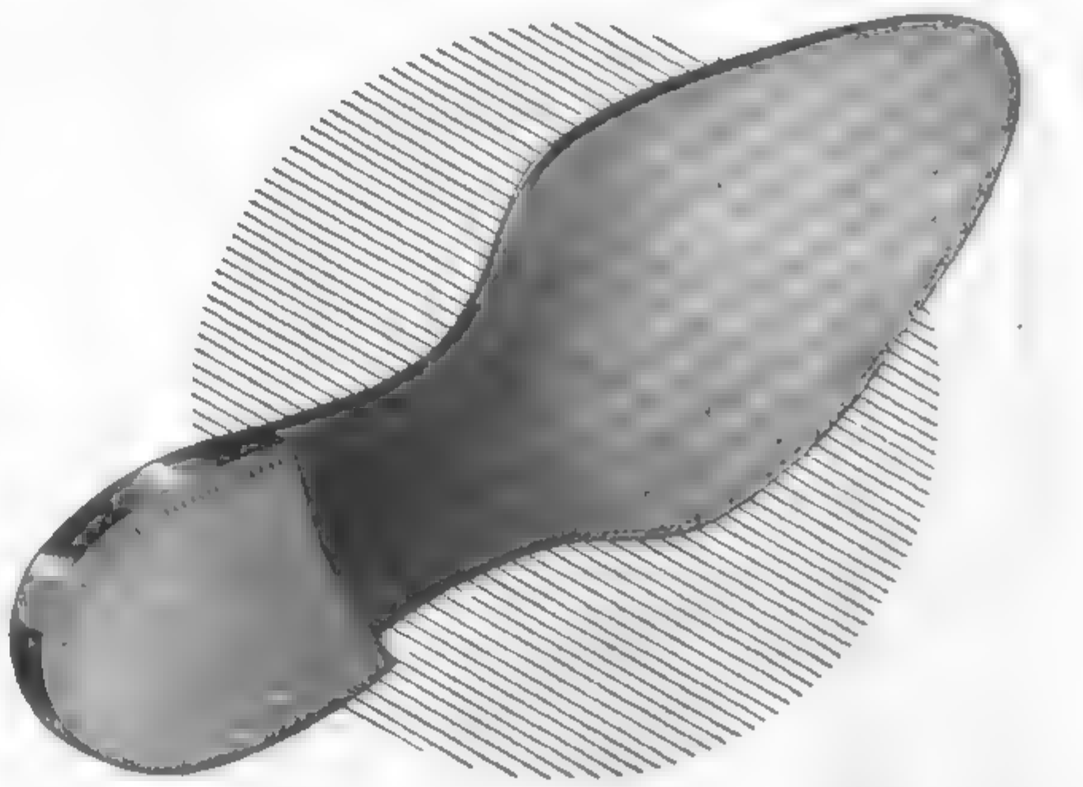
He began to hunt through his pockets. He examined each in turn. He took a bill fold from one and laid it on his knee.

"I always carry a bill fold," he said, "because I know that's one place it's no use to look for money."

He went methodically through his pockets without finding what he sought.

"I've got that dollar I owe you somewhere," he said, "but I don't seem to find it."

Finally he thrust his hand in his left-hand coat pocket and drew out a loose



If Your Repair Man Lacks Them

Send to us for a Pair of

Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

You will probably have no trouble in getting Korry Soles—the waterproof leather sole that wears twice as long. Most good repair men have them in stock, or can readily get them. But if there should be any hesitation on their part, just send us the price and we will mail you a pair that any repair man can put on. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes.

It is worth your while to give a little care to this matter. It means a real saving in the family shoe bill. And it means extra comfort, for Korry Soles are pleasantly flexible and won't slip on wet pavements. They are permanently waterproof. When you buy your next pair of shoes, ask the dealer if he has any with Korry Soles.

In ordering, specify which of the two brands of Korry Soles you want.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

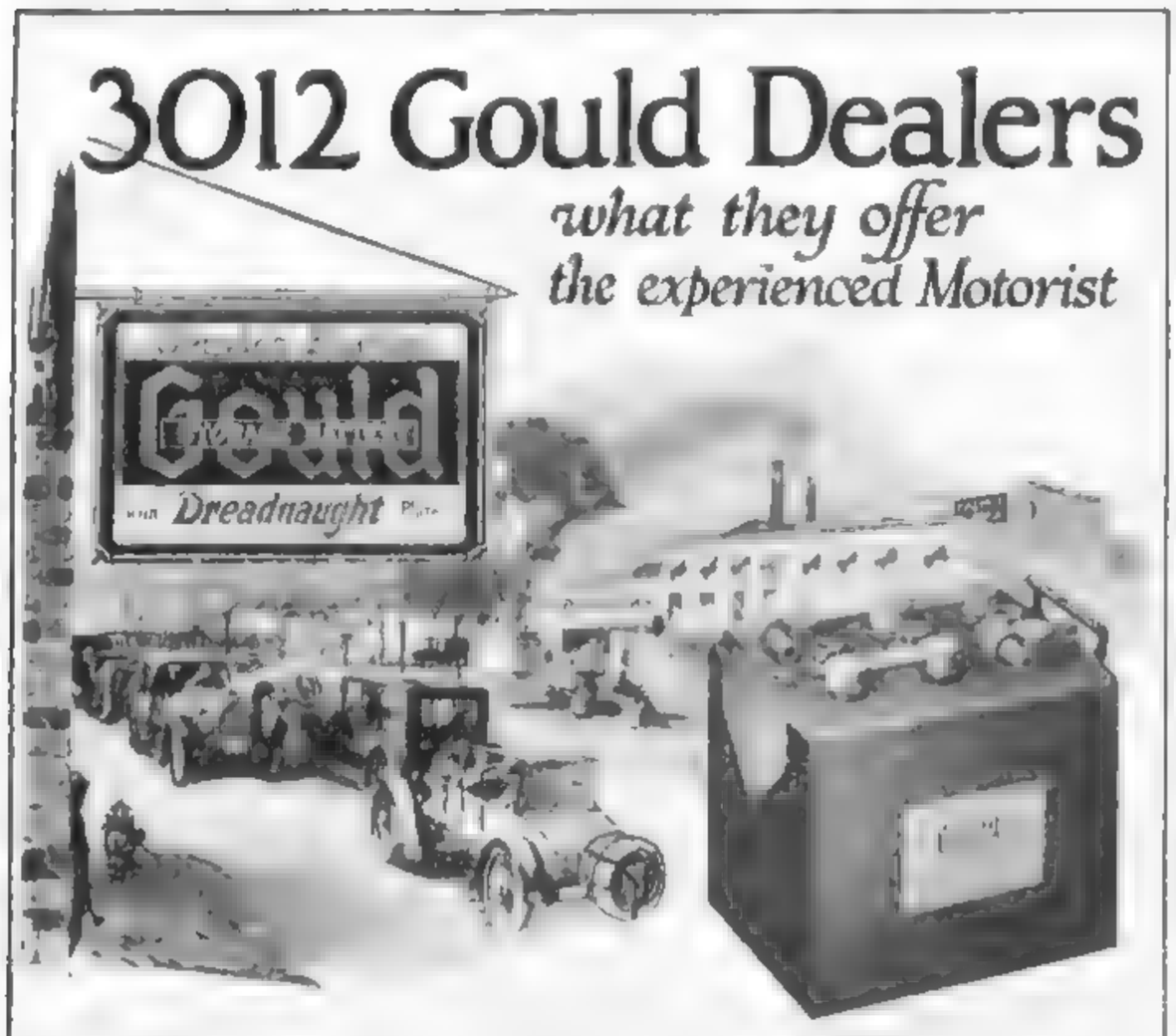
As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

3012 Gould Dealers

what they offer the experienced Motorist



HERE are three facts about Gould Battery Service of particular interest to every experienced motorist:

FACT 1—Scattered up and down this country's highways are 3012 Gould Sales and Service Stations. Each one of these Gould specialists is prepared to give the same conscientious service to the owner of any battery that he gives to the owner of a Gould.

FACT 2—In close contact with each Gould dealer is a Gould distributor. It is this distributor, with his complete stocks of batteries and parts, who enables the Gould dealer to render unusually prompt and efficient service to his customers.

FACT 3—Back of this countrywide network of distributors—back of these 3012 dealers—stands an organization that has built quality storage batteries for over 25 years. The Gould Storage Batteries for automobiles are known for their rugged reliability and their extra long life.

Motorists of experience who are looking for better battery service should go to the nearest Gould dealer.

Dealers of experience who are looking for better battery service should write the nearest of these

GOULD DISTRIBUTORS

Julius Andrae & Sons Co., Milwaukee, Wis
B R Electric Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Biggs Battery Co., Shreveport, La.
Capital Electrical Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
Doubleday-Hill Electric Co.,
Washington, D C.
Doubleday-Hill Elec. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Flynn and Doyle Battery Service Co.,
1125 Chestnut Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Fobes Supply Co., Portland, Oregon
Fobes Supply Co., Seattle, Wash.
Gould Battery Distributing Co., Atlanta, Ga
Gould Storage Battery Co. of California,
San Francisco
Gould Storage Battery Co. of Illinois,
Chicago
Gray Electric Co., Springfield, Ohio
H C Roberts Elec. Supply Co., Phila., Pa.
McGraw Co., Omaha, Neb.
McGraw Co., Sioux City, Iowa
Michigan Tire & Accessories Co.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Montana Electrical Co., Butte, Montana
Northwestern Elec. Equipment Co.,
St. Paul, Minn.
Queen City Motor Del'y Co., Cincinnati O
Robertson-Cataract Elec. Co., Buffalo, N Y
Southwest General Elec. Co., Dallas, Texas
Southwest Gen'l Elec Co., Houston, Texas
Storage Battery Co., Inc., Memphis, Tenn
Varney Electric Supply Co., Evansville, Ind
Varney Elec Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Wesco Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Wetmore Savage Co., Boston, Mass
Weinstock-Nichols Co., Los Angeles Cal
Weinstock-Nichols Co., Oakland Cal
Weinstock-Nichols Co., San Francisco, Cal.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE
J. V. Elliot, Hamilton, Ont.

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS
Battery Service and Sales Co.,
Hamilton, Ont
Electrical Repairing & Eng. Co.,
Vancouver, British Columbia
Electric Service Co., Calgary, Alberta
The Great West Saddlery Co., Inc.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
Magneto Service Station,
Regina, Saskatchewan

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT
Gould Storage Battery Co
505 West 55th St.
New York

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

GENERAL OFFICES
30 East 42nd Street
New York City
WORKS
Depew, N. Y.

THE AUTOMOBILE BATTERY WITH Dreadnaught PLATES

handful of crumpled bills. He straightened them out until he found a one.

"There!" he said triumphantly. He handed the dollar bill to Sophie. She took it and folded it and refolded it. Mr. Sands sat down again.

"That was a magic dollar," he said. "I started out with it. I hadn't another nickel to my name. And I thought to myself, 'Now what is the most sensible way to spend this dollar?' I saw myself in a show window, and I realized the first thing was to get shaved. So I went into a barber shop. That cost me ninety cents. I had ten cents left. I thought a ride on a Fifth Avenue bus would do me more good than anything else, so I got on a bus and put the dime in the slot machine. I was riding on top. At Forty-fourth Street I saw a chap I knew. So I got off and hailed him. He loaned me fifty dollars, and invited me to dinner with some friend of his at the Carlton.

"I had enough money then, you see, to get a room at the Carlton and have my clothes pressed and buy a clean shirt and a fresh tie and go to dinner. We got to talking at dinner, and I said to Grimshaw I hadn't any money or job and how was I going to pay him back. And the other chap turned out to be looking for some spots he wanted done in a hurry."

"What are spots?" Sophie asked.

"Little illustrations—they make spots on a page of type—something to break it up. They were for a booklet advertising sport clothes. He wanted half a dozen little drawings—one of a girl playing golf and one of a man at the wheel of a racing sloop; things they could use afterward in newspaper advertisements—little one-column cuts. I wanted to pay Grimshaw back his fifty dollars, so I said I'd make them. He said he could only give me twenty-five dollars apiece for them. They were mean little things to do too, but I did them. It took me nearly a whole day," he added ruefully. "I had to wait four days for my money too—so much red tape about vouchers and things."

"That isn't so bad," Sophie said. "A hundred and fifty dollars for a day's work."

"I know," said Rodney Sands, "but it's—who wants to do that kind of thing?"

"What are you going to do?" Sophie asked.

"I'm seriously thinking of being a tramp," he said. "I've always wanted to be a tramp. Not that being a tramp would be any violent change. I'm practically a tramp now."

He paused thoughtfully.

"Perhaps I don't really want to be a tramp," he admitted. "This afternoon I saw a car—just the kind of car I wanted. Low and powerful and not too big. I wanted that car, and it cost six or seven thousand dollars. I want all the things that everybody wants. I want a home in the country, and children and all."

"Why don't you get them?"

"Get them?"

"Yes," said Sophie. "You could get them."

"How?"

"By working for them."

"But I can't even get a job."

"Of course you can."

Rodney Sands shook his head impatiently.

"You don't understand," he explained. "I've been fired by every paper in New York."

"Except one, you said."

"That one doesn't use a single artist or cartoonist," said Rodney Sands triumphantly.

"You could get a job on one of the papers that fired you—if you really tried."

"One of them did send for me," he admitted. "But they wanted me to come for a hundred dollars a week, and I—I told them to go to blazes."

"Why not take a hundred dollars a week?" Sophie asked.

"Well," said Rodney Sands, "why not?"

He rose and walked back and forth across the floor.

"Only they were quite sore—they wouldn't give me the job now."

"If they won't, somebody else will," said Sophie wisely. "Why not try?"

"You know," said Rodney Sands, "I believe I will."

"I wish you would," Sophie said.

"I will," said Rodney Sands.

He found his hat.

"I'm awfully grateful to you, Miss Adams," he said. "I felt awfully low when I came in, and now ——"

He held out his hand. Sophie took it in hers. He shook her hand hard.

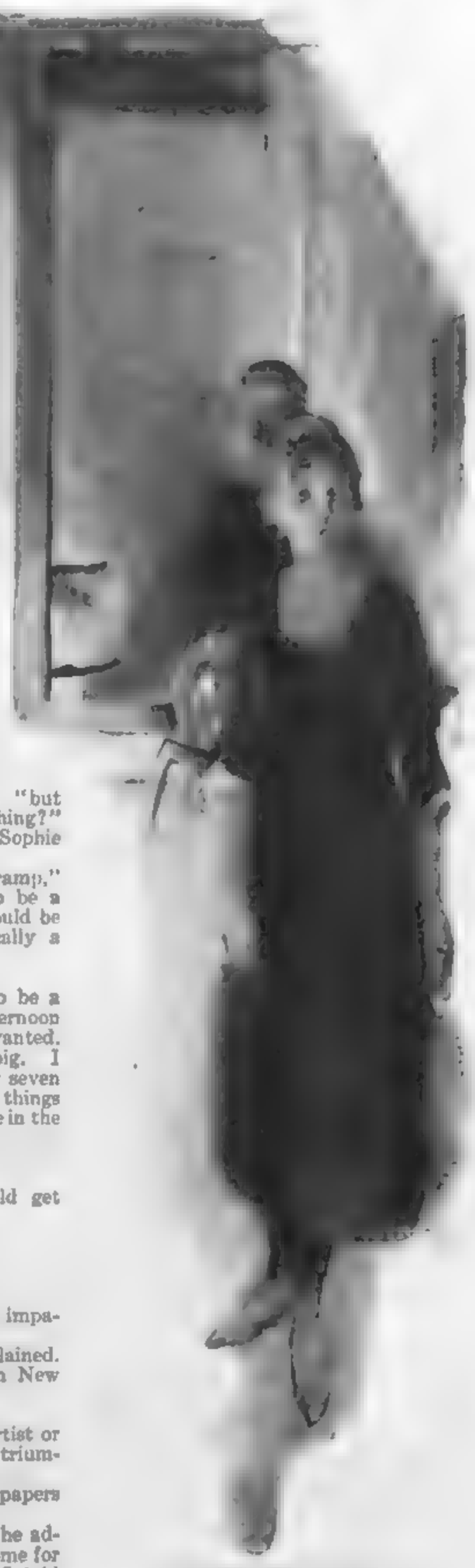
"You're awfully good," he said. "May I come again?"

"Call me up," said Sophie, "and tell me how you come out."

"I will," he said heartily. "I will."

In another moment he was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



She Stood Staring at the Door for a Moment

Velie

See These Remarkable Cars at the Shows

Velie 34 is the sensation of the year in low price. A quality Six as low or lower priced than many Fours. At the time of writing this announcement, Velie 34 is the lowest-priced six-cylinder car in the world.

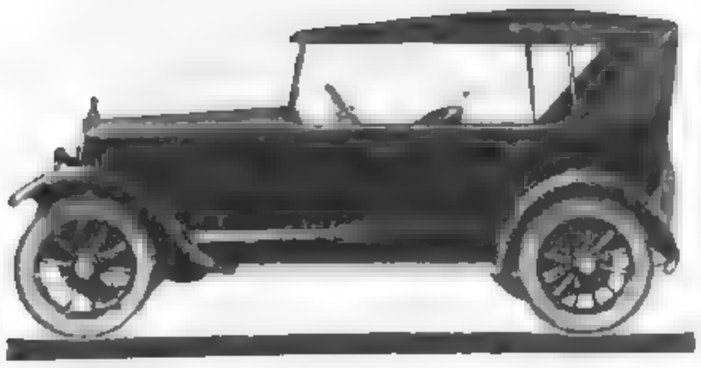
Its amazing fuel-saving motor, roomy, graceful body and complete equipment even to cord tires is only indicative of the *extra* measure of Velie values in all models.

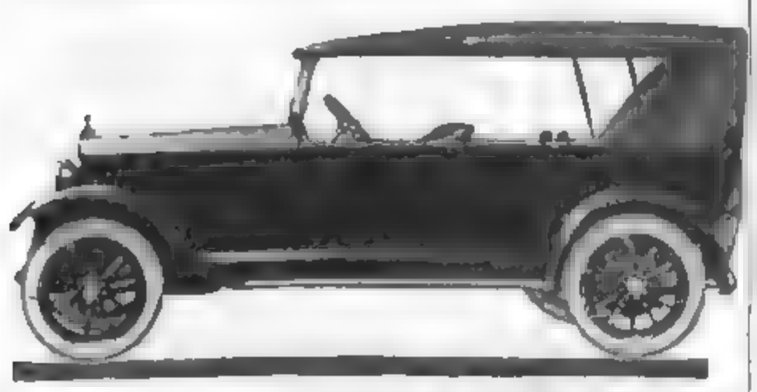
Velie 34 Sedan, Coupé and Roadster, new, snappy, attractively designed, beautifully finished, will be exhibited for the first time.

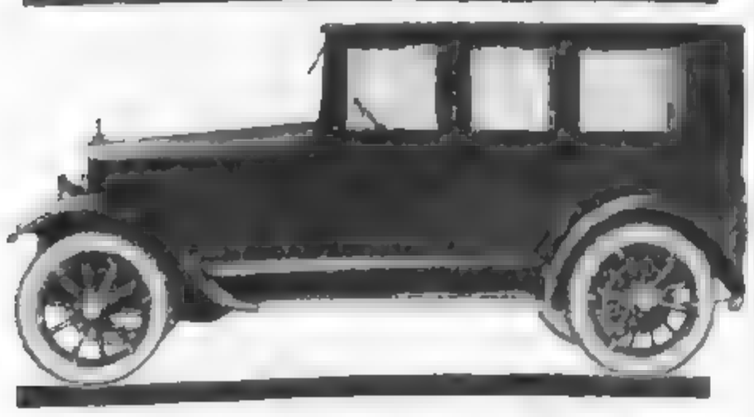
You will also have your first view of Velie Seven-passenger Touring Car. It is the latest addition to the Velie 48 series—The Cars of Authoritative Style—which includes the Five-passenger Touring Car, Six-passenger Sedan and a racy Speedster. All have the subtle combination of harmonious, mirror-like planes that marks the consummate achievement of automobile art.

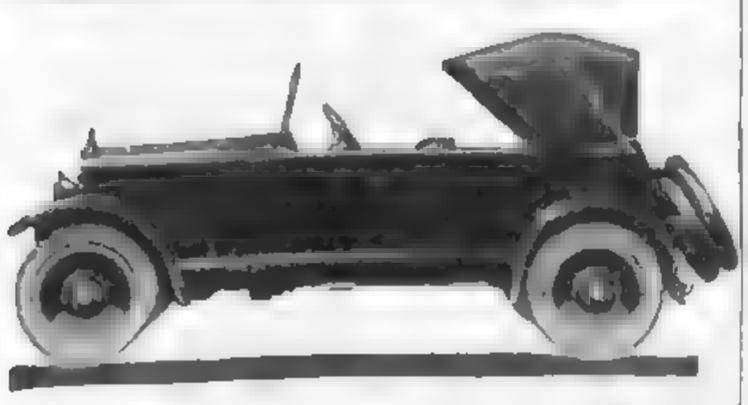
Open models of both series are upholstered in deep-plaited genuine leather. Closed models in mohair velvet. All have the Velie lasting mirror finish. A car for every need or preference. Catalog for the asking.

Dealers: The Velie opportunity this year is exceptional. The Velie line commands a fast selling market wherever it is presented. The Velie reputation for quality building is a great business asset. You are especially invited to see the Velie at the shows. Inquire about your territory. If it is not closed we have an interesting proposition to offer.





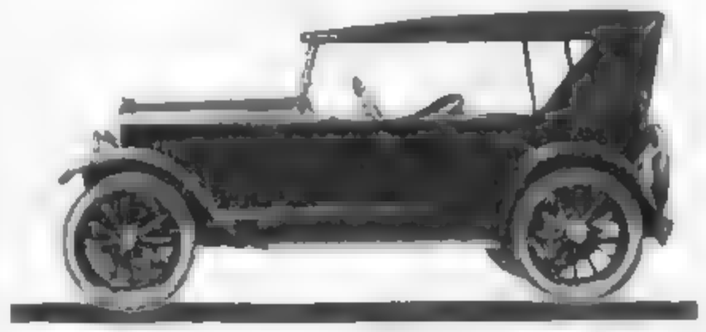


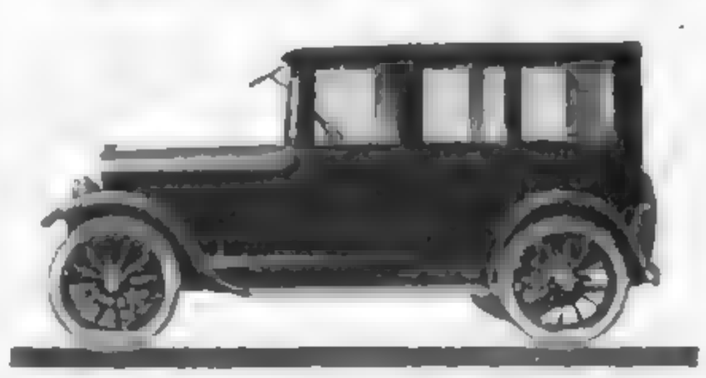


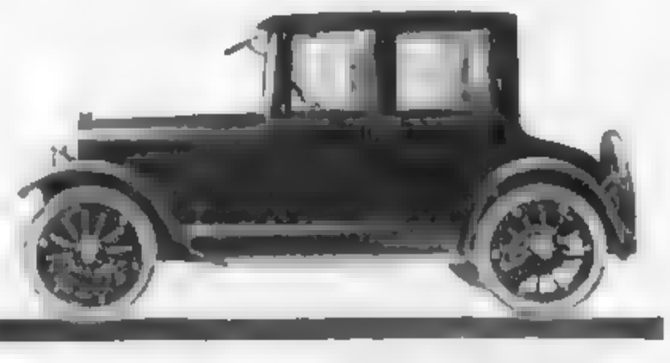
Velie Model 48 Series
The Larger Six Nationally Known as the Authoritative Style

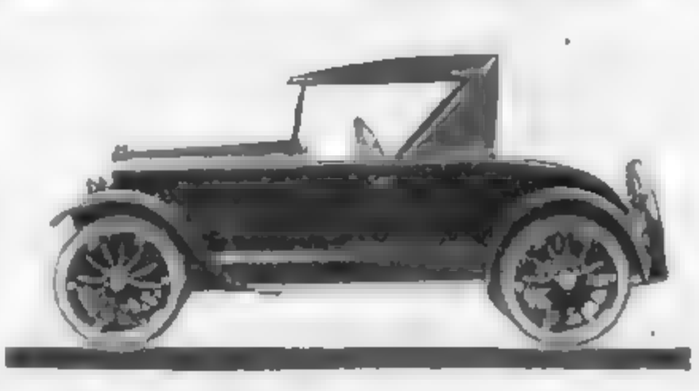
Velie

Line for 1921









Velie Model 34 Series
The Smaller Six with Velie Quality at the price of Fours

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION

MOLINE, ILLINOIS

A Home Device you can take genuine pride in showing —

"Your Linens are so BEAUTIFULLY Ironed!"

Holidays bring out your best linens and embroideries—and then they must all be laundered again!

The Simplex Ironer does the most perfect ironing you have ever seen. Its well padded roller and smooth evenly heated ironing surface turn out each piece looking like new and with astounding rapidity.

A whole family ironing is finished easily in an hour—all household linen and wearing apparel, except a few pieces with frills and ruffles! The saving in fuel, help and laundry bills is enough the very first year to pay for the machine.

Seated comfortably at your Simplex, its automatic feed board control at your finger tips, you iron without exertion or fatigue while the basket of clothes melts away as if by magic.

Operated by electricity, and heated by gas, gasoline or electricity. The Simplex is suited to house, apartment or farm home.

Write us a line asking details.

What you can iron on the Simplex

Aprons	Soft Collars
Curtains	Children's Dresses
Lingerie	Table Cloths
Soft Shirts	Centerpieces
Napkins	Dresser Scarfs
Doilies	Sheets
	Bedspreads

Send for our illustrated booklet

Leading household appliance dealers everywhere demonstrate and sell the Simplex

American Ironing Machine Company, 515-168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Factories at Algonquin, Illinois

Eastern Sales Office:
70 W. 45th St., New York City

Pacific Coast Sales Office:
431 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

We also make Ironing Machines and Laundry Equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

It is a mark of intelligent housekeeping to possess a SIMPLEX IRONER

THE STAND-OFF SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 11)

who come in to take advantage of the bargains. If a guaranteed article gives out before its time they don't throw it carelessly away and buy another one—no, sir. They come back to my store and make me give them a new one, which is just what they should do.

"And so I claim that young man downtown who is running the wholesale house on system, with ground-glass partitions and an office-boy guardian, is on the wrong track. The supply of merchandise is going to catch up with the demand one of these days, even in New York, and then he is going to need us country merchants, who like to do business in the old way, with some humanness mixed up in our commercial transactions."

The man from Kentucky paused again to indulge in the pleased smile of one who had put over something pretty good.

"Half an hour after I left their office this morning," he said, "I met their sales manager down on the sidewalk. He acted real glad to see me, and asked what in the world I was doing on the streets of New York without first coming up to their office. I told him I had tried to get into their office, but the job was too much for me and I had given it up.

"'I guess you are kidding me about our new system,' the sales manager replied. 'That's just one of the improvements the new boss has put in. I tell you he's a real business man. There is no waste motion in our establishment now. Every executive has a private office where he can do his work without being disturbed by useless interruptions. Every executive in the place is strong for the new system.'

"The sales manager was so enthusiastic that it seemed a shame to inject a note of pessimism into the conversation. But I had known him for more than ten years, and am on a pretty familiar basis with him. Besides, I was still mad from my interview with the efficient office boy.

"'Do you mean to say, Bill,' I asked, 'that every one of you fellows who used to sit grouped round the Old Man in the old days in the middle of the big room now has a private office all to himself?'

"Bill replied that such was the case, and that the fellows all felt that they could do better work that way.

"'And when a visitor or a customer wants to see you he has got to send in a card just like you were the President of the United States or something?'

"Bill said I was putting it pretty strong, but that a little formality in business certainly did make for increased efficiency. I am afraid I was somewhat presumptuous in what I said next.

"'All right, Bill,' I replied, 'but I want to ask you just one question as man to man: Are you quite sure you like the new system because of its increased efficiency, or is it because that private office and the bell boy and the visiting cards give you a feeling of personal importance?'"

No Customers to Practice On

"Bill was a good enough sport not to get mad at me for my impudence. He even laughed a little as he answered.

"'I don't deny that I enjoy doing things in the grand manner,' he said. 'But you can't get away from the fact that we are doing the biggest business in our history right now.'

"'Of course you are doing a big business now,' I went back at him, 'because in your line the supply hasn't yet caught up with the demand. From the looks of the store windows here in New York I judge that the merchants can sell almost anything, even dinner plates that cost two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. You don't have to make any effort to sell all the goods you can get. But that condition isn't going to last always. One of these days there is going to be plenty of goods again. Then the buyers are going to have their inning. The merchants will shop round among you wholesalers just the way the folks in my town out in Kentucky shop up and down Main Street. When that time comes they are going to patronize the concerns where they have made the most personal friendships.

"'Up in your place, Bill,' I concluded, 'it seems to me that you are forgetting all about the human side. It is fine to have an efficient, smooth-running organization; but the greatest efficiency in the world isn't going to get you anywhere if you haven't any customers to practice it on. And I am afraid that is just the fix you are going to be in if you continue to regard yourselves as dignified executives instead of plain human beings.'"

I never did hear whether Bill had an adequate comeback for this caustic speech, because someone came along just then and the Kentuckian had to leave. But his remarks seemed to touch a universal note. How to have system and humanness at the same time is a hard problem—so hard, in fact, that some business concerns seem to have given up trying. But many of the biggest business executives in the country are working overtime to devise plans by which their organizations may be efficient and human at the same time.

In a small Northern city there is a manufacturing concern whose success has been one of the wonders of the past ten years. A few years ago it employed three hundred people; now it has more than twenty-five hundred on its pay roll. Then its product was sold to dealers within a radius of a few hundred miles round the factory; now its traveling men solicit business in every town and city in the country. Recently I had the privilege of a heart-to-heart talk with the president of this concern, the man who is credited with a large share of its success.

Trying to Keep Human

As I have mentioned, the factory in question is located in a small city, and its president is distinctly a small-town type. He likes to talk about the crop prospects of the farmers in his home township or of the improvements to be made in the cow sheds at the local fair grounds. City visitors seeing him walking about the home town might consider him a rube. But he can tell offhand the credit ratings of retailers on Washington Street in Boston, what novelties are being sold on Market Street in San Francisco, or how the price of cotton is affecting business on Main Street in Dallas. I asked him to tell me something of the system which had caused his concern to forge ahead so rapidly.

"We haven't got much of a system," he replied, "except to keep ourselves as human as possible."

He poked me on the arm to emphasize the point he was about to make.

"When a concern is small," he went on, "it is usually easy to keep in close touch with the people. But as the business grows there is a tendency among the executives to get so wrapped up in their own work that they get out of touch with what is going on in the country.

"I have seen a good many concerns grow to a certain size, and then stop growing for just that reason.

"The explanation is simple enough. The head of the firm is putting in his best efforts; his success leads him to believe his concern is making the best product there is, and he gets the idea that dealers all along the line are impatiently waiting for his traveling men to come along so they may place big orders. He forgets that heads of other firms are working just as earnestly as he is, and possibly turning out a product that suits the people better. The first thing he knows some better-informed competitor is getting the lion's share of the business.

"In our factory here," concluded the president, "we aren't going to get into that fix if we can help it. We spend a lot of money to keep ourselves from getting that way. And I figure that the money we spend to keep ourselves human is about the best investment we can make."

The factory president did not exaggerate when he told me that his concern spent a lot of money to keep itself human. At regular intervals each executive of the company goes out on the road along with one of the regular traveling men to cover a certain territory.

Selling goods is no part of the executive's function when on such a trip; he merely walks round and talks with storekeepers, their clerks, their porters and anyone else who may be even remotely connected with the sale of his company's product. What he mainly looks for is kicks. He makes a note of every criticism of his company's goods or methods, and such criticisms are

Patrick DULUTH TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

GREATCOATS
for Men and Women

PATRICK designers have injected into the 1920–21 styles clean-cut, fashionable lines which match in every respect the quality of the famous Patrick cloth from which these garments are so carefully tailored.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. It is made of the thick, long-fibre wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Manufactured exclusively in Patrick woolen mills and made up into garments in Patrick factories. Patrick controls every manufacturing process from raw wool to finished garments.

Look for the green and black Patrick label in the Greatcoat, Mackinaw Sweater, Cap, Wool Hosiery and Blanket that you buy

If your dealer does not carry Patrick Pure Wool Products, we will direct you to one who does.

Send for catalog of styles for men women and children, showing Patrick-Duluth fabrics in natural colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Duluth
Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

Christmas Carols and Happiness

Handed Down thru the Ages

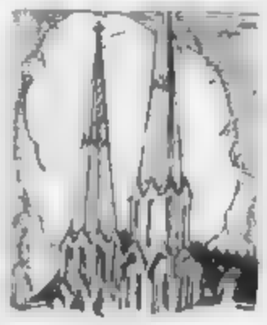
CHRISTMAS, THE GREAT BIRTHDAY, since its very beginning has been identified with music.

The Angels' Song of peace and good will at the birth of Christ was the first Christmas Carol.

Centuries later on the Isle of Man inhabitants kept watch with the Shepherds while minstrels chanted Carols.

In medieval times, groups of the common people of England serenaded their neighbors with Carols early on Christmas Morn. Nobles, too, found keen joy in the charm of the simple verse and song.

Today, as you think of the happiness associated with the Christmas Carols, think of the joy that will come into thousands of homes this Christmas through the giving of music made possible by the phonograph. Think of the cultural influence music brings, the home interest it fosters, the inspiration it provides, the entertainment it gives to family and friends.



A New Standard

A new standard in quality of tone is brought to reproductive music by the Paramount Phonograph.

All three tone units were designed in a scientific way—not as separate units to fit into an assembled instrument, but as co-ordinated parts so each unit acts in perfect accord with the others.

Paramount Records

Paramount records represent new progress in record recording and making. You can play these records and all other makes on the Paramount with surprising realism of tone. Thus you can make your musical library complete.

See your Paramount dealer. Start the New Year with music and new happiness in your home.

THE PARAMOUNT CO., PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.

FACTORIES ALSO IN SHEBOYGAN AND GRAFTON

RECORDING LABORATORIES NEW YORK CITY

Distributing Points in Principal Cities

Paramount
Phonographs & Records

carefully threshed out at directors' meetings when he gets back home.

Another custom of the concern is to invite dealers from every part of the country to visit the factory, all expenses being on the concern, so as to get the benefit of their ideas. It would be natural to suppose that the big dealers would be the ones mainly to receive such invitations, but such is not the case. A dealer may be buying only a hundred dollars' worth of the concern's product a year, but if an executive on one of his information trips thinks such a man has ideas the little merchant is just as liable to be invited to the factory as the largest dealer in his city.

Last fall one of the factory executives was in a Far Western state, and made the acquaintance of a small merchant who seemed to be rather wide awake, and the executive invited him over to the hotel for dinner and an evening's talk. Before leaving town the executive asked the merchant if he would not like to take a trip at the expense of the big factory down East.

"Bring your wife along, too," said the executive, "and prepare to stay a week or two with us. We will try to show you both a pleasant time."

The executive had nothing definite in mind other than that the merchant was a live sort of a fellow who was handling their goods and might have an idea or two which could be used. The merchant himself was rather puzzled at the unexpected invitation, and expressed his thanks, saying he would see about it. There the matter rested until the regular traveling man of the concern came to town a month later. After the usual greetings, the traveling man asked the merchant what he had decided to do about visiting the factory.

"Oh, I guess I am not going to do anything about it," answered the merchant. "It was mighty nice for him to invite me, but I suppose it was only politeness on his part, and I don't feel right to let anyone spend so much money on me. It would cost five or six hundred dollars for my wife and me to make that trip. It's too much."

The traveling man was an old hand who knew the policies of his firm and what had made it successful.

"Don't you worry about the expense," he said. "If the Old Man asked you to go he believes it is going to pay. Just remember this: If they get one tiny idea from you which they put into practice the expense of your trip will amount to nothing in comparison. Just you pack up your things and make the trip."

Care in Advertising

Thus urged, the merchant went. Arriving at the factory town, he and his wife were met at the station and driven to the best hotel by an official of the concern. Each day someone took them on long automobile trips or to the county fair then in progress. It was not until toward the end of their stay that the merchant was invited to sit in at a meeting of the heads of departments and give advice or criticism regarding the company's product. He appreciated that it was up to him to make some striking suggestions, but he couldn't think of any.

He felt futile and foolish that he had allowed the concern to spend a lot of money on him when he could not give them any valuable advice in return. But the officials were very polite, merely thanking him for coming and expressing the hope that he had enjoyed himself.

When the conference broke up the advertising manager asked the merchant to step into his department, saying he wanted to show him some new advertising features which were being worked out. The merchant was much interested. He had no idea before how much care was spent in preparation of the page advertisements which greeted him from his favorite magazines each issue. He had a hazy idea that someone in the factory just wrote the ads during his spare time and mailed them to the magazine, just as he himself would write his newspaper advertisement after he had closed his store back home and carry it round to the newspaper office in time to be published in the morning.

But here he saw advertisements which were being planned months in advance. Sketches by a famous illustrator were scattered about, depicting the concern's product in all sorts of attractive ways, and bits of descriptive text were blue-penciled and changed until the person who wrote them would not have known them.

Over the advertising manager's desk was a framed motto which read:

"THEY DON'T WANT TO READ IT!"

It was such a peculiar motto that the merchant asked what it meant. The advertising manager laughed.

"I keep that motto in mind every minute while I am at work," he said. "It means just what it says. Most people are mentally lazy when it comes to reading. They don't want to read advertisements, anyhow; and they won't read them unless the advertisements are so good as actually to compel attention."

He pointed to the blue-penciled bits of copy.

"I have spent as much as a week's work on a single paragraph," he said, "trying to get my message into the fewest possible words. If I can say what I want to in fifty words, I will catch many a reader who would pass over it if I had used five hundred words.

"It's awfully hard, sometimes, ruthlessly to blue-pencil some beautiful phrase telling just how good our product really is," concluded the advertising manager, "but I nerve myself to do it by thinking that for every unnecessary word I leave out I am perhaps gaining a thousand additional readers."

The merchant thought uneasily of some of the ads he had been guilty of inflicting on the public of his home town, and resolved to do better. He suddenly remembered that it was September, while his ad in the leading motion-picture house of his home town still urged the public to give him a call and inspect the beautiful spring goods which were arriving daily.

A Practical Suggestion

His guilty thoughts were interrupted by the advertising manager, who called his attention to the dealers' helps which were in preparation. One in particular was very handsome. It was a large pasteboard cut-out designed to be shown in merchants' windows, and represented a very pretty girl looking at some of the concern's productions, the pretty girl registering great delight. The advertising manager was frankly proud of the design.

"Don't you believe that cut-out in one of your show windows would help sell some of our goods?" he asked.

The merchant agreed that the cut-out was very attractive, and would surely help to sell goods. But when he came to examine it closer he shook his head dubiously.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do me any good," he said. "It's too large to get into either of my show windows."

"Why, I thought you had a pretty good-sized store!" replied the advertising manager. "Surely your windows are large enough to display it in! I showed it to a merchant here in our town and he said it was just the right size."

The Westerner pondered a moment.

"I've noticed that the stores round this part of the country don't have their show windows cased in the way we do out West," he said. "Probably they don't need to, because it rains a good deal, and there isn't much dust flying.

"But, you know, out where I live," he continued, "it seldom rains during the summer months, and the dust is pretty bad at times. If we didn't have our windows cased in to protect the displays we should have a lot of stuff ruined. So every merchant has a back of glass or fancy wood to his show windows, with a small opening for the window trimmer to get through. I am sure there isn't a show window in my town with an opening large enough to get that pretty-girl advertisement of yours through. It ought to be at least six inches shorter."

The advertising manager accepted the the suggestion, and gave orders to have the cut-out made six inches shorter to meet requirements of dusty sections as well as rainy ones. The merchant went home, having had a good time at the expense of the manufacturing concern, but feeling decidedly guilty at having allowed them to spend so much money in paying the expenses of his trip. He felt that the occasion demanded that he should have given them some great constructive idea, but he had not been able to think of a thing.

A month later the concern's regular traveling man came into his store, and after booking an order asked the merchant how he had enjoyed his visit at the factory.

(Continued on Page 117)

The great service Wayne renders customer and dealer

"A Gallon?" Click! Down goes the quantity lever. A turn of the crank and Wayne delivers a gallon. No muss or spillage. At a glance the Wayne Dial assures the customer of accurate measure and the dealer of full profit. *Every drop saved*—it's either in customer's can or dealer's tank.

As the modern scale weighs, as the cash register records, so a Wayne *measures* and *records* liquids—kerosene, gasoline, lubricating and paint oils.

To the customer a Wayne Storage System means a square deal; clean, quick, convenient service—freedom from *offensive odors* and *taints*. A Wayne is the sure sign of the up-to-date grocer, druggist, hardware or implement dealer.

To the dealer Wayne's installation, regardless of store size or arrangement, means a saving of needless steps and labor. Built dirt, dust and fire proof, it eliminates waste, adds profit and multiplies sales. A Wayne makes "*package goods*" of your oil.

Alongside your finest merchandise, in plain view, a Wayne will attract trade, serve faithfully and satisfy your most exacting customers. Thousands attest to Wayne's endless advantages.

When you write, ask for descriptive bulletins or the personal advice of an expert covering your specific requirements. Both are gratis.

Wayne Oil Tank and Pump Company

Fort Wayne, Indiana

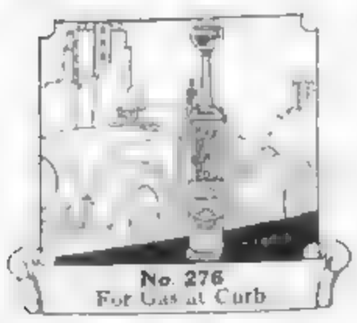
A national organization with offices in thirty-four cities. Repair stocks and service at your command.

REG. U. S. **Wayne** TRADE MARK

No. 364 Standard Wayne Long Distance Pump for handling and measuring gasoline and oils inside stores, garages and factories. Measures pints, quarts, half-gallons and gallons at a crank turn. Used in connection with underground or basement storage.

LIQUID STORAGE SYSTEMS

Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems | **Heavy Metal Storage Tanks** | **Oil Filtration Systems** | **Oil Burning Systems** | **Furnaces for Metal Melting Forging and Heat Treating**

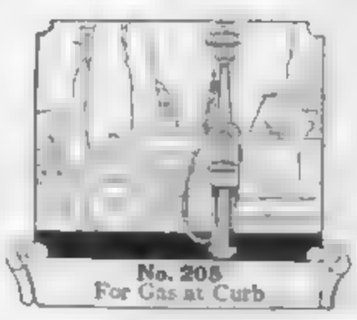


No. 276
For Gas at Curb

No. 320
For Oil at Curb

No. 230
For Gas and Oil

No. 65
For Lubricating Oils



No. 208
For Gas at Curb

No. 452
Visible Gas Pump

Let the Kahn Dealer Measure You

—*he knows how*

FURTHERMORE, he will assist you in selecting the fabric and style your personality demands.

He has at his disposal, and will place before you, hundreds of samples of high-grade, pure-wool materials, including scores of authentic tailoring fabrics, many of them exclusive with him in your community because they are confined to the Kahn Tailoring Company.

Furthermore, he is able to give you that assurance of satisfaction which every good dresser demands.

All over America the *Kahn* label is recognized as a *quality* label. It means more than pure-wool and perfect fit—it means that your clothes have that gentlemanly air born only of hand-tailoring.

If the clothes you wear bear the *Kahn* label, they are the best clothes that can possibly be made, no matter what price adjustments may be necessary to meet rapidly changing conditions.

Right now, your *Kahn* dealer is selling winter garments at prices that have been adjusted to meet the urgent demand for lower living costs.

Later he will have on display a most complete assortment of lighter spring materials at reasonable prices—*Kahn* quality considered. In this period of price readjustment *Kahn* tailored-to-measure garments continue to represent the greatest quality-value for the money.

And the *Kahn* dealer continues to supply the finest made-to-measure clothes in his community.

Note to Clothiers, Haberdashers and Special Order Tailoring Dealers: If KAHN Tailoring is not now being handled in your community, we have a proposition that will increase your profits and prestige. Write for our Spring sample line—backed by our consistent advertising campaign in this and other publications.

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS
MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 114)

"Oh, I enjoyed it all right," answered the merchant, "but I feel like sending them a check to pay them for all the money they spent on me. I wasn't able to tell them anything they didn't know already."

"Don't you worry about that," answered the traveling man. "I happen to know the firm is more than satisfied. Didn't our advertising man show you a window-display piece that he was getting out?"

"Yes, he showed it to me, and I thought it was very good," replied the merchant.

"And didn't you tell him it wouldn't be any good for the merchants out West here because it would be too big to get into the little doors which the window trimmers have to go through to arrange their displays?"

"I believe I did," the merchant recalled.

"What you didn't know," persisted the traveling man, "is that the concern was about to place an order for more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of those display pieces. If they had been made in the size as originally designed they would have been perfectly useless to half the dealers in the country.

"You told them something that they couldn't possibly have known, and thereby saved them at least ten thousand dollars. Forget that idea of yours about sending them a check. They are well satisfied with their bargain."

Not long ago I had some business with a manufacturing concern whose headquarters is in a big New York office building. I had expected to have quite a time getting an interview with the vice president, but to my surprise it was a very easy matter. When I went into the general offices he was in plain sight through the open door of his private room, with his name and title showing above the entrance.

A competent-appearing young woman asked me pleasantly what she might do for me, and directly I told her she merely stepped over to the vice president's door and asked if he was busy. He said he wasn't; in a moment I was in his presence. No one asked me for my card or what I wanted; I might have had a set of books concealed about my person for all they knew.

There was a pleasing assumption that I had some proper business with the vice president or I wouldn't have been there. Later I commented on the fact that it had been no trick at all to get at him, and the vice president explained it to me.

Doing Business by Rule

"We used to be formal enough," he said, "until we found it didn't always pay. We used to make every caller send in a card and tell in advance what he wanted before he could see any of the executives. We figured that we were increasing our efficiency by protecting ourselves from the chance of having our time taken up by unprofitable callers.

"We were just as formal in our organization as we were toward outsiders. We had a set of rules under which we worked, and no one from the president down could deviate from any one of them and get away with it."

The vice president looked reminiscently out the window a few minutes before he continued.

"We had become a beautiful machine," he said—"a beautiful, smoothly working machine. We had grown so big that we were getting away from the personal note, which is a dangerous thing for any business concern, big or little.

"The incident that woke us up to our danger and really caused us to change our methods happened about three years ago, and had to do with one of our branch managers, a fellow whom I will call Hayes.

"As you know, we make a line of office appliances. We have more than thirty branch offices throughout the country, and up to the time I speak of they were all run with the same set of rules, the chief one being that the branch manager must produce a profit or lose his job.

"This was the most inflexible rule of all. No matter what local conditions might be, every branch office had to be profitable. If it ran at a loss for three consecutive months the manager was dropped. It did him no good to send excuses. The company did not want excuses; it wanted business.

"At that time I was sort of special agent, my principal duties being to visit the branch offices at regular intervals to see that the policies of the company were being carried out, and whenever it became necessary to fire a branch manager it was my unpleasant function to do it.

"The branch over which Hayes presided began to run below its normal quota of sales. The home office prodded him with its form letters to no purpose. He did not answer the form letters, and did not send any excuses for his poor showing, merely sending in his few orders without comment. When three months had passed, during which his office showed an actual loss of money, I was ordered to go to the town and check him out. Twenty-four hours later I walked into his office.

"Hayes was sitting at his desk when I entered. He was a pleasant fellow of thirty-five whom I had known for years, and I really hated to do what I had come for. He saved me from embarrassment by bringing up the subject first.

"'Hello,' he said pleasantly. 'I guess I know what you're here for. When do I quit?'

"I told him that unfortunately he was right as to the object of my visit, and I would try to get him fixed up with some lesser position with the company; but at the same time I reminded him that his branch had lost money for three successive months, and the company's rules were inflexible on the subject. He had lost money for the company, and in doing so had lost his job; that was all."

A Journey Round the Town

"I didn't know until afterward how hard it was hitting Hayes to lose his job at that particular time; and even if I had, it could have made no difference, because the rule was plain. His wife had been desperately sick, and her hospital bills had cut into his savings to such an extent that a lesser position with the company would mean hardship. Besides, she was not yet in condition to be moved. But Hayes did not intimate anything of this as he faced me across his desk.

"'All right,' he said; 'I don't blame you. You are merely carrying out the rules of the company. I accept my firing cheerfully.'

"He handed me the keys to the office and safe to show that he was no longer in charge, and then spoke to me in a different tone.

"'Now that I am out of a job,' he said cordially, 'I can talk to you as one friend to another. I want to ask you as a special favor to be my guest to-day and run round town a little with me. Will you do it?'

"He was so earnest about it that I could not very well refuse. Accordingly I left the office in charge of the bookkeeper, and together Hayes and I went out on the streets.

"It was a Middle-Western town of round two hundred thousand population, the two principal business streets lined with big department stores, clothing and shoe establishments, and the general run of other lines of business capable of standing the pressure of high rents obtaining in a city of that size. I commented on the fact that it looked like a good business town. Hayes smiled as he replied.

"'Yes, it is a good business town,' he agreed, 'and I suppose you are thinking I must be a poor branch manager to allow my office to lose money for three successive months in such a good town.'

"We didn't talk any more on the subject as Hayes led me along the business streets, stopping now and then to look into show windows. Practically all the stores seemed to be having sales, based on various excuses. One department store was cutting ladies' suits in half because it was the establishment's nineteenth birthday. A shoe store had its shoes marked down because it was the last week in the month. A jewelry establishment had its show windows full of ladies' platinum wrist watches advertised at a third off, in order, as the advertisement said, to encourage habits of punctuality.

"We stopped before two or three locations in the business district where excavations had been made for office buildings, but no work was going on. Hayes explained that there had been a succession of labor troubles, and operations had been held up pending settlement. Then we got in a street car and went out into the manufacturing district. Hayes explained that he wanted to see two or three concerns with whom he had been figuring on putting in some of our machines. As we entered the office of the first concern I noticed that Hayes seemed to be on a friendly basis with everyone. He spoke to several of the employees, calling them by their first names, and then asked if the general manager was in. On being

Regal Caps

This oval trade-mark is stamped in every Regal *Patrician* Cap. Be sure to look for it when you buy. It's a guarantee of longer wear and lasting style, for Regal *Patricians* are protected by their "Cravenetted" finish against shrinking in size and becoming shapeless when exposed to bad weather. Sold by 20,000 dealers from coast to coast at $3.00 to $5.00.

425 Fifth Ave., New York THE REGAL-SPEAR CO. 647 S. Wells St., Chicago
LARGEST CLOTH HEADWEAR HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Cotton Comfort
Woolen Warmth
Iron Clad Durability

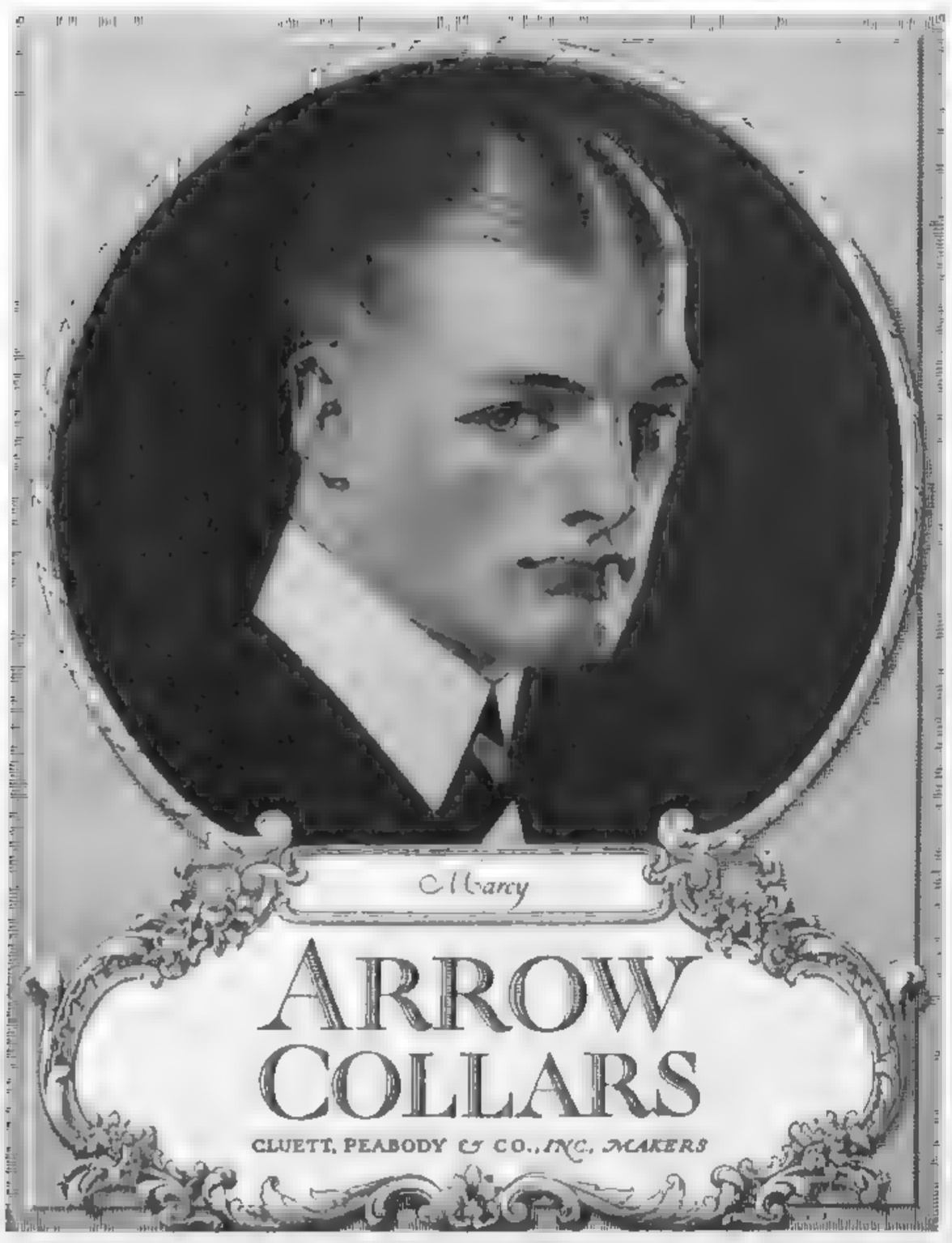
The softness of cotton and the warmth of wool have been knit into this durable, medium-weight sock.

Next to the skin one finds a layer of soft cotton-comfort while the outer layer of smooth-knit worsted provides the required woolen-warmth. A rich, dark oxford gray, the sock is as handsome as it is right in texture and weight. It is Iron Clad, which means unusual durability.

If you do not know of an Iron Clad dealer nearby, send us 75c (if you live east of the Rockies) for each pair wanted, stating size (sizes 9½ to 11½). If you prefer black, order No. 335, same price. We will forward to your address, postage prepaid. Mail your order to-day to Cooper-Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Michigan.

Cooper-Wells & Co.
212 Vine St. St. Joseph, Michigan

IRON CLAD
No. 334–O



told that he was, Hayes led the way into that executive's private office, and after introducing me he plunged into business.

"'I am getting through with the company here,' he said, 'but before I leave I want to find out how you feel about that order for our machines that you have been promising me.'

"The general manager replied in sincere fashion that he was sorry to hear of Hayes' leaving town, and hoped he was bettering himself. But as to buying the machines he was positive.

"'You know how conditions are round here, Hayes,' he said. 'I have promised to buy your machines, and I am going to do it. But it is going to be three or four months, as I figure it, before conditions will warrant our making the outlay. Until then we will have to get along on the equipment we have.'

"Hayes took me to several other concerns where he had been trying to do business, but everywhere the answer was the same: they would not buy until local conditions changed. After a while we got back to our own office, and Hayes sat down at his old desk preparatory to turning the office affairs over to me. Suddenly he laid down the papers he had got out of the files and sat up straight in his chair facing me, speaking very deliberately.

"'Now that I am fired,' he said, 'I want to say a few things for the good of the company that I couldn't say when I was on its pay roll. I walked you round town this morning,' he continued, 'to show you just how things are in this city. You noticed that all the merchants are putting on cut-price sales. You don't suppose they are doing it because they love the public, do you? They are cutting the prices on their merchandise because they need the money, and for no other reason.

"'As a matter of fact, this city is passing through very hard times. On account of last summer's drought our trade territory is in bad shape, and cannot pick up until this year's crops begin to come in. Besides that, local labor troubles have held up building operations, as you saw by the unfinished office buildings. We haven't had the benefit of pay rolls in the building trades, which would have helped out a good deal.

"'There simply has not been a chance for me to make this office pay expenses, and it will be at least three or four months more before it can possibly show a profit. I have recognized that fact, and have been trying to line up future business, as you saw by the calls we made on those manufacturers this morning.'"

A Victim of the System

"Hayes paused and looked out the window for a few moments before he continued.

"'What you are doing is this,' he said: 'You have fired me, and some ambitious young fellow will be sent here to take my place who won't be able to do any more than I have, simply because the business isn't here at present. After three months' losses you will fire him. Then you will send someone else here. By that time it is possible that the labor troubles will be ended and the season's crops will have been turned into money. Business will be normal again, and the man in charge of this office will begin to cash in on all the missionary work I have been doing during the bad times. He will be hailed as a wonder to be able to get business where two of us had miserably failed.'

"Hayes stopped for breath, and I broke in to ask him why he hadn't written all this to the home office instead of waiting until I had to come to take over his job. He got a little sarcastic at this.

"'Why didn't I write the home office?' he repeated. 'You know why I didn't. It wouldn't have done any good. The home office worships the little god, system, too much. The system requires that any branch manager shall lose his job if he falls down three months in succession. It doesn't take into consideration that one spot in the country may be having bad times while everywhere else things are prosperous. It just assumes that the man is to blame and fires him.'

"I was quite a bit stirred up over Hayes' line of talk. What he said was doubtless true. We were going to lose a good man in him, and probably the system would demand that we fire someone else before the branch again would be on a paying basis. I asked Hayes to stick round a while. Then I left him to go out and investigate conditions for myself.

"I found everything just as he had stated. In every line business men were simply marking time until the poor conditions should adjust themselves. No one was spending money for new equipment; they were getting along on what they had, even though it might be inadequate. It was easy enough to see why our branch had been losing money. In a couple of hours I went back to see Hayes. He had all his figures checked up and was waiting for me.

"'Put up those figures, Hayes,' I said. 'I am going to defy the little god, system. I want you to get on the train with me and go to New York to tell the Old Man just what you have told me. If you are going to be fired someone else will have to do it—I shan't.'

"Together we went to the home office to tell the story. I wasn't so sure that I wouldn't lose my own job in defying the ironclad rule of the concern, but it seemed to me that any system which let out a man like Hayes for something that was beyond anyone's power to help was fundamentally wrong.

"The president of the concern was then, as now, a big man. He had built the business up himself from small beginnings. The system that had crept in had come so gradually that he did not realize himself, probably, how strong it was. He listened gravely to my story of how I had been sent to fire Hayes and hadn't done it. After asking a few questions he leaned across the desk at us and spoke thoughtfully."

The President Relents

"'According to all the rules of the concern,' he said, 'it is my duty to ask you both for your resignations. You are both experienced enough to know that a business like ours with branches all over the country can't be run like a corner grocery store. We have got to have system.'

"I thought there was sort of a regretful note in his voice as he went on.

"'One of the hard things about building up a big business,' he said, 'is the fact that it gets one away from human relationships. I can't sit down and talk face to face with an employee a thousand miles away, and so I have to frame up a system for him to go by. But the system that is framed up for the man in Seattle may not fit the conditions under which the man in Atlanta is working.'

"He waved his hand at us to show that the interview was ended.

"'Now you two fellows get out of here,' he commanded. 'Come back to-morrow morning.' But as we were going out the door he called after us, 'Don't go and hire yourselves out to anyone else. Probably I will be able to find something for you both to do.'

"When we went back next day we found the president had been busy. He had abolished the rule which decreed that any branch manager must be let out whose office showed a loss for three successive months. He spoke to Hayes first.

"'I have created a new job for you,' he announced. 'Twice a year you are going to visit each of our agencies and spend a couple of friendly days with the branch manager. You are going to find out what his particular troubles are and how his community differs from other communities. If he is falling down you will learn why, and if he is being extra successful you will likewise find out why. From now on we aren't going to lose the services of any good man because his territory happens to be in a slump.'"

It was an entertaining story, with plenty of human interest. But the vice president had not yet explained why it had been so easy to get into his private office. I pressed the question.

"I guess I made kind of a hit with the chief on account of my not firing Hayes," he answered, "and the first thing I knew he got me elected to this vice-president job. He and I are in thorough accord on one thing: When humanness and system conflict, we forget system."

Order
by Mail
"The South's Most Famous Confection"
ORIGINAL
CREOLE PRALINES
GRUNEWALD
IF YOU have ever visited New Orleans, then of course you have tasted this famous candy which The Hotel Grunewald Caterers have made and sold for years.
The demand has become so great that we are now supplying Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) direct by mail, parcel post insured, in specially constructed mailing cartons, carefully packed.
Absolutely pure, made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole-half) pecan meats.
Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. Cleanliness and purity are Grunewald watchwords. That's why Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made. Do not accept substitutes!
A delightful confection, dessert, or after-dinner dainty.
The HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS
Dept. P
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Mail Orders filled anywhere. P. O. or Express Money Orders or Personal Checks accepted
Also By Mail
GRUNEWALD
FORKDIPT
Chocolates and Bon Bons
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES
One pound $2.00
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS
One pound $1.00
ASSORTED CHOCOLATE NUT MEATS
One pound $1.50
Parcel Post Prepaid Insured
Finest Materials
Cleanliness — Purity
Creole Pralines
BOX OF 7. $1.00
BOX OF 12 . $1.50
BOX OF 24 . . . $3.00

A Mohawk Message to Dealers -

In laying your plans for the coming season's business, consider these facts:

You have your choice of three distinct grades of tires—First, cheap, shoddy tires which are made for bargain hunters, and sold by dealers who never expect to see the same customer twice.

Second, middle grade tires which are an honest value, but are built little, if any, better than necessary to make good the guarantee. The chief disadvantage of this business is that it shifts continually from brand to brand and from dealer to dealer, rising and falling with each business flurry.

Or, you can select one of the tires made by a small group of tire makers known as the "Quality Group" -tires with mileage which exceeds the ordinary guarantees by 20, 30, and even 50%—tires made of the finest of rubber and the strongest of fabric—often containing as high as 25% more material than the ordinary tire maker thinks necessary.

The Mohawk is one of the oldest, best known tires in this latter group.

Upon the type of tire you sell depends the type of business you build. Which will you choose?

You will find the most prosperous dealers in the country handling these "Quality Tires". Many of our dealers have been with us since the company started eight years ago.

Their business is substantial, because drawn from the better class of discriminating car owners.

An analysis of the records kept by these dealers proves that over 85% of all Mohawk trial buyers continue to use Mohawks exclusively thereafter. This is the final proof of tire quality.

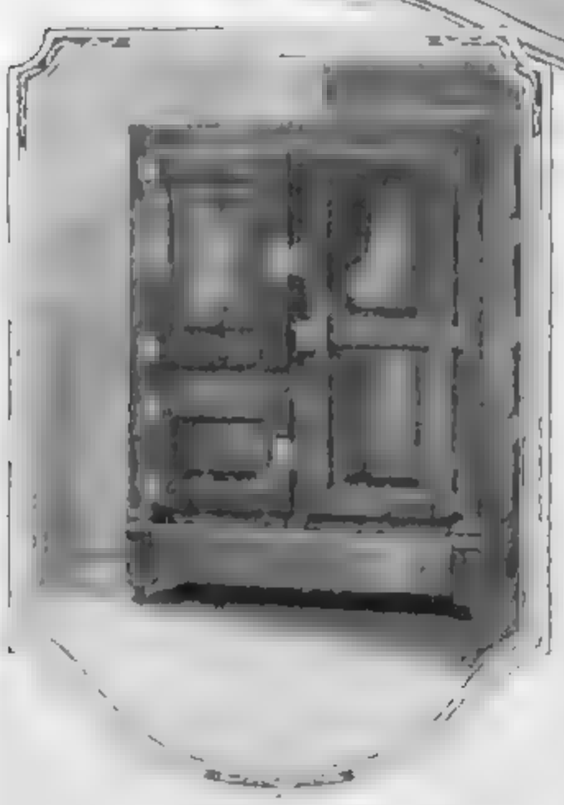
We shall be glad to supply complete information regarding Mohawk Tires or the selling proposition.

MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LOS ANGELES

MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA



As good as gone

The finish on an ice chest has to stand up between extreme cold inside and extreme heat outside and moisture on both sides. Its varnish must be the right varnish to meet this condition. Altogether too many refrigerators turn white and begin to go to pieces long before their day. When you buy one inquire about the finish.

A three weeks' finish

Recently, the purchaser of a well-advertised desk wrote to the manufacturers: "If you could see my desk after only three weeks' use, you would admit that the finish does not measure up to the 'ingredient' idea of your advertisements. It lacks the necessary quality of toughness to resist the wear and tear." Do you think this purchaser will buy the same desk next time?

Every Automobile Show is a Paint and Varnish Show

AT the shows they all shine—every car resplendent. But how good is that paint and varnish finish? Is it a finish put on to sell the car or is it a finish that will fully protect and give long life to all parts and to the car as a whole? How will these same cars look on the road—six months from now—a year from now?

You will find a part of the answer to this question if you make careful inquiry about the paint and varnish finishing of the cars that interest you.

When you pay for "finish"—body finish, chassis finish, engine finish—you are not buying luxury. You are buying serviceability and long life. And this economic truth applies to almost every manufactured article you can think of.

Paint and varnish, properly applied, mean economy first—appearance second.

We have prepared a book which you will find as interesting as it is valuable. It will tell you some new things about surface protection as a means to prevent loss. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

You have a right to insist on:

Automobile chassis and bodies with a finish that will last as long as that on fenders.

Home and office furniture that will not scratch readily nor mar after a few years in use.

Ice-boxes that will not turn white while in use.

Piano finishes that will show no shrinkage cracks at the end of a year.

Kitchen tables so varnished or enameled that they will stand up under hard daily use.

Painted toys whose finish the baby can not lick off.

Tools which will not rust readily.

Machinery finishes that will not soften up under oil.

Agricultural equipment, tools, machinery and tractors that can be left in the field in the farming season without the metal rusting and the wood rotting.

Tough finishes on metal—finishes which will not chip readily.

This advertisement is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries and their divisions.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"–Paint & Varnish

WOOD SURFACES | PLASTER SURFACES | CONCRETE SURFACES | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS SURFACES | METAL SURFACES | BRICK SURFACES

EUROPE COMES ACROSS

(Continued from Page 19)

"You mean—didn't Italy seem beautiful to you, after all?"

"Yes, yes, just as beautiful. Never shall I forget those first few days and evenings. I was so happy I felt I couldn't be alive. And then—oh, I don't know how it was the rapture left me. I looked at the blue bay and all at once it seemed to me like a big cat—so beautiful, so lazy, staring at me always as if it did not care. I got tired of hearing the boys sing Santa Lucia. But most of all it was the people on the street—how I wanted to push them and make them go faster! Some of the girls I used to know came to call on me and, ah, they bored me! - so stupid, so fat, and some of them already, at my age, grandmothers! For remember that it had been twenty-two years since I left them, and what different things had filled our lives! Ah, those twenty-two years!—I thought all the time it was only my body they were possessing, but"—and she struck her chest with a dramatic gesture—"it was here. All the time America had been creeping into my very soul.

"For months I would not admit these things. You've got to be happy, you've got to be happy—like a lesson at school that I had to learn, I said this over and over to myself. Then one day I knew there was no use pretending to myself any longer. I was bored with my beautiful Italy. What I wanted was my little flat in Harlem once more—what I wanted even more was my shop with the buzz, buzz, that I used to hate. And so, here I am—this time to stay."

Of course the exodus from Italy is not made up exclusively of these sentimental pilgrims. On the contrary, there are still many economic pioneers. Among this number was Giacomo, a middle-aged man, loamy in tint as if he had been upturned by the primitive plow on his own little farm in Northern Italy. With the proceeds of the sale of this farm Giacomo was arriving in America. His reason for abandoning it, though perhaps lacking a widespread authority, deserves attention, because it points to an overlooked result of the war.

"Me farm in Italy! No, no. There is too much danger. The whole country is filled with shells. Many of them have not yet gone off. And this summer when a neighbor of mine was plowing in his field—bang, bang, bang!—off went a shell buried in the ground."

Whether or not this was merely a picturesque legend, Giacomo was taking five hundred dollars to California, where he expected to grow raisins. He was the only Italian of the numbers to whom I talked who had any agricultural inclinations. The others were bound straight for cities and towns.

Carlotta's Idea of America

Giacomo was reasonable about this country. He said he expected to work for everything that he got. Here and there, however, one finds a striking survival of the old type of Miltonic imagination. For instance, there was Carlotta.

Carlotta was sixteen and she had come from Naples, where her father was a policeman, in response to the solicitations of a brother who had been established in New York City for the past twelve years.

"What do you expect to do in this country?" I began.

"Do?" The dark eyes met my transitive verb in great surprise.

"Why, yes—are you going to work?"

"Oh, no, no, signora! I never worked in my life."

"Then have you money of your own?"

But Carlotta was more and more bewildered by the impact of such homespun questions. It was only when I asked her what she thought New York was like that her real gifts displayed themselves.

"It will be like a big garden," said she, and her flashing smile overreached her present surroundings—the dingy detention room crowded with waiting women and children, where she was looking for her brother to claim her. "People will just walk round from place to place in the sunshine and have a good time."

"Ah, but money—where will you get that?"

"Oh"—and she flashed another radiant smile—"in America that just comes!"

Poor little Carlotta! What a difficult adjustment will be here when she finds herself part of the dark hurrying wave of workers that flows into the great lofts of lower Fifth Avenue and Broadway! Will she, as she covers fur buttons or learns to operate a machine in some clothing manufactory, regret the beauties of her own land? Or will she, as did Signorina Del N——, find her own bitter substitutions? I wondered that as I began my interrogations of a different kind of immigrant. This was the Polish Jew.

Among all these new Americans the Hebrew from Russian Poland has perhaps caused the greatest disquiet to those interested in immigration. Reason for this disquiet is found in the fact that the exodus from this section is mightier than ever before. From Warsaw comes the report that between five hundred and one thousand Jews daily receive passport visas for the United States, a rate which threatens the arrival of a quarter of a million of this people within the year—and that through Warsaw alone.

It is by no means a racial prejudice which creates the alarm at this tremendous flooding. One receives testimony to this fact when one reads that a wealthy and prominent New York Hebrew who was in Paris this autumn in connection with the distribution of American relief funds made a tremendous effort to impress upon Jewish leaders abroad the necessity of restricting the Hebrew emigration. No; justification for uneasiness is to be located in causes far removed from the sectarian. First, the immigrant from this section, exposed as he has been for years to unsettled conditions of life—to war, disease, hunger and cold—represents a low ebb in physical vitality. He is, generally speaking, the most underfed, the most poorly clothed and the most wretched in appearance of all the present-day arrivals at Ellis Island. Second, his refusal to focus upon any save urban centers creates, particularly in the already congested East Side, an acute phase of the housing problem.

The Opinions of Yaffim

But the real storm center in our wonder regarding the desirability of this type of citizen is a natural suspicion of his political creed. The average American asks himself what percentage of chance exists that a number of the emigrants from a country so closely in contact with Bolshevism should not have been inoculated with its principles.

Though, however, there is bound to exist such suspicion, the official information at Ellis Island is that few cases of radicalism are discovered among the immigrants. This is true not only of the Polish Jew but of other races. But in the face of this soothing assurance comes the admission that a radical is hard to locate. Naturally enough, the revolutionist does not tell his love—of revolution—to Ellis Island. And unless there be some definite background of radical association to convict a newcomer, the burden of proof rests upon future years in America.

Indeed, however wrong may be his other assumptions regarding the land to which he has just come—no matter if he think that the streets run with gold—the immigrant seems almost invariably correct in one theory.

It is that the political agitator is not wanted in this country. Mention the word "Bolshevism" to him and he retires behind impenetrable walls of silence.

Thus it happened that I asked Italians, Poles, Spaniards and Czechoslovakians what they thought of soviet government without getting anything more compromising than a shrug or a smile. I was, in fact, in despair of ever finding anything more substantial when I happened to meet Yaffim. Yaffim was twelve years old and he, together with five other children, was standing beside his mother in the detention yard at Ellis Island. A rather undersized boy, dressed quite neatly, there was nothing remarkable about this future American citizen except a vivid exploration of gaze. Even while he looked down at two of the smaller children—these, Saidie and Sacha, were odd little figures in blue-gray rubber coats buttoned to their chins—with a glance of almost fatherly amusement, you felt that his mind was projecting itself far beyond the familiar.

Questioned, he told me eagerly about himself and his family. They had come

"X" for boilers will add a month to many a coal pile this winter

Nine out of every ten steam or hot water boilers are being fed hard water—the only available supply.

This water forms scale in the boiler. More coal is needed to get the proper heat—25% for each one-eighth inch of scale.

For years good steamfitters have used "X" Boiler Liquid to prevent and dissolve scale. Now "X" Boiler Liquid is available for everybody.

Your steamfitter can apply it in five minutes. Or any handy man can do it.

"X" Boiler Liquid also stops leaks. Makes a metal-like repair that will stand 500 lbs. pressure.

At steamfitters or good hardware dealers.

"X" LABORATORIES 25 W 45 St NEW YORK

Convenient to Buy

Make your choice speedily and with ease—in any dealer's—from the Esterbrook Display Case. Be sure of the satisfaction you will feel.

For millions use Esterbrooks—their leadership has been supreme for over a half century. Such a record is based on uniform performance—among all types of users. When you want pen excellence insist on Esterbrooks.

Choose from the case, order by number and buy by the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Manufacturing Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook PENS

When Other Lights Fail

When fog baffles your headlights, and you grope ahead into unknown danger—*then* you'll be glad of your foresight in equipping *now* with the Anderson Autoreelite De Luxe, with the "Goldenlyte" Reflector. The yellow beam from its gold-plated parabolic reflector penetrates fog and enables you to drive in confidence and security.

You'll be glad again when there's tire or engine trouble at night. Two twists of the knurled nut and the Anderson Autoreelite reels out any distance to twelve feet—illuminates any part of the car—makes repairing at night as easy as by day. Polished, heavy all-nickel finish, the De Luxe model is the smartest of all spotlights—and a trouble or portable light besides.

Preclude tardy regret. Secure your Autoreelite now from any good dealer or supply house. Write for booklet S. P 306 describing all models.

Makes an excellent Christmas present.

De Luxe Model—7-inch diameter, all-nickel finish, 27 c. p. light with "Goldenlyte" Reflector, $20 00

ANDERSON ELECTRIC & EQUIPMENT CO.
154-160 Whiting St. Chicago, Ill.

Anderson Autoreelite

from a village near Warsaw and they were waiting here until his father, a worker in the clothing industry in Chicago, sent them the money for their trip. He had gone to the gymnasium in Poland and, he added proudly, was already in his second year. But schooling was difficult in his section. It, like everything else, had been rendered so by the fighting and the frequent changes of government.

"And what do you expect to do in America?" I asked him.

"Go to school." It was, of course, the only answer you expected from the owner of those eager, searching eyes.

However, even Yaffim yielded gradually to a more sordid curiosity. "Is it hard to get the bread cards in America?" he asked after a time.

Upon hearing that we had no such system of food distribution the boy was plainly dazzled. Getting something to eat without any card! The way this intelligent Polish boy met the idea gave one an aching sense of the privations from which he and his people had come.

It was just as I was leaving him that I ventured the question which had so long been doomed to shrugs, smiles and shakes of the head:

"And what do you think of the Bolsheviki?"

He gave me a keen, long look. "Well," said he, "they are not bad men. In some ways they are much better than the others who have governed."

"In what ways?"

"Well, while they were at the head it was much easier for the poor to get food. Yes, and we were not so afraid either."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of the pogroms," he answered gravely. "You see, the Poles, they threaten these always. It is one of their war measures. That is why so many of my people are trying to get away."

"But you would not like to see the Bolsheviki govern America, would you?"

He weighed the question carefully; then with a smile as much under the authority of that precocious mind as were his dark eyes, he gave this significant answer: "If there are no food cards in America why should one wish for the Bolsheviki to get them easier?" said Yaffim.

A Little Bluestocking

I had thought this boy was removed perhaps from other children of his race by his central interest in America—that of schooling. But the Polish boys and girls to whom I spoke subsequently all displayed the same zeal for education. Thus, one little sixteen-year-old girl of whom I asked the classic question, "Why did you come to America?" replied immediately, "Because here I can go to school every day without stopping for the fighting."

She too had come from a village near Warsaw and, like Yaffim, was joining a father in this country. Her parent was a prosperous tailor in St. Louis, and all her questions about that city centered upon the educational advantages. Amused by this high tide of feeling, I inquired at last whether she expected to become rich in this country.

"Perhaps," was her final word, "but, after all, that does not matter. Learning is more important than food and clothes."

Both Yaffim and this impassioned little bluestocking came from a superior class of Polish Hebrews. The girl was very well dressed and her red cheeks did not indicate that she had been living in a land ravaged by hunger and disease. Indeed it is surprising how many of the newcomers from even this warbound section sustain what I have said about the modern immigrant. And in saying this I am not of course oblivious of a previous statement to the effect that Polish Russia was contributing the most wretched-looking units in the Ellis Island line-up. Distributed among the intelligent ones like Yaffim you find, in fact, numbers of men and women who come patently from the itinerant-trader class.

Though Polish Russia departs from my thesis that this is mainly a sentimental pilgrimage, though this part of Europe is exerting every pressure of war, hunger and fear upon the pioneer spirit of both men and women, the children whom I have quoted prove that even here there are many Mrs. Jasons and little Jasons coming to join the Paterfamilias Jason, from whom the war has so long separated them.

Another who testified to this fact was a little Jewish woman from Minsk, to whom I talked in the same crowded detention yard where I had found Yaffim.

"Ah," said she, wringing her hands and giving me a plaintive look from the bleak blue eyes set obliquely above high saffron cheek bones, "just think—eight years since I have seen my husband, and now I must wait until my little boy he get well of the sickness."

She went on to say that her husband had a tailor shop in Chicago and that he had come all the way East to meet her. "And now," she added with mournful outspreading of palms, "I cannot get out to join him. But"—and her face lighted—"such good things he bring me to eat!"

This woman had lived on brown bread and tea for a year. So had her neighbors. The cost of meat she reported as being equal to a man's monthly wages. All about Minsk there had been constant fighting. And always there had been with her people the constant terror of the pogrom. This winter was going to be worse. That was why everyone she knew was trying to get to America. Was it any wonder that her answer to the query as to what she wanted of this country was the one word "peace"? Or that it was uttered with a solemnity that made it seem the voice of an entire people?

Races That Swell the Cities

The Polish Jew, like the Italian, is not going to do much toward the solution of the farm-labor problem in this country. He is going to settle in the cities. So, too, so far as I could ascertain, are the Spaniards. These last are coming over in greater numbers than at any previous time, and though there seems to be a persistent theory to the effect that they are bound for the farm lands I myself could find no ground for it. One young fellow to whom I talked was going to work in a mill in Trenton, New Jersey. Another was claiming a job in a factory in Waterbury, Connecticut. Still others were destined for the California cities and towns.

Among the last was a family from Salamanca. The father, a lean, brown young fellow, looking out from under the brim of his soft black hat with its pointed crown, explained that he was going to Los Angeles, where his brother was a carpenter.

He himself did not know what he would do. He was willing to work at anything. He and his little wife were so well dressed that the inquiry as to why they were exchanging Salamanca for Los Angeles was inevitable.

At this the wife, wrinkling up her small nose and nodding her head from side to side, for all the world like a chipmunk, replied that it was true that wages were high in their native city and that, though prices too were exceedingly high, her husband had been getting along well in the woolen factory where he had worked.

"It was not that he was not doing well in Spain," said she finally, "it was that he thought in America he could do better."

It was a perfectly good excuse for being in the United States, and one presented by many of the Spaniards to whom I talked. Others reported that fear of widespread industrial disturbances had urged them to a country of greater stability.

Czechoslovakia! When you say this word—or, according to the preferred method, get someone else to say it for you—you hit upon one of the big factors in our present immigration. And here again we encounter the sentimental motivation. That many of these Argonauts from the new republic which is composed of Bohemia, Moravia and the Slavic northern part of old Hungary are coming to join Paterfamilias is evinced by the fact that one-third of the steerage passengers on a Dutch boat which arrived one day this autumn was composed of children from Czechoslovakia and from Poland.

The thing that impresses you about these people is their well-fed appearance. So striking is this that one wonders at first if their real purpose in coming to America is not to reduce. To illustrate, there was one Czechoslovakian woman who came from some small village by a name too hard on the proofreader to repeat. At no point had the brakes been applied to that figure, clad in its cotton dress and brightly figured apron—for the Czechoslovakian peasant woman, unlike most of the immigrants of to-day, does not modify her national costume—and her china-blue eyes stared out

(Continued on Page 125)

ARMCO AMERICAN INGOT IRON

TRADE MARK

The Man in the Mask

Here is the metal doctor—the man who mends the fractures and the breaks; the welder, who takes cracked, broken, almost worthless parts and makes them as good as new.

It is impossible to measure this man's value to American industry—the thousands of dollars he saves by repairing crippled castings.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is best for welding because it is practically pure. The molecular structure is uniform throughout, insuring smoothness in welding.

For repair welding, for manufacturing products such as iron and steel barrels, grave vaults, pressure tanks, polished stove parts, use ARMCO Ingot Iron.

PAGE STEEL & WIRE CO., Monessen, Pa., are manufacturers and distributors of ARMCO Ingot Iron electrodes and welding rods for the electric arc and oxy-acetylene torch.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Box 276, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO Ingot Iron
RESISTS RUST

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office

Erie Posts Millions a Month on Elliott-Fisher without Trouble

Freight Auditing done quicker, better, and at less cost than in any other way—says office chief

THE monthly load on the Freight Auditor's office of the Erie Railroad is the posting of some one hundred thousand waybills—representing millions of dollars—and dividing the charges among the roads affected. The office is a great clearing house of freight charges. The Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System does this work easily because all the needed records are made at one operation. Abstract in triplicate and continuous station record or Proof-Sheet are printed at one time. The Proof-Sheet is a check on the agent's received report and on the abstracts—if it checks the report the work is proved.

It only requires fifteen Elliott-Fisher operators to record the essential details of every freight shipment made over the Erie Railroad.

This work goes through the Auditor's office the day the waybills are received. It is a big job that requires a tremendous amount of detail, and it must be right.

Under old methods the work would require at least twice the number of clerks now employed. It is estimated by the railroad that the Elliott-Fisher Machines pay for themselves in less than two years.

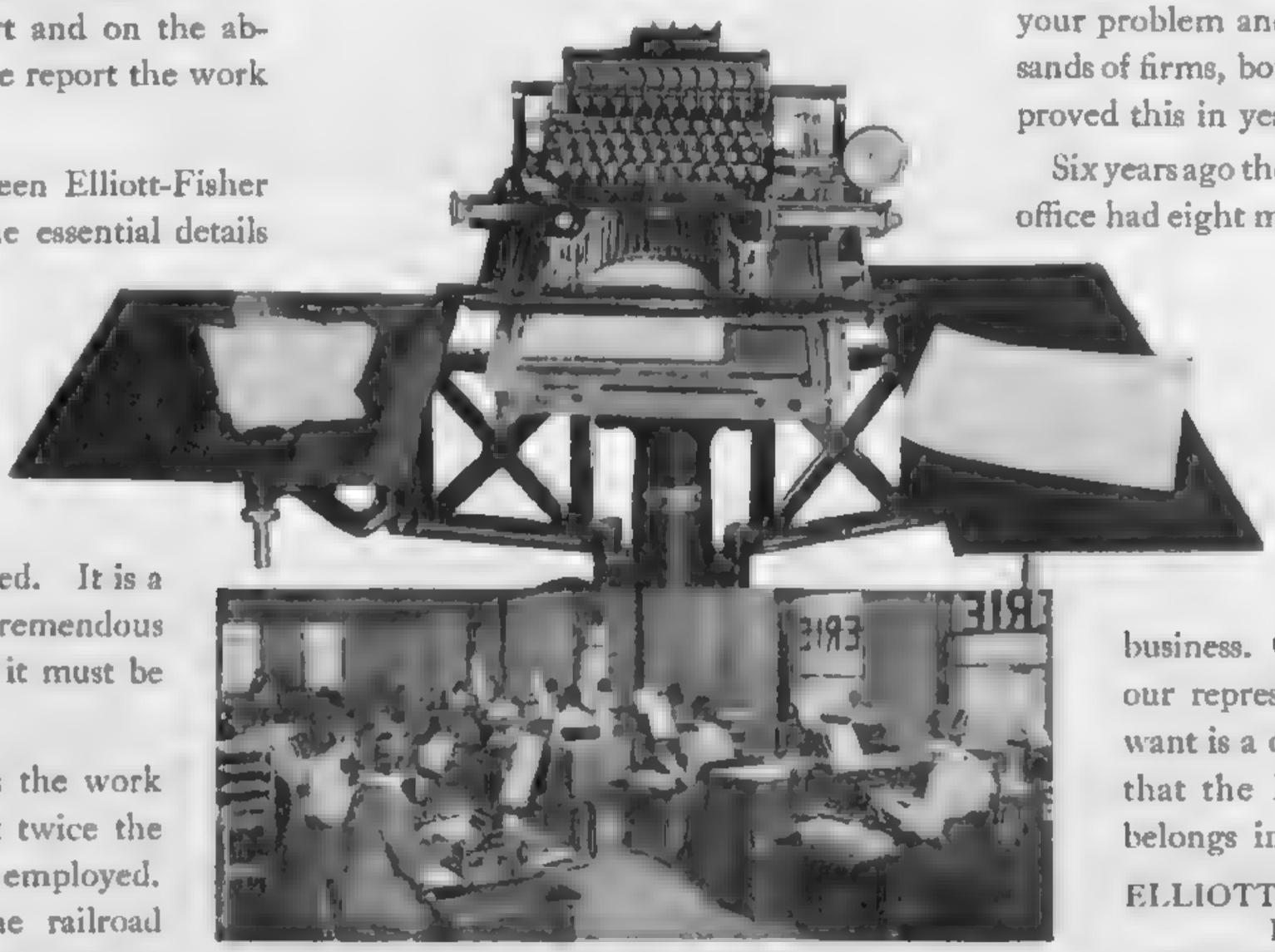
The work is balanced daily and any errors are discovered immediately. Monthly balances and Division Statements are secured at the first figuring, without extra work or lost time.

It is the "one-operation" feature that gives the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System its superiority for accounting work of every kind. It gives great speed and reduces the personal element to a minimum. And the one-operation feature is due to the Flat Bed, or flat writing surface, permitting the use of dissimilar forms, card ledgers, bound volumes, with perfect registration and ease of handling. The forms are stationary on the flat platen, while the machine head moves over them as the hand does when writing.

For every purpose of accounting and bookkeeping, accounts receivable or payable, cost distribution, payrolls, banking; for billing, stock-keeping, recording deeds, manifolding orders, etc., the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System will fit into your problem and make it easy. Thousands of firms, both large and small, have proved this in years of actual service.

Six years ago the Erie Freight Auditor's office had eight machines; now there are fifteen. The way Elliott-Fisher users add to their equipment is our best testimonial.

Write for booklet showing how Elliott-Fisher can help your business. Or better, have one of our representatives call. All we want is a chance to convince you that the Elliott-Fisher System belongs in your office.



Elliott-Fisher Machines Operating in Erie Office

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
Harrisburg, Pa.
Branches in 100 Principal Cities

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

(Continued from Page 122)

uncuriously from smooth cheeks glowing with color.

"Always plenty of good things to eat," she reported. "Nobody in my part of the country has suffered from lack of food. The farmers, they hardly knew there was a war going on."

This was a Slavic Mrs. Jason. Her husband works in a factory in Detroit, where she is joining him after a twelve years' absence. She herself lived in this Middle Western city for a few years before her maternal heart responded to the call of duty and she went back to Europe to marry off her daughters. This civil campaign had operated in connection with the more widely known military one to keep her all this time from Jason. Now she tells you she is glad to be back.

In asserting that the present-day immigrant is of a better class than the one of prewar days, Commissioner Wallis draws your attention to the fact that very few of today's applicants are unable to cope with the literacy test. In this Ellis Island class of bright pupils the Czechoslovakian may be imagined always as holding up his hand first when teacher asks a question. The official figures of the Immigration Bureau show, in fact, that the percentage of illiteracy among the Czechs who came here in 1912 was very small. And not only this either. The Czech or Bohemian trained in the textile and glass and pottery factories of his native country is bringing to America a highly developed skill.

It was the small son of a Bohemian textile worker employed in Trenton whom I met the first day I spent at Ellis Island. His name was Anton and I was attracted to him first by the loving way in which he held a shabby violin case. Then I noticed how delicate and fine was the small blond face above the quaint little roundabout.

"Why are you bringing that to America?" I asked, pointing to the violin case.

An Old Bohemian Custom

"Because I take it every place," he replied simply. And from that point began the questions dictated by his deepest concern. Did one hear music all the time in Trenton as one did in Prague? Were there many fine teachers of the violin in America? Did they play Smetana's operas over here?

I interrupted this localized catechism to ask him if he expected to grow rich in America.

The fourteen-year-old boy looked at me almost wonderingly.

"In Bohemia," said he, "there is an old custom. When a child is born they place a piece of money and a violin before it. If it chooses the money it will grow up to be a thief; if it chooses the other it will be a musician. I chose the violin."

Nor was this wistful little figure bringing his old violin to the New World remarkable in his musical direction. For it must be remembered that these compatriots of Dvorák and Kubelik, of Smetana and Fibich, come from a land saturated with music, a land where almost every peasant fiddles and where you are likely to hear the farmers practicing one of the Beethoven quartets. It very frequently happens, indeed, that a Czechoslovakian puts art before commerce and will prefer a job at small wages with some possibility of musical expression to the profitable occupation with none.

An illustration of this was afforded by two husky young six-footers whom I intercepted at the Ellis Island railroad station on their way to Washington State. One of them had a harmonium tucked under his arm and it was he who answered my questions.

They were both of them going to cut timber in the West. A friend already in Washington was responsible for their presence in this country. He had written them of the beautiful country, the good wages, the freedom. At last they could no longer resist his importunities.

"And you prefer working out of doors to in a factory?" I inquired of him.

"Ah, yes, of course. For if one works out of doors one may sing at one's work and be happy. In our country, you know, a man is born singing."

The Direction of the Drift

In spite of the great industrial interests of Bohemia, Czechoslovakia is mainly an agricultural country and to the immigrants from that country the United States may look for some help in its farm-labor problem. Though many Czechoslovakians are bound for mine and factory, there are a number being distributed through the agricultural sections of our great Northwest. Many Scandinavians and Dutch to whom I talked were also bound for the farm lands.

With these notable exceptions, however, the drift of immigration is toward the industrial centers rather than the country. Yet it is worthy of mention that New York City is not attracting such a large percentage of the urbanites as formerly. At least that is the contribution made to my research by one of the baggage-masters at the railroad station of Ellis Island.

"So many more of them come through this way nowadays than there used to," said he. "They're going now to other cities and towns. There's Akron, for instance. Some days I think the whole world is going to Akron. But then it's just about the same with Detroit and Chicago and Cleveland and the New England manufacturing towns. I don't know what it is unless somebody must have put them wise to New York."

Europe is contributing one class of women who will not bob their hair—that is to say,

Mt. Moran, Jackson Lake

THE SHOE THAT IS TAILORED

HOLD SHAPE

"Tailored As The Finest Gowns"

A pattern for every Last and for every part of every Last.

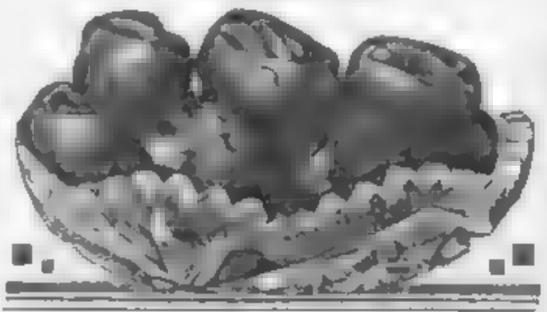
Inquire at your own Shoe Shop or write to us for Name of nearest Dealer. Department K.

For Afternoon Wear
Priced $10 to $16

Wise Shaw & Feder Co.
Cincinnati

Vogan's CHOCOLATES
"MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT"
Exquisite Oregon fruits. Creamy nuts. Delicately flavored fondants. Chocolate of extra smoothness. Combined by the skill of Vogan into confections of surpassing delicacy.
If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.25 for our fruits and nuts package
VOGAN CANDY COMPANY
Portland, Oregon

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s command big incomes. Thousands needed. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A. Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, and a staff of C. P. A.'s including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low cost, easy terms. Write now for information and free booklet, "Accountancy (Jr.)"
La Salle Extension University Dept. 1371-HA Chicago
"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"



Neverout
Electric Hand Warmer
Many uses. Keeps hands warm while driving car. Runs from any auto cigar lighter. Send for information.
ROSE MFG. CO., Dept. A, Philadelphia, Pa.

TOUPETS AND WIGS
CUSTOM MADE TO FIT
Money back if not satisfactory
FREE CATALOG
FRANCES ROBERTS CO.
100 Fifth Ave., Dept. 63, New York

Full Power for FORDS
comes only with correct timing
Many Fords lack power because of a faulty timer. Does yours? If it misfires—is hard to start—pulls unevenly, it needs a
Red Star Timer
FOR FORD CARS-TRUCKS AND TRACTORS
It delivers a sure-fire spark at the exact instant to every cylinder. Makes all 4 cylinders hit in perfect time because it is correctly designed—its construction is flawless.
Red Star Timer is milled and machined to five ten-thousandths of an inch. The roller-on-a-roller, a special [illegible] runs true with the race. The race of time-cured, [illegible] on three sides, does not pit or get bumps.
Nine inspections make sure that workmanship and materials are perfect.
Your garage or repair man has Red Stars or can get one for you. Carried in stock by all wholesale houses. Descriptive circular mailed on request.
AUTO COMPONENTS, INC.
1603 S. Michigan Ave.
Dept. 700
Chicago

A Red Star stamped on the shell is your protection against inferior timers.

YOUR QUESTION:

How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

Sell Us Your Spare Hours

Hundreds of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman.

You are invited to share in the earnings.

Emery Mahaffey (Pennsylvania) $606.40 in 2 Months

Lloyd Hall (Nebraska) $350.00 a Month

W. C. Cowgill (Oregon) $1.00 an Hour

Burton L. White (Massachusetts) $50.00 a Month Extra

E. D. Barensfield (Minnesota) $87.50 His First 15 Days

W. H. Guscott (Ohio) $90.00 a Month Extra

Raymond Starr (California) $100.00 a Week

George Hunter (Maine) $100.00 a Month Extra

You will find the work easy and pleasant and, above all, profitable.

Commissions

On every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be paid a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $100.00 a month.

Weekly Salary

Or, if you prefer, and if you can guarantee and produce a definite monthly quota, you may receive a weekly salary — up to $100.00 a week — in addition to commissions.

Permanent Profits

Every order that you receive will bring you additional profits year after year. The same commissions and bonus are allowed on renewals that are paid for new orders.

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited territory spells unlimited opportunity.

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit on only the part-time work:

Average Production	Total Earnings, About
Less than 3 a week brings you	$ 6 50
Less than 4 a week brings you	9 00
Less than 1 a day brings you	14 00
Less than 10 a week brings you	24.00
Less than 16 a week brings you	44 00
Less than 3 a day brings you	60.00
Less than 5 a day brings you	94 00
Less than 7 a day brings you	125 00
Less than 1 each working hour brings you	150 00
Less than 10 a day brings you	200.00
Less than 12 a day brings you	235 00
Less than 14 a day brings you	273 00
Less than 2 each working hour brings you	327.00

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity and lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send, now, the coupon below:

CUT HERE

The Curtis Publishing Company
891 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name _____ Street _____

Town _____ State _____

unless a very high-power harvester is installed in the modern beauty parlor. These are the women from Jugo-Slavia. The first of the Godiva squad that I encountered was a girl of seventeen who had come with her sister from Belgrad to join a married sister in Cleveland. As she sat in the crowded detention room she held her jaunty little turban on her lap and I had full view of golden-brown braids that should do much to stabilize the hairpin industry in this country.

In response to my wondering admiration she shook out the two great braids. They fell below her knees. And though her sister refused to demonstrate also one could see that she was fully as well equipped.

"But it is nothing," said both of them; "in our country many women have as much as this."

The sister with the more retiring glory was a milliner and expected to go to work in Cleveland.

Her answer to the question of why she had come to America is interesting not only for its naïveté but for its general bearing on the subject of immigration.

"Why do I come?" she repeated. "Do you know why? It is because the American men treat women so well. I first noticed this when the Red Cross officers in Belgrad came sometimes to my shop with girls from their own country. They were always laughing and talking and playing together as if they were friends. That was so wonderful to me. In my country and in other parts of Europe men and women are not friends—they are always in love or they are nothing."

Seekers for Social Freedom

Nor is this girl unique among the women immigrants from all lands. Perhaps it has been the war which has revealed to them the difference in status between the American and the European woman. At all events the social freedom enjoyed by their sex in the United States has constituted a very strong pull upon the imaginations of the single women of Europe. And the strength of this pull may be measured from Italy to England, from little Maria, of Naples, who complains that her father, "he hold her so tight, so tight!" to the clever trained nurse from Manchester, who tells you she is coming to America because here women in industry have an equal chance with men.

But does one find among these women pioneers from other lands any material for the kitchen? Far from it! Maria and Nora and Olga and Ludmila and Fania are all bound straight for store and factory. Even those who have previously served terms in somebody's family have repudiated their former occupation in favor of the factory. There may have been some shy wild specimens of the old genus servant domestica lurking at Ellis Island during the days I conducted my research work, but if so I failed to locate them. The truth of it is, of course, that the war widened the field of women's work, and that she who helped to make the shell can never bring herself to stoop again to the mere bean shell.

My last picture in this portrait gallery of New Americans is of an Irish woman. Before I draw it I may mention that the immigration from that troubled isle is, like that from Italy, largely a sentimental one. Also, as in the case of Italy, the processional is a good deal of a recessional. Men who had been in this country before the war are coming back now from years of service either at the Front or in the native munition plants. So are the women who saved up enough from domestic service or from their months in American munition plants to take a vacation on the ould sod.

Getting Used to Peace

The woman of whom I speak was the wife of one of these recurring immigrants. He was a mechanic in New York, who eight years ago had come to this country. Getting a good start here he had gone back to Ireland to collect his wife and children. That was in May, 1914. The war blocked his plans and for the following five years he had worked in a British munitions plant.

"But," added his wife to this narrative, "he said after the war was over he couldn't be botherin' to stay in Ireland, and so he came back to New York."

She was a pretty woman, this Katy, with her big gray eyes ringed with sooty lashes, and, in spite of the six flaxen-haired children who encircled her, very young looking. She was thoroughly possessed, too, of the pungent descriptive powers that characterize her race, and she lavished them upon an account of the past month in Belfast, where she had been living. There was scarcity of food, there was tumult and fighting, and for days at a time she had not been permitted to leave her own house.

"And how do you think you will like America?" I asked her.

"Sure, and Oi'll like it oncet Oi get used to it!" came the prompt reply, in a tone which suggested that one who had come from the conditions she had just described would have a good deal to put up with in peaceful America.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 25, 1920

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Unbowed—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* . . . 5
Junk—*Kennett Harris* . . . 8
The Woman Inside—*Will Irwin* . . . 12
Fresh Fish—*Hugh Wiley* . . . 16

SERIALS

The Trouble With Women—*Lucian Cary* . . . 3
The Wrong Twin—*Harry Leon Wilson* . . . 20
My Son—*Corra Harris* . . . 24

ARTICLES

The Stand-Off System—*J. R. Sprague* . . . 11
My Past as I Recall It—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* . . . 14
Europe Comes Across—*Corinne Lowe* . . . 18
Is Italy Going Red?—*F. Britten Austin* . . . 23

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . 22
Sense and Nonsense . . . 68

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS: A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

BEACON SHOE TRADE MARK SUPREME STRENGTH

BEACON
THERE ARE NO BETTER
SHOES
FOR FIT · FOR STYLE · FOR WEAR

The fastidious man, careful and correct, donning his social regimentals, knows that he is properly shod in Beacon Shoes. For formal wear—as well as for the year-round daily wear and tear—"There are no better shoes."

F.M. HOYT SHOE COMPANY
Makers
MANCHESTER NEW HAMPSHIRE

Burgundy Bal.
Penn Model

Refrigeration and fresh meat

Present-day refrigeration enables us to place fresh meat, poultry, eggs, butter, and cheese daily in good condition anywhere in the United States.

In less than an hour after an animal is dispatched, it is hanging in a chill room with a temperature of about 34 degrees above zero.

From that time until it is cut and wrapped up for you by your dealer, it is under refrigeration at a constant temperature, excepting for brief moments while it is being loaded on to refrigerator cars at our plants, or unloaded at our branch selling houses, or whisked in trucks from the branch house to your retailer.

To carry out this service, Swift & Company has more than five hundred refrigerating plants, located at its packing plants and branch houses, supplemented by more than 6000 refrigerator cars plying among them.

In Chicago alone there are 180 refrigerated rooms. They can be kept at a fixed temperature, minute after minute, year in, year out. The temperatures are checked every hour by inspectors; any minute variations are at once corrected.

In these rooms there are over three hundred miles of pipe through which flow ammonia and chilled brine to absorb the heat and reduce the temperature.

Experience and experiment have shown the proper degrees at which various meats and other perishable foods should be kept. These range from 45 degrees above zero for cheese to 5 below for butter, poultry, and frozen meats. Only a very small proportion of meat and produce is frozen, however; most of it is chilled and kept at temperatures from 34 to 36 degrees above zero. Butter does best at 5 below zero; eggs at 29 or 30 degrees above.

As much skill and painstaking care are required to preserve the color and the flavor of meats in cooling them and keeping them cool as are required in their preparation under the sanitary conditions that prevail. It is now done so perfectly by Swift & Company that meats lose nothing by the process, but are improved instead.

Eggs and butter can now be kept from the season of overproduction to the time of shortage without deteriorating. Meat, excepting that being cured, and the small quantity that is frozen, is always sold within two to three weeks from the time it is produced.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

They All Like It

THE better the club, the surer you are to find Clicquot there.

The good clubs in all cities, clubs which men of substance and social value frequent, sell many cases of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The chief steward knows that the call for Clicquot is steady and constant at all seasons of the year.

That mild, delicious, unchanging blend which is Clicquot is relished everywhere by all kinds of people. You can get it anywhere in the United States, and from every bottle it looks and tastes the same. We see to it that the Clicquot blend always holds true.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

AL JOLSON

Makes Records *Exclusively for Columbia*

Other Exclusive Columbia Popular Artists

Nora Bayes
Harry C. Browne
Frank Crumit
Guido Deiro
Marion Harris
Van and Schenck
Bert Williams

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Columbia Records